

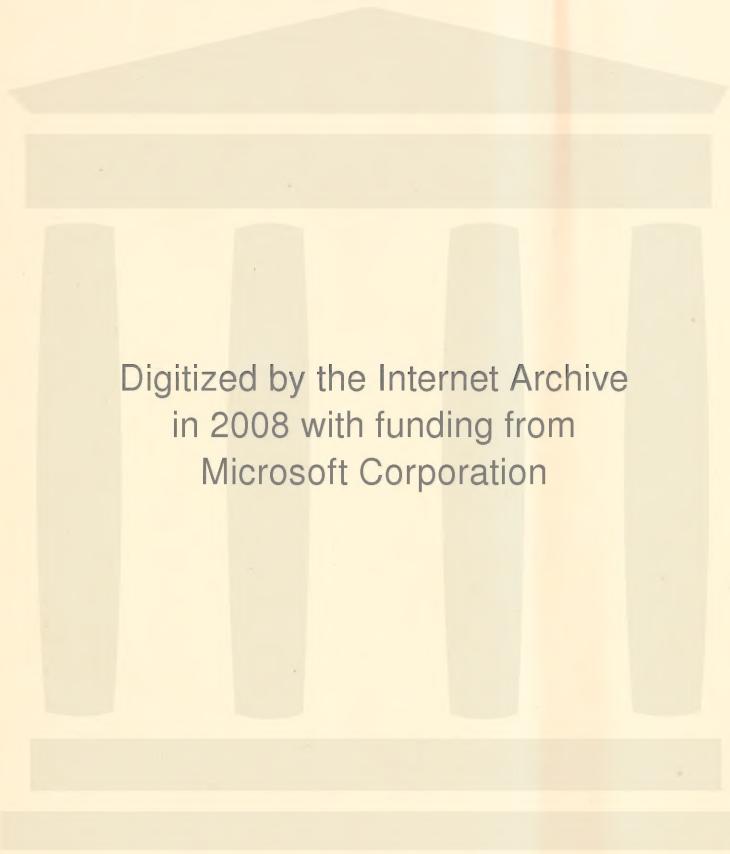
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OF

FAVORITE SONG.

ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY
OF
FAVORITE SONG.

BASED UPON FOLK SONGS, AND COMPRISING SONGS OF THE HEART,
SONGS OF HOME, SONGS OF LIFE, AND SONGS OF NATURE.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION,

AND EDITED BY

J. G. HOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "BITTER SWEET," "KATHRINA," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE ENGRAVINGS,
AFTER DESIGNS BY CHURCH, JOHNSON, DARLEY, HOPPIN, NAST, HENNESSY, MORAN, GRISWOLD, ETC.
AND WITH TWENTY AUTOGRAPHS IN FACSIMILE.

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INTRODUCTION.

It is profoundly interesting to notice the unanimity with which the public judgment settles at last upon those poems which are worthy to receive the boon of immortality. One after another, by a process which no man takes the trouble to study, they pass beyond the sphere of criticism into that of universal acceptance. Some of them, recognized as loyal in their construction and material to the highest canons of literary art, come to be regarded as classics. These, though not unfrequently popular, are not always so; but the popular mind never questions them, or, if it do, it is humbly to search for their secret. Others, though they fail to win the position of classics, are so vital in their inspiration, so stimulating in their influence, so significant as the embodiment of human passion or human experience, that, in a great degree independent of their literary merits, the people crown them as their favorites.

No collection of poems can be complete, of course, that does not embrace both these classes; and many collections have been made which have undertaken, and, more or less

successfully, accomplished this result. Still the distinction exists and forms the basis of a classification about which one may definitely write, and on which new combinations and collections may be framed.

Popular poems are popular treasures, and there is probably no intelligent American into whose nature and culture the poetic element enters in the smallest degree, who does not hold and cherish in his heart the music of more than one. He finds some line, or stanza, or complete poem, so full of light and hope and courage, or so charged with the expression of his highest and deepest feeling, or so declarative of his grandest thought, or so redolent of his sentiment, that he adopts and uses it as a form in which he bears or breathes that sacred part of his life which has given it sympathetic response. Pets of the fancy, favorites of the imagination, chosen vehicles of aspiration, selected companions for seasons of joy or sorrow or peaceful solitude, the popular poems of the mother tongue — than which there is none sweeter or stronger — are among the best things we possess, and deserve, next to the Book of Books, the highest place in our households.

A noteworthy fact in connection with the production of popular poems, is, that but few writers, however high their names may stand upon the roll of fame, have been able to write more than one or two that possess all the qualities essential to procure their universal and affectionate approval. Their position as poets may not rest to any considerable extent, even, on these. It is not the great poems that men

write which win our affections. A thousand fames rest upon admiration — fames of men whom we have learned to love only through a little poem to whose utterance they have been touched by some common experience or aspiration, and by which they have opened for themselves a door to the heart of humanity. So, in the works of all the writers of verse, popular poems stand exceptional and lonely ; and it is only by learning what and where they are, and collecting them in a single volume, that the great masses of the people are able to possess them. A volume made up of these, judiciously and faithfully selected, is a treasure which should be in the possession of every man and woman, and every home.

The present volume has been selected from the wide range of English verse by no less than three skillful and sympathetic hands, with the definite object of bringing together the popular poems of the language, embracing not only those which are purely popular, but a large number of those considered classical and popular at the same time. Tennyson's "Bugle Song," Stoddard's "It never comes again," Whittier's "Maud Müller" and Poe's "Raven," are all modern, popular poems, that are taking on, or have already taken on, the character of classics ; but nobody would think of designating "The Old Oaken Bucket" and "Sweet Home" as classical poems. These have become popular through their appeal to, or expression of, popular sentiment, and not through any literary merits which they possess. So, if the literary reader miss in this collection many of the gems of classic poetry, he will only need to remember that no poem in the volume was selected with reference only to its classical character.

While it is generally understood that pictures "speak for themselves," and need no introduction, it is so rare that an illustrated book can boast the names and exhibit the work of our best artists, that is impossible to do justice to this volume without an allusion to the eminence of its illustrators and the excellency of its engravings. Eytinge, White, Nast, Hennessey, Hoppin, Boughton, Ehnrieger, McEntee, Darley, Fenn, Church, Johnson, Kensett,—these are only a few of the eminent artists whose pictures are to be found in the book, and it may legitimately be doubted whether any volume of verse ever published in America has called to its illustration an equal array of talent universally acknowledged to be eminent.

With these brief words of introduction the volume is cordially commended to the public, as one not only good in itself, in that it contains the popular element of a whole library of verse, classic and otherwise, but good as an influence upon the every-day life of the world. To make one's self and one's family familiar with the poems of this volume, is to take many steps in the direction of the purest and highest culture, alike of the heart and the intellect. As a fireside companion, as a book to be taken up in broken hours, as a corrective of the influence of the trash poured out by the periodical press, as a minister to pure tastes, refined pleasures, and the love of home, country, man and God, I know of nothing better than this, and I can hardly utter a more kindly wish for a hundred thousand homes than that it may pass into an honored position in every one of them.

J. G. H.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
SONGS OF HOME	17
SONGS OF THE HEART	205
SONGS OF NATURE	361
SONGS OF LIFE	521

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

SUBJECT.	DRAWN BY	ENGRAVED BY	PAGE
SONGS OF HOME.			
THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT—			
“Th’ expectant wee-things”.....	Chapman.....	Filmer.....	20
“‘Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair”.....	Chapman	Filmer.....	24
“The priest-like father reads the sacred page”.....	Chapman.....	Filmer.....	27
“The parent-pair their secret homage pay”.....	Chapman	Filmer.....	29
THE BUCKET.	C. C. Griswold.....	W. J. Linton....	32
THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.	Hennissy.....	W. J. Linton....	36
THE ERL-KING.	Mefiert.....	J. H. Whitney....	41
EPITHALAMIUM.	C. C. Griswold.....	W. J. Linton....	47
EDWARD, EDWARD.	Ehninger.....	Hayes....	49
LUCY.	Macdonough.....	Andrew & Filmer....	60
CRADLE SONG.	Hennissy.....	W. J. Linton....	65
JEANIE MORRISON.	Boughton.....	Andrew & Filmer....	70
THE JOINERS—			
“The moon is round and big”.....	Macdonough	Anthony....	74
“Two figures cross the Joiners’ sill”.....	Macdonough	Anthony....	76
“But coldly welcomes ‘the coming guest’”.....	Macdonough	Anthony....	78
HANNAH BINDING SHOES.	Hoppin.....	Cox....	88
SIR MARMADUKE.	Nast.....	Anthony....	93
THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.	Fenn.....	Harley....	97
THE FISHERMEN.	Fenn.....	W. J. Linton....	107
THE SANDS o’ DEE—			
“O Mary, go and call the cattle home”.....	Macdonough	Anthony....	111
“The creeping tide came up along the sand”.....	Macdonough	Cox....	112
“Her grave beside the sea”.....	Macdonough.....	Cox....	113
MAUD MULLER—			
“The meadow, sweet with hay”.....	Hill.....	Andrew & Filmer....	123
“A form more fair, a face more sweet”.....	Macdonough.....	Anthony....	126
“The little spring brook”.....	Hill.....	Bobbett & Hooper....	128
THOSE EVENING BELLS.	Fenn.....	W. J. Linton....	139
THE FISHER’S COTTAGE.	C. C. Griswold.....	W. J. Linton....	145
OLD—			
“One sweet spirit broke the silent spell”.....	Hennessy	Cox....	148
“Brook, and bridge, and barn”.....	Barry.....	Cox....	151
A SNOW-STORM—			
“‘Tis a fearful night in the winter time”.....	McEntee.....	Cox....	155
“Cold and dead by the hidden log”.....	McEntee.....	Cox....	158
BLOSSOM-TIME.	Fenn.....	A. W. Drake....	168
PHILIP, MY KING.	E. J. Whitney.....	Hayes....	180

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

SUBJECT.	DRAWN BY	ENGRAVED BY	PAGE
BINGEN ON THE RHINE—			
“A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers” Meffert.....	Bobbett & Hooper....	Bobbett & Hooper....	187
• “Tell my sister not to weep for me”..... Meffert.....	Bobbett & Hooper....	Bobbett & Hooper....	189
“Fair Bingen on the Rhine”..... Meffert.....	Cox....	Cox....	190
SEVEN TIMES ONE..... E. J. Whitney.....	Hayes....	Hayes....	196
ULLABY..... Macdonough.....	Langridge....	Langridge....	200
SONGS OF THE HEART.			
THE DOORSTEP..... Miss Hallock.....	W. J. Linton....	W. J. Linton....	207
THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER..... Nast.....	Anthony....	Anthony....	214
MAKING PORT..... R. S. Gifford.....	Filmer....	Filmer....	218
THE TWO VILLAGES..... T. Moran.....	Annin....	Annin....	224
TOO LATE I STAYED..... Miss Hallock.....	Bogert....	Bogert....	229
THE MURDERED TRAVELLER..... McEntee.....	Cox....	Cox....	235
THINK OF ME..... Mrs. T. Moran.....	Bogert....	Bogert....	248
JENNY KISSED ME..... Hoppin	Bobbett & Hooper....	Bobbett & Hooper....	253
DOLLY SULLIVAN—			
“You then can have choice of the men”..... Miss Ledyard.....	MacDonald....	MacDonald....	260
“Old Dolly Sullivan shook her gray head”..... Miss Ledyard.....	MacDonald....	MacDonald....	262
AT THE CHURCH GATE..... Bolles.....	W. J. Linton....	W. J. Linton....	270
THE WELCOME..... Macdonough.....	Langridge....	Langridge....	278
ON A GIRDLE..... Hoppin	Cox....	Cox....	284
SONG—			
“Drink ye to her that each loves best”..... Wallin.....	Anthony....	Anthony....	296
Tail-piece..... Wallin.....	Anthony....	Anthony....	297
A MUSICAL BOX..... Miss Ledyard.....	MacDonald....	MacDonald....	302
MEETING AND PARTING..... T. Moran.....	Annin....	Annin....	306
TOMMY'S DEAD	Eytinge....	Anthony....	310
SONG..... Miss Hallock.....	Treat....	Treat....	318
POLAR DAYS	T. Moran.....	Annin....	322
WHEN STARS ARE IN THE QUIET SKIES..... Miss Hallock.....	Treat....	Treat....	332
A SPINNING-WHEEL SONG..... Hennessy.....	Bobbett & Hooper....	Bobbett & Hooper....	337
HOW'S MY BOY..... Macdonough.....	Kinnersley....	Kinnersley....	346
JAMES MELVILLE'S CHILD..... Ehninger.....	Hayes....	Hayes....	352
BREAK, BREAK, BREAK!			
“On thy cold gray stones, O sea!”..... Parsons.....	Anthony....	Anthony....	358
“And the stately ships go on”..... Parsons.....	Anthony....	Anthony....	359
SONGS OF NATURE.			
A FOREST HYMN..... Thomas Moran.....	James Miller....	James Miller....	363
MIGNONETTE..... Mary A. Hallock.....	J. P. Davis....	J. P. Davis....	368
WIND AND RAIN..... Kensett.....	Anthony....	Anthony....	376
THE COUNT'S LITTLE DAUGHTER—			
“Slow moved the great procession”..... Alfred Kappes.....	Nichols....	Nichols....	381
“Laid his hand on his first-born's head”..... Alfred Kappes.....	Wevill....	Wevill....	382
“Mid flowers and sunlight there”..... Alfred Kappes.....	Juengling....	Juengling....	383
“As a play-ground that smiling garden”..... Alfred Kappes.....	MacDonald....	MacDonald....	384
“O'er the gray old German city”..... Alfred Kappes.....	385		
HYMN TO THE FLOWERS..... C. C. Griswold.....	398		

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

15

SUBJECT.	DRAWN BY	ENGRAVED BY	PAGE
THE FAIRIES.....	Bellew.....	Cox....	405
THE BROOKSIDE.....	Smillie	Anthony....	412
EVENING.....	Church.....	Bobbett & Hooper....	430
LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.....	Léon Job.....	Bobbett & Hooper....	435
THE ORPHAN'S CHRISTMAS-TREE —			
“Before each house he stood”.....	Thomas Moran.....	Annin....	441
“Their Christmas presents all divide”.....	Alfred Kappes.....	Nichols....	442
“It seemed to him a happy dream”.....	Alfred Kappes.....		445
WHEN SPARROWS BUILD.....	Mary A. Hallock.....	Bogert....	447
SONG OF THE BROOK —			
“I chatter over stony ways”.....	Smillie.....	Cox....	457
“I move the sweet forget-me-nots			
That grow for happy lovers”.....	Hennessy.....	W. J. Linton....	459
QUA CURSUM VENTUS.....	Parsons	Langridge....	470
PASSING THE ICEBERGS.....	Fenn.....	Hayes....	477
THE ANGLER'S WISH.....	Ward	Ward....	479
THE KNIGHT'S TOMB.....	Fenn.....	Ward....	484
BOATMAN'S HYMN.....	Parsons	Langridge....	491
UP-HILL.....	Whitney.....	N. Orr & Co....	492
WAKE, LADY!	Fenn.....	Ward....	494
THE FOX-HUNTERS —			
“The snow lies fresh on Chester Hill”.....	Bolles.....	Annin....	500
“Beside a roaring hickory blaze”.....	Bolles	Harrol....	502
THE BAREFOOT BOY.....	Johnson.....	Andrew & Filmer....	511
THE RAILWAY RIDE.....	Thomas Moran	James Miller....	516
SONGS OF LIFE.			
BUGLE SONG.....	Fenn.....		523
INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.....	H. W. Herrick.....		532
THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.....	Eytinge.....	Anthony....	539
THE LAST LEAF.....	Hennessy.....	Anthony....	544
WITHOUT AND WITHIN —			
“My coachman in the moonlight there”.....	McLenan	Anthony....	552
“The galley slave of dreary forms”.....	McLenan	Anthony....	554
THE MERRY CHASSEUR.....	H. W. Herrick.....		560
THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.....	Hoppin.....	Anthony....	563
THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.....	Meffert	Andrew Filmer....	568
THE OLD CONTINENTALS —			
“Then the bare-headed Colonel”.....	Darley.....	Anthony....	575
The Drummer.....	Darley.....	Anthony....	576
THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.....	Fenn		580
HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHIENT TO AIX —			
“Good speed! cried the watch”.....	Heine.....	Cox... .	585
“As I sat, with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground”.....	Meffert.....	Cox... .	587
KÖRNER'S SWORD SONG —			
Initial letter	Heine	Cox... .	590
Tail-piece.	Heine.....	Cox... .	593

SUBJECT.	DRAWN BY	ENGRAVED BY	PAGE
LITTLE AND GREAT.....	Bensell.....		594
GULF WEED.....	Parsons.....	Bobbett & Hooper.....	603
THE CROOKED FOOTPATH.....	C. C. Griswold.....		613
THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.....	Bensell.....		629
THE SINGERS.....	Macdonough.....	Anthony.....	646
TIBBIE.....	Ehninger.....		652
THE SABBATH MORNING.....	C. C. Griswold.....		669
THE EMIGRANTS.....	Ward.....	Ward.....	673
SONG.....	Herrick.....		679
"SILENT, UPON A PEAK IN DARIEN.".....	Chapman.....	Hayes.....	686
CALM IS THE NIGHT.....	E. J. Whitney.....	Kingdon & Boyd.....	689
THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE.....	Hennessy.....		701

AUTOGRAPHS.

THE VOICELESS.....	Holmes.....		54
ASK ME NO MORE.....	Tennyson.....		64
HOME, SWEET HOME.....	Payne.....		82
THE LIVING LOST.....	Bryant.....		90
THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.....	J. R. Lowell.....		96
THE SANDS o' DEE.....	Kingsley.....		110
MAUD MULLER.....	Whittier.....		130
FLORENCE VANE.....	Cooke.....		216
THE MOTHER'S LAST SONG.....	Procter.....		286
ABOU BEN ADHEM.....	Hunt.....		316
ON THE DEATH OF THE POET DRAKE.....	Halleck.....		344
A WINTER SCENE	Holland.....		394
THE MOUNTAIN HEART'S-EASE.....	Harte.....		418
TO THE HUMBLEBEE.....	Emerson.....		426
A VIOLET.....	Whitney.....		505
THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.....	Hood.....		562
HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS.....	Browning.....		584
UNSEEN SPIRITS.....	Willis.....		610
THE SINGERS.....	Longfellow.....		647
THE SWORD OF CASTRUCCIO CASTRUCANI.....	Browning.....		657
BIRDS ARE SINGING ROUND MY WINDOW	Stoddard.....		705

SONGS OF HOME.



Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

My loved, my honoured, much-respected friend !
No mercenary bard his homage pays ;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end ;
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise :
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequestered scene ;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways ;
What Aiken in a cottage would have been ;
Ah ! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween !

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh ;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close ;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh ;
The black'ning trains o' crows to their repose :
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee.

His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
 The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
 An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
 At service out, amang the farmers roun' ;
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a neebour town :
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
 Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters meet,
 An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers :
 The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet ;
 Each tells the uncous that he sees or hears ;
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;
 Anticipation forward points the view.
 The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
 Gars auld claes look amaint as weel's the new ;
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
 The younkers a' are warned to obey ;
 An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
 An' ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or play :

“ An’ oh ! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
 An’ mind your duty, duly, morn an’ night !
 Lest in temptation’s path ye gang astray,
 Implore His counsel and assisting might :
 They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright ! ”

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o’ the same,
 Tells how a neebour lad cam o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in Jenny’s e’e, and flush her cheek ;
 Wi’ heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
 While Jenny haflins is afraid to speak ;
 Weel pleased the mother hears it’s nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi’ kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben ;
 A strappan youth ; he takes the mother’s eye ;
 Blythe Jenny sees the visit’s no ill ta’en ;
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye. •
 The youngster’s artless heart o’erflows wi’ joy,
 But blate an’ laithfu’, scarce can weel behave ;
 The mother, wi’ a woman’s wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu’ an’ sae grave ;
 Weel pleased to think her bairn’s respected like the lave.

O happy love ! where love like this is found !

O heart-felt raptures ! bliss beyond compare !
 I’ve pacèd much this weary, mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me this declare —



'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In others arms breath out the tender tale.

“ If Heav’ n a draught of heav’ nly pleasure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 ’Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 In other’s arms breathe out the tender tale,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev’ning gale.”

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart —
 A wretch ! a villain ! lost to love and truth !
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet Jenny’s unsuspecting youth ?
 Curse on his perjured arts ! dissembling smooth !
 Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled ?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o’er their child ?
 Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild !

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The healsome parritch, chief o’ Scotia’s food :
 The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
 That ’yont the hallan snugly chows her cood ;
 The dame brings forth in complimentary mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain’d kebbuck, fell,
 An’ aft he’s prest, an’ aft he ca’s it guid ;
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
 How ’twas a towmond auld, sin’ lint was i’ the bell.

The cheerfu’ supper done, wi’ serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;
 The sire turns o’er, wi’ patriarchal grace,
 The big ha’ Bible, ance his father’s pride.

His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare ;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care ;
And " Let us worship God ! " he says, with solemn air.

'They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name ;
Or noble Elgin beets the heav'nward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays ;
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame ;
 The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise ;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How Abram was the friend of God on high ;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay His head :



The priest like father reads the sacred page.

How His first followers and servants sped ;
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land :
 How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;
 And heard great Bab'lom's doom pronounced by Heaven's
 command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
 Hope " springs exulting on triumphant wing," *
 That thus they all shall meet in future days ;
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear ;
 While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart !
 The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,
 May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul :
 And in His book of life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way ;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest :
 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,

* Pope's Windsor Forest. R. B.



The parent pair their secret homage pay.

That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide ;
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
“ An honest man's the noblest work of God : ”
And certes, in fair Virtue's heav'nly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind ;
What is a lordling's pomp ? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined !

O Thou ! who poured the patriotic tide
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart ;
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God, peculiarly, Thou art,
His Friend, Inspirer, Guardian, and Reward !)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert ;
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !

And, oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved Isle.

TO S. F. S.

THEY say that lonely sorrows do not chance.
It may be true ; one thing I think I know :
New sorrow joins a gliding funeral slow
With less jar than it shocks a merry dance.
But if griefs troop, why, joy doth joy enhance
As often, and the balance levels so.
If quick to see flowers by the wayside blow,
As quick to feel the lurking thorns that lance . . .
The foot that walketh naked in the way.—
Blest by the lily, white from toils and fears,
Oftener than wounded by the thistle-spears,
We should walk upright, bold, and earnest — gay ; .
And when the last night closed on the last day,
Should sleep like one that far-off music hears.

GEORGE MACDONALD.



THE BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood.
And every loved spot which my infancy knew!

The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it ;
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell ;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well :
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure ;
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell !
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well :
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips !
Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
The brightest that beauty or revelry sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well :
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

JOHN ANDERSON.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo John,
When we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonny brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John,
 Your locks are like the snow;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter doun, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

ROBERT BURNS.

BABY'S SHOES.

O THOSE little, those little blue shoes,
Those shoes that no little feet use!
 O the price were high
 That those shoes would buy,
 Those little blue unused shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet,
 That, by God's good will,
 Years since grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet.

And O, since that baby slept,
So hushed, how the mother has kept,
 With a tearful pleasure,
 That little dear treasure,
And over them thought and wept !

For they mind her for evermore
Of a patter along the floor ;
 And blue eyes she sees
 Look up from her knees,
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair
 A little sweet face
 That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then O, wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part
 Than those tiny blue shoes
 That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears start !

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.



THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

TEARS, idle tears ! I know not what they mean :
Tears, from the depth of some divine despair.

Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
That brings our friends up from the under-world;
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge:
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah! sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square:
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others—deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret:
O Death in Life! the days that are no more.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.

A youth, light-hearted and content,
I wander through the world ;
Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent,
And straight again is furled.

Yet oft I dream that once a wife
Close in my heart was locked,
And in the sweet repose of life
A blessed child I rocked.

I wake ! Away that dream — away !
Too long did it remain :
So long that both by night and day
It ever comes again.

The end lies ever in my thought :
To a grave, so cold and deep,
The mother beautiful was brought ;
Then dropped the child asleep.

But now the dream is wholly o'er,
I bathe mine eyes and see ;
And wander through the world once more,
A youth so light and free.

Two locks—and they are wondrous fair!

Left me that vision mild;
The brown is from the mother's hair,
The blond is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold

Pale grows the evening red:
And when the dark lock I behold
I wish that I were dead.

GUSTAV PFIZER. (German.)

Translation of HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE LORDS OF THULE.

THE Lords of Thule it did not please
That Willegis their bishop was;
For he was a wagoner's son.
And they drew, to do him scorn,
Wheels of chalk upon the wall;
He found them in chamber, found them in hall.
But the pious Willegis
Could not be moved to bitterness:
Seeing the wheels upon the wall,
He bade his servants a painter call;
And said—"My friend, paint now for me,
On every wall, that I may see,
A wheel of white in a field of red;
Underneath, in letters plain to be read,

• Willegis, bishop now by name,
Forget not whence you came ! ' "

The Lords of Thule were full of shame :
They wiped away their words of blame :
For they saw that scorn and jeer
Cannot wound the wise man's ear.
And all the bishops that after him came
Quartered the wheel with their arms of fame.
Thus came to pious Willegis
Glory out of bitterness.

ANONYMOUS. (German.)

Anonymous Translation.

THE ERL-KING.

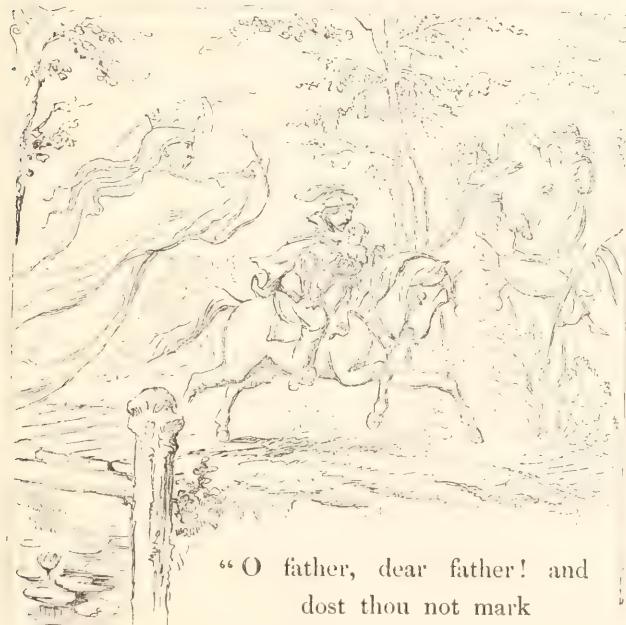
WHO rides so late through the grisly night ?
'T is a father and child, and he grasps him tight ;
He wraps him close in his mantle's fold,
And shelters the boy from the piercing cold.

" My son, why thus to my arm dost cling ? "
" Father, dost thou not see the Erlie-King ?
— The King with his crown and his long black train ! "
" My son, 't is a streak of the misty rain."

" Come hither, thou darling ! come, go with me !
Fine games know I that I 'll play with thee ;
Flowers many and bright do my kingdoms hold,
My mother has many a robe of gold."

“ O father, dear father ! and dost thou not hear
 What the Erlie-King whispers so low in mine ear ? ”
 “ Calm, calm thee, my boy ! it is only the breeze,
 As it rustles the withered leaves under the trees.”

“ Wilt thou go, bonny boy ? wilt thou go with me ?
 My daughters shall wait on thee daintilie ;
 My daughters around thee in dance shall sweep,
 And rock thee, and kiss thee, and sing thee to sleep.”



“ O father, dear father ! and
 dost thou not mark
 Erlie-King’s daughters move by
 in the dark ? ”

“ I see it, my child ; but it is not they, —
 ‘ T is the old willow nodding its head so gray.”

“ I love thee ! thy beauty, it charms me so ;
 And I ’ll take thee by force, if thou wilt not go ! ”
 “ O father, dear father ! he ’s grasping me :
 My heart is as cold as cold can be ! ”

The father rides swiftly — with terror he gasps ;
 The sobbing child in his arms he clasps.
 He reaches the castle with spurring and dread ;
 But alack ! in his arms the child lay dead !

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE. (German.)

Translation of THEODORE MARTIN.



THE PHANTOM.

AGAIN I sit within the mansion,
 In the old familiar seat ;
 And shade and sunshine chase each other
 O’er the carpet at my feet.

Bat the sweetbrier’s arms have wrestled upwards,
 In the summers that are past,
 And the willow trails its branches lower
 Than when I saw them last.

They strive to shut the sunshine wholly
 From out the haunted room,

To fill the house, that once was joyful,
With silence and with gloom.

And many kind, remembered faces
Within the doorway come :
Voices, that wake the sweeter music
Of one that now is dumb.

They sing, in tones as glad as ever,
The songs she loved to hear ;
They braid the rose in summer garlands,
Whose flowers to her were dear.

And still, her footsteps in the passage,
Her blushes at the door,
Her timid words of maiden welcome,
Come back to me once more ;

And all forgetful of my sorrow,
Unmindful of my pain,
I think she has but newly left me,
And soon will come again.

She stays without, perchance, a moment.
To dress her dark brown hair ;
I hear the rustle of her garments,
Her light step on the stair !

O, fluttering heart, control thy tumult.
Lest eyes profane should see

My cheeks betray the rush of rapture
Her coming brings to me !

She tarries long: but lo, a whisper
 Beyond the open door!
And, gliding through the quiet sunshine,
 A shadow on the floor!

Ah! 'tis the whispering pine that calls me,
 The vine whose shadow strays;
And my patient heart must still await her,
 Nor chide her long delays.

But my heart grows sick with weary waiting,
 As many a time before:
Her foot is ever at the threshold,
 Yet never passes o'er.

BAYARD TAYLOR.



THE MORNING-GLORY.

WE wreathed about our darling's head
 The morning-glory bright;
Her little face looked out beneath,
 So full of life and light,
So lit as with a sunrise,
 That we could only say
“ She is the morning-glory true.
 And her poor types are they.”

So always, from that happy time,
We called her by their name ;
And very fitting did it seem,
For sure as morning came,
Behind her cradle bars she smiled
To catch the first faint ray,
As from the trellis smiles the flower
And opens to the day.

But not so beautiful they rear
Their airy cups of blue,
As turned her sweet eyes to the light,
Brimmed with sleep's tender dew ;
And not so close their tendrils fine
Round their supports are thrown,
As those dear arms whose outstretched plea
Clasped all hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come,
Even as comes the flower :
The last and perfect added gift
To crown Love's morning hour ;
And how in her was imaged forth
The love we could not say,
As on the little dew-drops round
Shines back the heart of day.

We never could have thought, O God !
That she must wither up,
Almost before a day was flown,
Like the morning-glory's cup ;

We never thought to see her droop
 Her fair and noble head,
Till she lay stretched before our eyes :
 Wilted, and cold, and dead !

The morning-glory's blossoming
 Will soon be coming round ;
We see their rows of heart-shaped leaves
 Upspringing from the ground ;
The tender things the Winter killed
 Renew again their birth.
But the glory of our morning
 Has passed away from earth.

O Earth ! in vain our aching eyes
 Stretch over thy green plain !
Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air,
 Her spirit to sustain !
But up in groves of Paradise
 Full surely we shall see
Our morning-glory beautiful
 Twine round our dear Lord's knee.

MARIA WHITE LOWELL.



EPITHALAMIUM.

I SAW two clouds at morning,
Tinged by the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one :

I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course with silent force,
In peace each other greeting ;
Calm was their course through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall beat ;
Like Summer's beam, and Summer's stream,
Float on in joy, to meet
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease,
A purer sky, where all is peace.

JOHN GARDNER CALKINS BRAINARD.

EDWARD, EDWARD.

“ QUHY dois zour brand sae drap wi’ bluid,
Edward, Edward ?
Quhy dois zour brand sae drap wi’ bluid,
And quhy sae sad gang zee O ? ”
“ O I hae killed my hauke sae guid,
Mither, mither :
O I hae killed my hauke sae guid,
And I had nae mair bot hee O.

“ Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
 Edward, Edward :
Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid —
 My deir son, I tell zee O.”
“ O I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
 Mither, mither :
O I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
 That was sae fair and free O.”



“ Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,
 Edward, Edward :
Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair —
 Sum other dule ze drie O.”

"O I hae killed my fader deir,
Mither, mither :
O I hae killed my fader deir —
Alas ! and wae is mee O ”

“And quhat wul ze doe wi’ zour towirs and zour ha’,
Edward, Edward?
And quhat wul ze doe wi’ zour towirs and zour ha’,
That were sae fair to see O ?”
“Ile let them stand til they doun fa’;
Mither, mither :
Ile let them stand til they doun fa’,
For here nevir mair maun I bee O.”

“ And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir,
Edward, Edward ?
And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir ?
My deir son, now tell mee O.”
“ The curse of hell frae me sall ze beir,
Mither, mither :
The curse of hell frae me sall ze beir —
Sic counseils ze gave to mee O.”

ANONYMOUS.

A PETITION TO TIME.

TOUCH us gently, Time !
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently — as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream.
Humble voyagers are we :
Husband, wife, and children three :
(One is lost — an angel, fled
To the azure overhead !)

Touch us gently, Time !
We've not proud nor soaring wings :
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime :
Touch us gently, gentle Time !

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER, (Barry Cornwall.)

THE DULE'S I' THIS BONNET O' MINE.

THE dule's i' this bonnet o' mine :
My ribbins'll never be reet.
Here, Mally, aw'm like to be fine,
For Jamie'll be comin' to-neet ;
He met me i' th' lone tother day,
(Aw wur gooin' for wayter to th' well,)
An' he begged that aw'd wed him i' May.
Bi'th' mass, iv he'll let me, aw will !

When he took my two honds into his :
Good Lord, heaw they trembled between !
An' aw durstn't look up in his face,
Becose on him seein' my e'en.
My cheek went as red as a rose ;
There's never a mortal con tell
Heaw happy aw felt — for, thae knows,
One couldn't ha' axed him theirsel'.

But th' tale wur at th' end o' my tung :
To let it eawt wouldn't be reet,
For aw thought to seem forrud wur wrung ;
So aw towd him aw'd tell him to-neet.
But, Mally, thae knows very weel,
Though it isn't a thing one should own,

Iv aw'd th' pikein' o' th' world to mysel'.
 Aw'd oather ha' Jamie or noan.

Neaw, Mally, aw've towd thaе my mind ;
 What would to do iv it wur thee ?
 " Aw'd tak him just while he're inclined,
 An' a farrantly bargain he'll be ;
 For Jamie's as greatly a lad
 As ever stept eawt into th' sun.
 Go, jump at thy chance, an' get wed ;
 An' mak th' best o' th' job when it's done ! "

Eh, dear ! but it's time to be gwon :
 Aw shouldn't like Jamie to wait ;
 Aw connut for shame be too soon,
 An' aw wouldn't for th' world be too late.
 Aw'm o' ov a tremble to th' heel :
 Dost think 'at my bonnet'll do ?
 " Be off, lass — thaе looks very weel ;
 He wants noan o' th' bonnet, thaе foo ! "

EDWIN WAUGH

THE VOICELESS.

WE count the broken lyres that rest
 Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,
 But o'er their silent sister's breast
 The wild flowers who will stoop to number.

Hearts that break and give no sign
Save whiteness lip and faltering tresser,
Till Death paws out his mortal voice
Slow-dropped from Moses' cushioning bress-
Of singing breath or echoing chad.
To every hidden bong were given,
What endless melodies were found
As sad as earth, as sweet as Heaven!

Mary Mencille Holmes.

A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them,
Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,
Whose song has told their hearts' sad story:
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross without the crown of glory!
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
But where the glistening night-dews weep
On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign,
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his cordial wine
Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses!
If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as Earth, as sweet as Heaven!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

PASSING THY DOOR.

O ! 'TWAS the world to me,
Life too — and more !
Catching a glance of thee,
Passing thy door.
Faint as an autumn leaf,
Trembling to part :
So, in that moment brief,
Trembled my heart.

Nothing I saw but thee,
Nothing could find ;
Vision had fled from me,
Lingering behind.
How I had passed along,
How found my way,
Sightless amidst the throng,
Love could but say.

How I had moved my feet
I never knew ;
I had seen nothing, sweet,
Since I'd seen you.
O ! 'twas the world to me,
Life too — and more !
Catching a glance of thee,
Passing thy door.

CHARLES SWAIN

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL.

Hie upon Hielands,
And low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
Rade out on a day.
Saddled and bridled
And gallant rade he ;
Hame cam his gude horse,
But hame cam na he !

Out ran his auld mither,
Greetin' fu' sair ;
Out ran his bonnie bride,
Rivin' her hair.
Saddled and bridled
And booted rade he ;
Toom hame cam the saddle,
But never cam he !

“ My meadow lies green,
And my corn is unshorn ;
My barn is to big,
And my baby's unborn.”
Saddled and bridled
And booted rade he ;
Toom hame cam the saddle,
But never cam he !

ANONYMOUS.

THE SAILOR.

A ROMAIC BALLAD.

THOU that hast a daughter
For one to woo and wed,
Give her to a husband
With snow upon his head,
O, give her to an old man,
Though little joy it be,
Before the best young sailor
That sails upon the sea !

How luckless is the sailor
When sick and like to die ;
He sees no tender mother,
No sweetheart standing by.
Only the captain speaks to him :
“ Stand up, stand up, young man !
And steer the ship to haven,
As none beside thee can.”

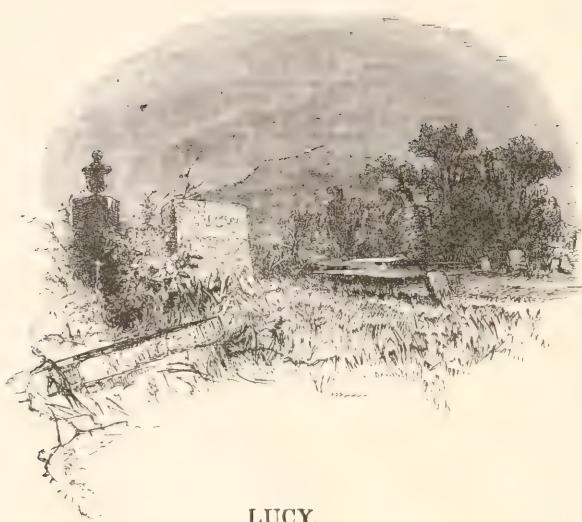
Thou say’st to me, “ Stand up, stand up ! ”
I say to thee, Take hold !
Lift me a little from the deck ;
My hands and feet are cold.
And let my head, I pray thee,
With handkerchiefs be bound :

There ! take my love's gold handkerchief,
And tie it tightly round.

Now bring the chart, the doleful chart ;
See, where these mountains meet !
The clouds are thick around their head,
The mists around their feet.
Cast anchor here ; 'tis deep and safe
Within the rocky cleft :
The little anchor on the right,
The great one on the left.

And now to thee, O captain,
Most earnestly I pray,
That they may never bury me
In church or cloister gray ;
But on the windy sea-beach,
At the ending of the land,
All on the surfy sea-beach,
Deep down into the sand.

For there will come the sailors :
Their voices I shall hear,
And, at casting of the anchor,
The yo-ho loud and clear,
And, at hauling of the anchor,
The yo-ho and the cheer.
Farewell, my love, for to thy bay
I nevermore may steer !



LUCY.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love :

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye ;
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and O,
The difference to me !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

WE sat within the farm-house old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,
The light-house, the dismantled fort,
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room ;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was dead ;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again ;

The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but mark ;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap, and then expire.

And, as their splendor flashed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main ;
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed
And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,
The ocean, roaring up the beach,
The gusty blast, the bickering flames,
All mingled vaguely in our speech ;

Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain :
The long-lost ventures of the heart,
That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed ! O hearts that yearned !
They were indeed too much akin :
The drift-wood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

ASK ME NO MORE.

Ask me no more : the moon may draw the sea ;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape,
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape ;
But, O too fond ! when have I answered thee ?
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more : what answer should I give ?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye :
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die !
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live ;
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more : thy fate and mine are sealed ;
I strove against the stream, and all in vain.
Let the great river take me to the main.
No more, dear love—for at a touch I yield ;
Ask me no more !

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Let me no more. The moon may show the "o"
The cloud may stoop from heaven & take the shape,
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape,
But, O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?
 Let me no more.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart & gather to the eyes
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking on the days that are no more.

J. M. Myerson



CRADLE SONG.

WHAT is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt;

Unwritten history !

Unfathomed mystery !

Yet he chuckles, and crows, and nods, and winks,
As if his head were as full of kinks
And curious riddles as any sphinx !

Warped by colic, and wet by tears,

Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years ;

And he'll never know

Where the Summers go :

He need not laugh, for he'll find it so !

Who can tell what a baby thinks ?

Who can follow the gossamer links

By which the manikin feels his way

Out from the shore of the great unknown,
Blind, and wailing, and alone,

Into the light of day ?

Out from the shore of the unknown sea,

Tossing in pitiful agony ;

Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Specked with the barks of little souls :

Barks that were launched on the other side,
And slipped from Heaven on an ebbing tide !

What does he think of his mother's eyes ?

What does he think of his mother's hair ?

What of the cradle-roof, that flies

Forward and backward through the air ?

What does he think of his mother's breast,
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,

Seeking it ever with fresh delight,
Cup of his life and couch of his rest ?
What does he think when her quick embrace
Presses his hand, and buries his face
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell,
With a tenderness she can never tell,
Though she murmur the words
Of all the birds,
Words she has learned to murmur well ?
Now he thinks he'll go to sleep !
I can see the shadow creep
Over his eyes in soft eclipse,
Over his brow and over his lips,
Out to his little finger-tips !
Softly sinking, down he goes !
Down he goes ! Down he goes !
See ! He's hushed in sweet repose !

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way :
But never, never can forget
 The luv o' life's young day !
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en
 May weel be black gin Yule :
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
 Where first fond luv grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
 And blind my een wi' tears :
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
 And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
 The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
 'Twas then we twa did part ;
Sweet time — sad time ! twa bairns at scule,
 Twa bairns, and but ae heart !

'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones and looks and smiles were shed,
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sittin' on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
What our wee heads could think.
When baith bent doun ower ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

O, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule-weans, laughin', said
We cleeked thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The scule then skail't at noon,)
When we ran off to speel the braes,
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' scule-time and o' thee.
O mornin' life! O mornin' luv'e!
O lightsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

O, mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon?



The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wood
The throssil whusslit sweet ;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we, with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies ;
And on the knowe abune the burn
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled doun your cheek
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak !
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled — unsung !

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
As ye hae been to me ?
O, tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine !
O, say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne ?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
 I've borne a weary lot ;
 But in my wanderings, far or near,
 Ye never were forgot.
 The fount that first burst frae this heart
 Still travels on its way ;
 And channels deeper, as it rins,
 'The luve o' life's young day.'

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Since we were sindered young
 I've never seen your face, nor heard
 The music o' your tongue ;
 But I could hug all wretchedness,
 And happy could I dee,
 Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
 O' bygane days and me !

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.



HESTER.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
 Their place ye may not well supply,
 Though ye among a thousand try,
 With vain endeavor.

A month or more hath she been dead,
 Yet cannot I by force be led
 To think upon the wormy bed
 And her, together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flushed her spirit;

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call: — if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool;
But she was trained in Nature's school;
Nature had blessed her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind;
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind;
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbor, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore!
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day:
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet forewarning?

CHARLES LAMB.



THE JOINERS.

I.

THE moon is round and big, and full
Of something strange and beautiful:

Pensive and pale, she seems to lie,
Couched in the comfortable sky,

Wistfully watching all among
The stars, and troubled for her young.

II.

The Joiner's wife is big, and full
Of something strange and beautiful :

Patient and still and pale she lies,
A tender terror in her eyes,

Wistfully, through the workshop door,
Counting his footsteps on the floor.

III.

A restless and a troubled ray
Hath vexed the Joiner's eye all day,

As fretful firelight flickers o'er
The chambers of the sick and poor;

But Love fills with religious light
The chapel of his thoughts to-night,

And consecrated tapers shine
Above, before, around the shrine.

His words are few and low and mild,
As careful for a sleeping child.

No cunning in his craft of late :
Compass and plumb and rule must wait,

Till the Unerring Skill hath done
The work his daring love begun.



IV.

Two figures cross the Joiner's sill,
Two prophecies, of Good and Ill;

One paler, colder than the moon,
The other like an April noon;

Two odors — this of churchyard mould,
That as when fragrant buds unfold :

v.

“ Good master, by your leave, you see
Two joiners faring piteously.

“ Weary and famished, cold and sore,
Warmth, rest, refreshment, we implore ;

“ So, master, be your roof-tree blest
In coming and in parting guest,

“ And we your pity will requite
With nimble handicraft to-night.”

vi.

“ Well done ! ” The strangers’ hammers ring
In measure to strange tunes they sing ;

A dirge, a cradle-hymn they try,
A requiem and a lullaby.

vii.

The moon is gone, her place all dark,
Where late she lay one struggling spark !

And *she* is “parting:” her vacant breast
But coldly wecomes “the coming guest;”

But they finished their work ere they went their way,
A coffin grim and a cradle gay.

JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER.



TO LUCASTA,

ON GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkinde,
That from the nummerie
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde
To warre and armes I flee.

True, a new mistresse now I chase,
 The first foe in the field;
 And with a stronger faith imbrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
 As you, too, shall adore ;
 I could not love thee, deare, so much,
 Loved I not honor more.

RICHARD LOVELACE.



THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

Sabbata pango,
Funera plango;
Solemnia clango.

INSCRIPTION ON AN OLD BELL.

With deep affection
 And recollection
 I often think of
 Those Shandon bells,
 Whose sounds so wild would,
 In the days of childhood,
 Fling round my cradle
 Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
 Where'er I wander,
 And thus grow fonder,
 Sweet Cork, of thee,

With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
 Cathedral shrine,
While at a glibe rate
Brass tongues would vibrate ;
But all their music
 Spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry, knelling
 Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling
 From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
 Of Notre Dame ;

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly.

O, the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow ;
While on tower and kiosk O
In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them ;
But there's an anthem
More dear to me :
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

FRANCIS MAHONY. (Father Prout.)

'Mid pleasures & palaces though we may rove,
 Or it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there
 which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere!

Home, home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home;
There's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendour gabbles in vain! —
 Oh, give me my lonely thatch'd cottage again! —
— The birds singing girls that come at my call —
 Give me them! — and the race of mind dearer than all!

John Howard Payne.

HOME, SWEET HOME !

MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it never so humble, there's no place like home !
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

*Home, home ! Sweet home !
There's no place like home !*

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain ;
O give me my lowly thatched cottage again !
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call :
Give me these, and the peace of mind dearer than all.

*Home, home ! Sweet home !
There's no place like home !*

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

LOSS AND GAIN.

WHEN the baby died, we said,
With a sudden, secret dread,
“ Death, be merciful, and pass :
Leave the other ! ” but, alas !

While we watched he waited there,
One foot on the golden stair,
One hand beckoning at the gate,
Till the home was desolate.

Friends say, "It is better so,
Clothed in innocence to go;"
Say, to ease the parting pain,
That "your loss is but their gain."

Ah! the parents think of this!
But remember more the kiss
From the little rose-red lips;
And the print of finger-tips,

Left upon a broken toy,
Will remind them how the boy
And his sister charmed the days
With their pretty, winsome ways.

Only Time can give relief
To the weary, lonesome grief;
God's sweet minister of pain
Then shall sing of loss and gain.

NORA PERRY.

TO MARY.

THE twentieth year is well-nigh past
Since first our sky was overcast:
Ah, would that this might be the last!
 My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow;
I see thee daily weaker grow:
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
 My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
 My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldest fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
 My Mary!

But well thou playedst the housewife's part:
And all thy threads, with magic art,
Have wound themselves about this heart,
 My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream ;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
 My Mary !

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
 My Mary !

For, could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see ?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
 My Mary !

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign ;
Yet, gently pressed, press gently mine,
 My Mary !

Such feebleness of limbs thou provest,
That now at every step thou movest
Upheld by two ; yet still thou lovest,
 My Mary !

And still to love, though pressed with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
 My Mary !

But ah ! by constant heed I know
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
 My Mary !

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
 My Mary !

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

It is the miller's daughter,
 And she is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
 That trembles at her ear ;
For, hid in ringlets day and night,
I'd touch her neck, so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle
 About her dainty, dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me
 In sorrow and in rest ;
And I should know if it beat right,
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,
 And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom
 With her laughter or her sighs ;
And I would lie so light, so light,
I scarce should be unclasped at night.

ALFRED TENNYSON



HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes?
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse!
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree.
Spring and Winter
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
Passing nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper :
“ Is there from the fishers any news ? ”
O, her heart’s adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone !
Night and morning
Hannah’s at the window, binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sun-burnt fisher, gayly woos ;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all a-glow,
And the waves are laughing so !
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing ;
'Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon coos.
Hannah shudders ;
For the mild southwester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped.
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah’s at the window, binding shoes.

'Tis November ;
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews.
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose ;

Malton, the children of whose love,
Each to his grave, in youth have past;
And now the mould lies fresh above
The dearest and the last.
Bride, who dost wear the widow's veil
Before the wedding flowers are pale,—
Be deem the human heart endures
No deeper-bitter grief than yours.

W^a. Cullen Bryant,

Whispering, hoarsely, "Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty Winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views:
Twenty seasons;
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea.
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

LUCY LARCOM.

THE LIVING LOST.

MATRON, the children of whose love,
Each to his grave, in youth have passed,
And now the mould is heaped above
The dearest and the last!
Bride, who dost wear the widow's veil
Before the wedding flowers are pale!
Ye deem the human heart endures
No deeper, bitterer grief than yours.

Yet there are pangs of keener woe,
Of which the sufferers never speak,

Nor to the world's cold pity show
The tears that scald the cheek,
Wrung from their eyelids by the shame
And guilt of those they shrink to name,
Whom once they loved with cheerful will,
And love, though fallen and branded, still.

Weep, ye who sorrow for the dead :
Thus breaking hearts their pain relieve ;
And reverenced are the tears ye shed,
And honored ye who grieve.
The praise of those who sleep in earth,
The pleasant memory of their worth,
The hope to meet when life is past,
Shall heal the tortured mind at last.

But ye, who for the living lost
That agony in secret bear,
Who shall with soothing words accost
The strength of your despair ?
Grief for your sake is scorn for them
Whom ye lament and all condemn ;
And o'er the world of spirits lies
A gloom from which ye turn your eyes.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



SIR MARMADUKE.

SIR MARMADUKE was a hearty knight:
Good man! old man!
He's painted standing bolt upright,
With his hose rolled over his knee;
His periwig's as white as chalk,
And on his fist he holds a hawk;
And he looks like the head
Of an ancient family.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

His dining-room was long and wide :
 Good man ! old man !
 His spaniels lay by the fireside ;
 And in other parts, d'ye see,
 Crossbows, tobacco-pipes, old hats,
 A saddle, his wife, and a litter of cats ;
 And he looked like the head
 Of an ancient family.

He never turned the poor from the gate :
 Good man ! old man !
 But was always ready to break the pate
 Of his country's enemy.
 What knight could do a better thing
 Than serve the poor, and fight for his king ?
 And so may every head
 Of an ancient family.

GEORGE COLMAN, "the younger."

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember
 The house where I was born,
 The little window, where the sun
 Came peeping in at morn ;
 He never came a wink too soon,
 Nor brought too long a day ;
 But now, I often wish the night
 Had borne my breath away !

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs, where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday ;
The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing ;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow !

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees, dark and high ;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance ;
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

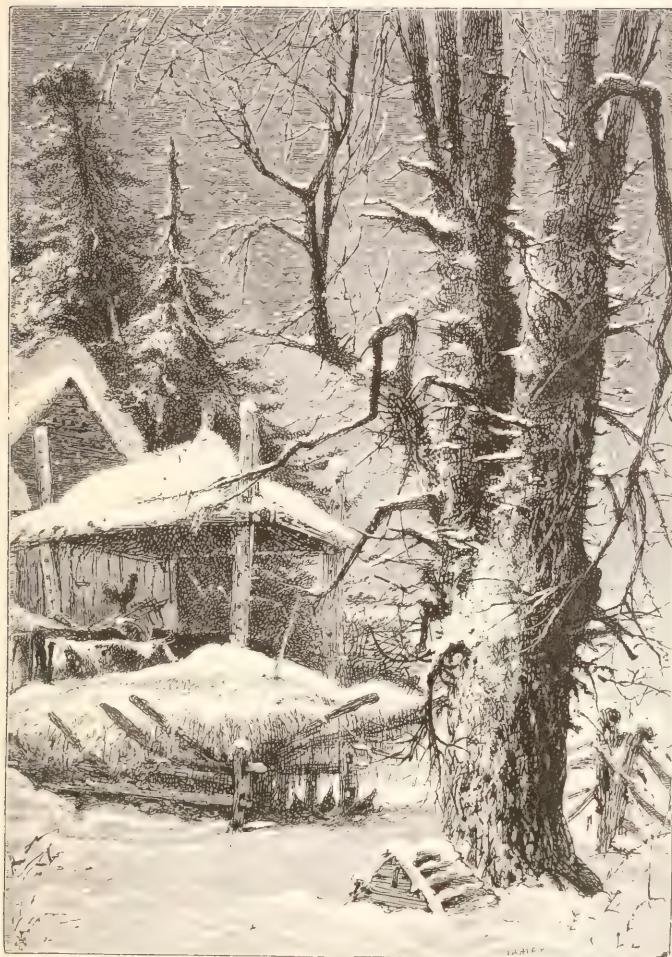
THOMAS HOOD.

And again to the Child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Dashing, the merciful Father
Alone can bid it fall!"

~

Then with eyes that saw not I kissed her.
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister
Folded close under deepening snow.

J. K. Gould



THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily, all the night,
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl,

From sheds new-roofed with carrara
Came chanticleer's muffled crow ;
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down :
And still wavered down the snow.

I stood and watched from my window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood :
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the Babes in the Wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying " Father, who makes it snow ? "
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our buried woe.

And again to the child I whispered
“The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can bid it fall !”

Then with eyes that saw not I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister
Folded close under deepening snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning long ago,
When first you were my bride ;
The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high ;
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary ;
The day is bright as then ;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again ;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath, warm on my cheek ;
And I still keep listening for the words
You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary :
I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest ;
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends ;
But O, they love the better still
The few our Father sends !
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride ;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone.
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow ;
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger pain was gnawing there
And you hid it for my sake ;
I bless you for the pleasant word
When your heart was sad and sore ;
O, I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more !

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary, kind and true ;
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to.

They say there's bread and work for all.
 And the sun shines always there ;
 But I'll not forget old Ireland,
 Were it fifty times as fair !

And often in those grand old woods
 I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
 And my heart will travel back again
 To the place where Mary lies ;
 And I'll think I see the little stile
 Where we sat side by side,
 And the springing corn, and the bright May morn,
 When first you were my bride.

MRS. BLACKWOOD. (Lady Dufferin.)

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was the calm and silent night !
 Seven hundred years and fifty-three
 Had Rome been growing up to might,
 And now was queen of land and sea.
 No sound was heard of clashing wars :
 Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain ;
 Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars,
 Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago !

'Twas in the calm and silent night !
The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home.
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway ;
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago ?

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor ;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half shut stable door
Across his path. He passed ; for naught
Told what was going on within.
How keen the stars ! his only thought :
The air, how calm, and cold, and thin !
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

O strange indifference !—low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares ;
The earth was still, but knew not why ;
The world was listening—unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever !

To that still moment, none would heed,
 Man's doom was linked no more to sever,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago !

It is the calm and solemn night !
 A thousand bells ring out, and throw
 Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
 The darkness—charmed and holy now !
 The night that erst no name had worn,
 To it a happy name is given ;
 For in that stable lay, new-born,
 The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago !

ALFRED DOMMETT.

THE POET'S CHRISTMAS.

COLD Christmas eve ! the muffled waits
 Are chiming in the frozen street ;
 Round pauper courts and princely gates
 The music lingers sweet.
 In many a happy curtained brain
 Dreams of to-morrow weave their spells,
 Till daylight, laughing at each pane,
 Comes with a burst of bells.

Blithe Christmas morn ! such lusty cheer,
Such kindly greeting, friendly talk,
Might make the roses of the year
Flush Winter's frozen stalk,
And fill the heart with throbs of Spring,
And stir the soul with golden dreams ;
For seraphs in the holly sing,
Joy in the yule-fire gleams.

Yet silence sits within my room,
And coldness lies upon my hearth,
Though 'tis an hour when ice of gloom
Should feel the thaws of mirth.
They say a spirit walks abroad
To touch the stern and Horeb-heart,
Until beneath the sacred rod
The springs of pity start.

They say the season bears a charm
To melt the icicle of ill,
To make the snowy bosom warm,
And blunt the wintry chill.
The world is merry with its wine,
Its smoking meats, its smiling friends ;
It has its pleasures—I have mine ;
So Heaven shall make amends :

The uplifting of a mouldered pall,
The embers of a cold desire,
The phantom shadows on my wall,
The faces in the fire :

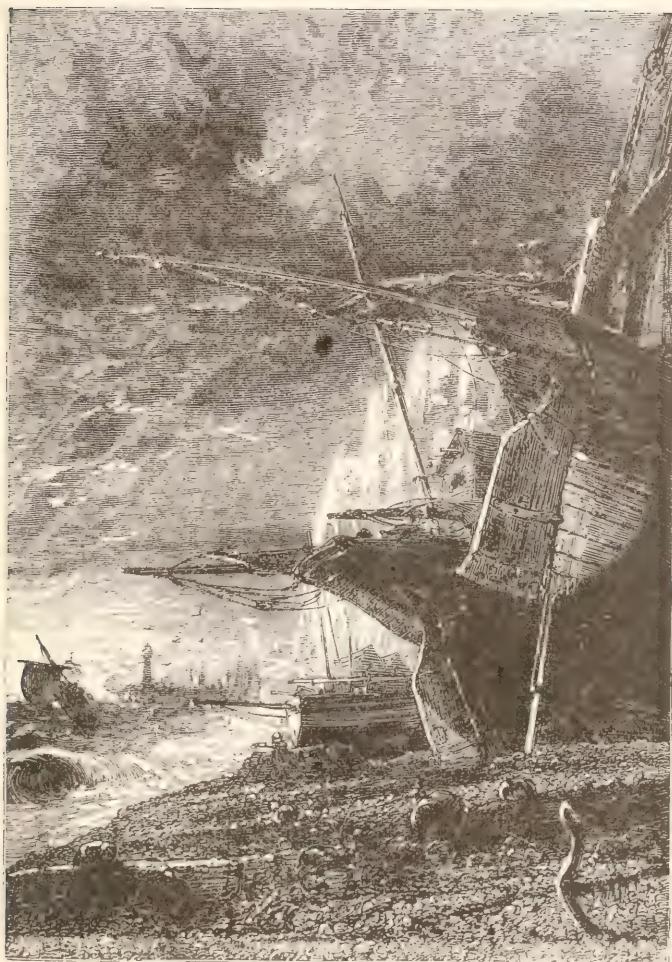
These, with old hopes once nursed in vain,
 Old joys, old tears, old feelings fled,
 And that long, long remembered train,
 The army of the dead !

My Christmas guests. With these I sit
 Through every shout, through every chime,
 A weary bird, condemned to flit
 Round darkening shores of Time.
 But constant cares and sorrows grow
 Familiar as a face we love ;
 And there are luxuries of woe
 Jove's banquet could not move.

And if, at Fancy's wild command,
 Some form should mould itself from shade,
 Or through the gloom I felt a hand
 Upon my shoulder laid,
 Scarce would I start — so long I've known
 That loneliness of life which gives
 The soul a phantom world its own,
 Wherein it silent lives.

But let the world have joy without,
 The poet shall have joy within.
 Then wreath the old Christmas' face about,
 Down to his glowing chin ;
 No pleasure spare, no pastime shun,
 Each roof with social clouds be curled :
 'Tis well ; for once beneath the sun
 There rolls a happy world !

JAMES MACFARLANE.



THE FISHERMEN.

THREE fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west as the sun went down ;

Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town.
For men must work, and women must weep;
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the rack it came rolling up, ragged and brown.
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down;
And the women are watching, and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come back to the town.
For men must work, and women must weep;
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep;
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning!

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

WE PARTED IN SILENCE.

WE parted in silence, we parted by night,
On the banks of that lonely river ;
Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite,
We met—and we parted forever !
The night-bird sang, and the stars above
Told many a touching story
Of friends long passed to the kingdom of love,
Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence ; our cheeks were wet
With the tears that were past controlling ;
We vowed we would never—no, never—forget,
And those vows at the time were consoling ;
But those lips that echoed the sounds of mine
Are as cold as that lonely river ;
And that eye, the beautiful spirit's shrine,
Has shrouded its fires forever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,
And my heart grows full of weeping ;
Each star is to me a sealed book,
Some tale of that loved one keeping.

A man to call his home,
And call the little home,
And call his little home,
Leaves the land of ice
The western wind has wild and dark with gale
And all alone leaves her.

The rushing tide comes up along the land,
And over the sea comes
And round around the land,
As far as eye could see
The steaming mist comes down, thick the land;
And across comes the sea.

Brisley

We parted in silence, we parted in tears,
On the banks of that lonely river;
But the odor and bloom of those by-gone years
Shall hang o'er its waters forever.

JULIA CRAWFORD.



THE SANDS O' DEE.

"O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home.

Across the sands o' Dee!"
 The western wind was wild, and dank wi' foam,
 And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
 And o'er and o'er the sand,
 And round and round the sand,
 As far as eye could see;
 The blinding mist came down and hid the land,
 And never home came she.



"O is it weed, or fish, or floating hair,
 A tress o' golden hair,
 O' drowned maiden's hair,
 Above the nets at sea?
 Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
 Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
 The cruel, crawling foam,
 The cruel, hungry foam,

To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands o' Dee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.



THE RECONCILIATION.

As through the land at eve we went,
And plucked the ripened ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O we fell out, I know not why,
And kissed again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There, above the little grave,
O there, above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

BABY MAY.

CHEEKS as soft as July peaches;
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches
Poppies paleness; round large eyes,
Ever great with new surprise;
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness,
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness;
Happy smiles and wailing cries,
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes;
Lights and shadows, swifter born
Than on windswept autumn corn:
Ever some new tiny notion,
Making every limb all motion:
Catchings up of legs and arms,
Throwings back, and small alarms,
Clutching fingers, straightening jerks,
Twining feet, whose each toe works,
Kickings up and straining risings,
Mother's ever new surprisings;
Hands all wants, and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under;
Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings
That have more of love than loves,
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness that we prize such sinning;
Breakings dire of plates and glasses,
Graspings small at all that passes,

Pullings off of all that's able
To be caught from tray or table,
Silences — small meditations,
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations,
Breaking into wisest speeches
In a tongue that nothing teaches,
All the thoughts of whose possessing
Must be wooed to light by guessing ;
Slumbers — such sweet angel-seemings
That we'd ever have such dreamings,
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
And we'd always have thee waking ;
Wealth for which we know no measure,
Pleasure high above all pleasure ;
Gladness brimming over gladness,
Joy in care, delight in sadness ;
Loveliness beyond completeness,
Sweetness distancing all sweetness,
Beauty all that beauty may be :
That's May Bennett — that's my baby.

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

FOR CHARLIE'S SAKE.

THE night is late, the house is still ;
The angels of the hour fulfil
Their tender ministries, and move
From couch to couch, in cares of love.
They drop into thy dreams, sweet wife,
The happiest smile of Charlie's life,

And lay on Baby's lips a kiss,
Fresh from his angel-brother's bliss ;
And as they pass, they seem to make
A strange, dim hymn, "For Charlie's sake!"

My listening heart takes up the strain,
And gives it to the night again,
Fitted with words of lowly praise,
And patience learned of mournful days,
And memories of the dead child's ways.

His will be done, His will be done !
Who gave, and took away, my son —
In the far land to shine and sing
Before the Beautiful, the King,
Who every day doth Christmas make,
All starr'd and bell'd for Charlie's sake.

For Charlie's sake I will arise ;
I will anoint me where he lies,
And change my raiment, and go in
To the Lord's house, leaving my sin
Without, and seat me at His board,
Eat, and be glad, and praise the Lord.
For wherefore should I fast and weep,
And sullen moods of mourning keep ?
I cannot bring him back, nor he,
For any calling, come to me :
The bond the angel Death did sign,
God sealed — for Charlie's sake and mine.

I 'm very poor — his slender stone
Marks all the narrow field I own ;
Yet, patient husbandman, I till
With faith and prayers that precious hill,
Sow it with penitential pains,
And, hopeful, wait the latter rains :
Content if, after all, the spot
Yield barely one forget-me-not ;
Whether or figs or thistles make
My crop — content, for Charlie's sake.

I have no houses, builded well —
Only that little lonesome cell,
Where never romping playmates come,
Nor bashful sweethearts, cunning-dumb
An April burst of girls and boys,
Their rainbowed cloud of griefs and joys
Born with their songs, gone with their toys,
Nor ever is its stillness stirred
By purr of cat, or chirp of bird,
Or mother's twilight legend, told
Of Horner's pie or Tiddler's gold,
Or Fairy, hobbling to the door,
Red-cloaked and weird, banned and poor,
To bless the good child's gracious eyes,
The good child's wistful charities,
And crippled Changeling's hunch to make
Dance on his crutch, for Good Child's sake.

How is it with the lad ? — 'T is well ,
Nor would I any miracle

Might stir my sleeper's tranquil trance,
Or plague his painless countenance ;
I would not any Seer might place
His staff on my immortal's face,
Or lip to lip, and eye to eye,
Charm back his pale mortality :
No, Shunammite ! I would not break
God's quiet. Let them weep who wake.

For Charlie's sake my lot is blest :
No comfort like his mother's breast,
No praise like hers ; no charm exprest
In fairest forms hath half her zest.
For Charlie's sake this bird 's carest
That Death left lonely in the nest.
For Charlie's sake my heart is drest,
As for its birthday, in its best.
For Charlie's sake we leave the rest
To Him who gave, and who did take,
And saved us twice — for Charlie's sake.

JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER.

MARIAN'S SONG.

DEEPER than the hail can smite,
Deeper than the frost can bite,
Deep asleep through day and night —
Our delight !

Now thy sleep no pang can break,
No to-morrow bid thee wake —
Not our sobs, who sit and ache
For thy sake.

Is it dark or light below ?
O, but is it cold like snow ?
Dost thou feel the green things grow,
Fast or slow ?

Is it warm or cold beneath ?
O, but is it cold like death ?
Cold like death without a breath --
Cold like death.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE MOTHER'S FIRST GRIEF.

SHE sits beside the cradle,
And her tears are streaming fast,
For she sees the present only,
While she thinks of all the past :
Of the days so full of gladness,
When her first-born's answering kiss
Thrilled her soul with such a rapture
That it knew no other bliss.
O those happy, happy moments !
They but deepen her despair ;

For she bends above the cradle,
And her baby is not there !

There are words of comfort spoken,
And the leaden clouds of grief
Wear the smiling bow of promise,
And she feels a sad relief ;
But her wavering thoughts will wander,
Till they settle on the scene
Of the dark and silent chamber,
And of all that might have been.
For a little vacant garment,
Or a shining tress of hair,
Tells her heart, in tones of anguish,
That her baby is not there !

She sits beside the cradle,
But her tears no longer flow,
For she sees a blessed vision,
And forgets all earthly woe ;
Saintly eyes look down upon her,
And the Voice that hushed the sea
Stills her spirit with the whisper,
“ Suffer them to come to Me.”
And while her soul is lifted
On the soaring wings of prayer,
Heaven's crystal gates swing inward,
And she sees her baby there !

ROBERT SMYTH CHILTON

THE GARRET.

O, it was here that Love his gifts bestowed
 On Youth's wild age!
Gladly once more I seek my youth's abode,
 In pilgrimage:
Here my young mistress with her poet dared
 Reckless to dwell;
She was sixteen, I twenty—and we shared
 This attic cell.

Yes, 'twas a garret! be it known to all,
 Here was Love's shrine;
There read, in charcoal traced along the wall,
 The unfinished line.
Here was the board where kindred hearts would blend :
 The Jew can tell
How oft I pawned my watch to feast a friend
 In attic cell.

O, my Lisette's fair form could I recall
 With fairy wand!
There she would blind the window with her shawl :
 Bashful, yet fond.

What though from whom she got her dress I've since
Learned but too well?

Still in those days I envied not a prince,
In attic cell.

Here the glad tidings on our banquet burst,
'Mid the bright bowls:

Yes, it was here Marengo's triumph first
Kindled our souls!

Bronze cannon roared; France with redoubled might
Felt her heart swell;
Proudly we drank our Consul's health that night
In attic cell!

Dreams of my youthful days! I'd freely give,
Ere my life's close,
All the dull days I'm destined yet to live,
For one of those.

Where shall I now find raptures that were felt,
Joys that befell,
And hopes that dawned at twenty, when I dwelt
In attic cell?

PIERRE JEAN DE BÉRANGER. (French.)

Translation of FRANCIS MAHONY. (Father Prout.)



MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow, sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast :

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

“Thanks!” said the Judge, “a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed.”

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees ;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles, bare and brown,

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked, and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!"

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still:



“ A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne’er hath it been my lot to meet;

“ And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

“ Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay.

“No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues ;

“But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words.”

But he thought of his sister, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on ;
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune ;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth’s bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go ;

And sweet Maud Muller’s hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead :

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms;

And the proud man sighed with a secret pain :
“ Ah, that I were free again ! ”

“ Free as when I rode that day
Where the barefoot maiden raked the hay.”

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.



And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring-brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-trees again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with a timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls ;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned ;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge !

God pity them both ! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall ;

God pity them both & pity us all
Who vainly the dreams of life we - all
For of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"
Ah well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes,
And in the benedictive angels' way
Roll the Stone from its grave away!

John Leech

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

O, WEEL BEFA' THE MAIDEN GAY.

O, WEEL befa' the maiden gay,
In cottage, buught, or penn!
An' weel befa' the bonny May
That wons in yonder glen!
Wha lo'es the modest truth sae weel,
Wha's aye sae kind, an' aye sae leal,
An' pure as blooming asphodel
Amang sae mony men!
O, weel befa' the bonny thing
That wons in yonder glen!

'Tis sweet to hear the music float
Alang the gloaming lea;
'Tis sweet to hear the blackbird's note
Come pealing frae the tree;

To see the lambkin's lightsome race,
 The dappled kid in wanton chase,
 The young deer cower in lonely place,
 Deep in his flowery den ;
 But sweeter far the bonny face
 That smiles in yonder glen !

O, had it no' been for the blush
 O' maiden's virgin flame,
 Dear Beauty never had been known,
 An' never had a name ;
 But aye sin' that dear thing o' blame
 Was modelled by an angel's frame,
 The power o' beauty reigns supreme
 O'er a' the sons o' men ;
 But deadliest far the sacred flame
 Burns in a lonely glen !

There's beauty in the violet's vest,
 There's hinny in the haw ;
 There's dew within the rose's breast,
 The sweetest o' them a' ;
 The sun will rise and set again,
 An' lace wi' burning gowd the main,
 The rainbow bend out-ower the plain,
 Sae lovely to the ken ;
 But lovelier far the bonny thing
 That wons in yonder glen !

JAMES HOGG.

COMING ACROSS.

EVERY sail is full set, and the sky
 And the sea blaze with light,
And the moon 'mid her virgins glides on,
 As St. Ursula might.
And the throb of the pulse never stops
 In the heart of the ship,
As her measures of water and fire
 She drinks down at a sip.
Yet I never can think, as I lie
 And so wearily toss,
That by saint, or by star, or by ship
 I am coming across —

But by light which I know in dear eyes
 That are bent on the sea :
And the touch I remember of hands
 That are waiting for me.
By the light of the eyes I could come
 If the stars should all fail ;
And I think, if the ship should go down,
 That the hands would prevail.
Ah ! my darlings, you never will know
 How I pined in the loss
Of you all, and how breathless and glad
 I am, coming across.

II. II.

MATIN HYMN.

I CANNOT ope mine eyes
But Thou art ready there, to catch
My morning soul and sacrifice ;
Then we must needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a heart ?
Silver, or gold, or precious stone ?
Or star, or rainbow ? or a part
Of all these things, or all of them in one ?

My God, what is a heart ?
That thou shouldst it so eye and woo,
Pouring upon it all thine art,
As if that Thou hadst nothing else to do ?

Indeed, man's whole estate
Amounts (and richly) to serve Thee.
He did not heaven and earth create ;
Yet studies them, not Him by whom they be.

Teach me Thy love to know,
That this new light which now I see
May both the work and Workman show :
Then by a sunbeam I will climb to Thee.

GEORGE HERBERT.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'm wearin' awa', Jean,
Like snaw in a thaw, Jean ;
I'm wearin' awa'
 To the Land o' the Leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean ;
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean ,
The day is ever fair
 In the Land o' the Leal.

You've been leal and true, Jean ;
Your task's ended now, Jean ;
And I'll welcome you
 To the Land o' the Leal.
Then dry that tearfu' ee, Jean !
My soul langs to be free, Jean ;
And angels wait on me
 To the Land o' the Leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith gude and fair, Jean ;
And we grudged her sair
 To the Land o' the Leal !
But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean,
And joy's a-comin' fast, Jean :
The joy that's aye to last,
 In the Land o' the Leal.

A' our friends are gane, Jean ;
We've lang been left alane, Jean ;
We'll a' meet again

In the Land o' the Leal.

Now, fare ye weel, my ain Jean !
This world's care is vain, Jean ;
We'll meet, and ay' be fain,

In the Land o' the Leal.

CAROLINE, LADY NAIRN.

THE THREE SONS.

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould.
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
That my child is grave, and wise of heart, beyond his childish years.
I cannot say how this may be : I know his face is fair ;
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious air.
I know his heart is kind and fond ; I know he loveth me ;
But loveth yet his mother more, with grateful fervency.
But that which others most admire, is the thought which fills his mind,
The food for grave inquiring speech he everywhere doth find.
Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together walk ;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk.
Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat or ball,
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplext
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next.

He kneels at his dear mother's knee ; she teacheth him to pray ;
And strange, and sweet, and solemn then are the words which he
will say.

O, should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years like me,
A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be ;
And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thoughtful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three ;
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be,
How silver sweet those tones of his when he prattles on my knee.
I do not think his light-blue eye is, like his brother's, keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his hath ever been ;
But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and tender feeling ;
And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.
When he walks with me, the country folk, who pass us in the street,
Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks so mild and sweet.
A playfellow is he to all ; and yet, with cheerful tone,
Will sing his little song of love, when left to sport alone.
His presence is like sunshine, sent to gladden home and hearth,
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.
Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may prove
As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now for earthly love ;
And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes must dim,
God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in him !

I have a son, a third sweet son ; his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months where he is gone to dwell.
To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were given ;
And then he bade farewell to Earth, and went to live in Heaven.
I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth now,

Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow.
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth feel,
Are numbered with the secret things which God will not reveal.
But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving breast.
I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh,
But his sleep is blessed with endless dreams of joy forever fresh.
I know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of Heaven's divinest things.
I know that we shall meet our babe, (his mother dear and I,)
Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his bliss can never cease;
Their lot may here be grief and fear, but his is certain peace.
It may be that the Tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may sever;
But, if our own poor faith fail not, he must be ours forever.
When we think of what our darling is, and what we still must be,
When we muse on that world's perfect bliss, and this world's misery,
When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and pain,
O, we'd rather lose our other two, than have him here again!

JOHN MOULTRIE.



THOSE EVENING BELLS.

THOSE evening bells ! those evening bells !
How many a tale their music tells,

Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime !

Those joyous hours are passed away ;
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone ;
That tuneful peal will still ring on ;
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

THOMAS MOORE

THE DEATH-BED.

WE watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied ;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed — she had
Another morn than ours.

THOMAS HOOD

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,
When a' the weary warld to quiet rest are gane,
The woes of my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
Unkenned by my gudeman, who soundly sleeps by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride ;
But, saving ae crown piece, he'd naething else beside.
To mak the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea ;
And the crown and the pound, O they were baith for me !

Before he had been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
My father brak his arm ; our cow was stown away ;
My mother she fell sick — my Jamie was at sea ;
And Auld Robin Gray, O he cam a-courting me !

My father cou'dna work — my mother cou'dna spin ;
 I toiled day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win ;
 Auld Rob maintained them baith ; and, wi' tears in his ee,
 Said, “ Jenny, O ! for their sakes, will ye marry me ? ”

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back ;
 But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack ;
 His ship it was a wrack ! Why didna Jamie dee ?
 Or wherefore am I spared to cry out, Woe is me !

My father argued sair — my mother didna speak,
 But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break ;
 They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea ;
 And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,
 When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
 I saw my Jamie's ghaist — I cou'dna think it he,
 Till he said, “ I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee ! ”

O sair, sair did we greet ; and mickle say of a' ;
 Ae kiss we took, nae mair — I bade him gang awa. •
 I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee ;
 For O, I am but young to cry out, Woe is me !

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin.
 I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin ;
 But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be ;
 For Auld Robin Gray, O ! he is sae kind to me.

OLD TIMES.

I.

OLD times, old times, the gay old times,
When I was young and free,
And heard the merry Easter-chimes
Under the sally tree !
My Sunday palm beside me placed,
My cross upon my hand,
A heart at rest within my breast,
And sunshine on the land !
Old times ! Old times !

II.

It is not that my fortunes flee,
Nor that my cheek is pale,
I mourn whene'er I think of thee,
My darling native vale !
A wiser head I have, I know,
Than when I loitered there ;
But in my wisdom there is woe,
And in my knowledge care.
Old times ! Old times !

III.

I've lived to know my share of joy,
To feel my share of pain,

To learn that friendship's self can cloy,
 To love — and love in vain ;
 To feel a pang and wear a smile,
 To tire of other climes,
 To like my own unhappy isle,
 And sing the gay old times !
 Old times ! Old times !

IV.

And sure the land is nothing changed :
 The birds are singing still ;
 The flowers are springing where we ranged ;
 There's sunshine on the hill.
 The sally, waving o'er my head,
 Still sweetly shades my frame ;
 But ah ! those happy days are fled,
 And I am not the same.

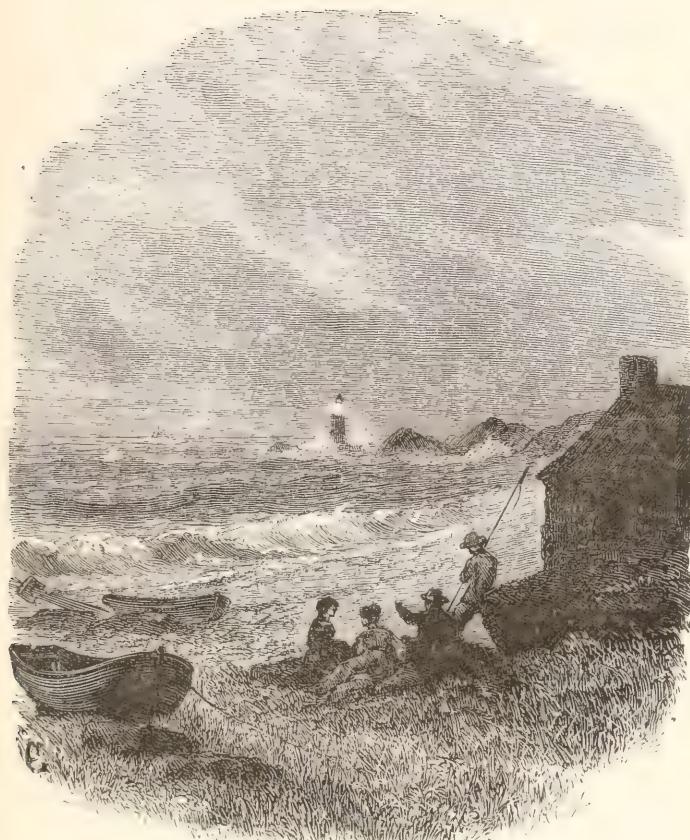
Old times ! Old times !

V.

O come again, ye merry times,
 Sweet, sunny, fresh, and calm !
 And let me hear those Easter-chimes,
 And wear my Sunday palm.
 If I could cry away mine eyes,
 My tears would flow in vain ;
 If I could waste my heart in sighs,
 They'd never come again !

Old times ! Old times !

GERALD GRIFFIN.



THE FISHER'S COTTAGE.

WE sat by the fisher's cottage,
And looked at the stormy tide;
The evening mist came rising,
And floating far and wide.

One by one in the light-house
The lamps shone out on high ;
And far on the dim horizon
A ship went sailing by.

We spoke of storm and shipwreck,
Of sailors, and how they live ;
Of journeys 'twixt sky and water,
And the sorrows and joys they give.

We spoke of distant countries,
In regions strange and fair ;
And of the wondrous beings
And curious customs there :

Of perfumed lamps on the Ganges,
Which are launched in the twilight hour ;
And the dark and silent Brahmins,
Who worship the lotus flower ;

Of the wretched dwarfs of Lapland,
Broad-headed, wide-mouthed, and small,
Who crouch round their oil-fires, cooking,
And chatter and scream and bawl.

And the maidens earnestly listened,
Till at last we spoke no more ;
The ship like a shadow had vanished,
And darkness fell deep on the shore.

HEINRICH HEINE. (German.)

Translation of CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

OLD.

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat a hoary pilgrim sadly musing ;
Oft I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape like a page perusing :
 Poor, unknown,
By the wayside, on a mossy stone !

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat ;
Coat as ancient as the form 'twas folding ;
Silver buttons, queue, and crimped cravat ;
Oaken staff, his feeble hand upholding :
 There he sat !
Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat.

Seemed it pitiful he should sit there,
No one sympathizing, no one heeding,
None to love him for his thin, gray hair,
And the furrows all so mutely pleading
 Age and care :
Seemed it pitiful he should sit there.

It was Summer, and we went to school,
Dapper country lads, and little maidens ;
Taught the motto of the “ dunce’s stool,”

Its grave import still my fancy ladens :
“ Here’s a fool ! ”
It was Summer, and we went to school.



When the stranger seemed to mark our play
Some of us were joyous, some sad-hearted.
I remember well, too well, that day !
Oftentimes the tears unbidden started,
Would not stay,
When the stranger seemed to mark our play.

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell;
Ah! to me her name was always Heaven!
She besought him all his grief to tell:
(I was then thirteen, and she eleven,)
Isabel !
One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.

Angel, said he sadly, I am old;
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow;
Yet, why I sit here thou shalt be told.
Then his eye betrayed a pearl of sorrow;
Down it rolled !
Angel, said he sadly, I am old.

I have tottered here to look once more
On the pleasant scene where I delighted
In the careless, happy days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core :
I have tottered here to look once more.

All the picture now to me how dear!
E'en this gray old rock, where I am seated.
Is a jewel worth my journey here;
Ah, that such a scene must be completed
With a tear !
All the picture now to me how dear !

Old stone school-house! — it is still the same :
There's the very step I so oft mounted ;
There's the window creaking in its frame,

And the notches that I cut and counted
 For the game :
 Old stone school-house ! — it is still the same.

In the cottage, yonder, I was born ;
 Long my happy home, that humble dwelling ;
 There the fields of clover, wheat, and corn ;
 There the spring, with limpid nectar swelling :
 Ah, forlorn !
 In the cottage, yonder, I was born.

Those two gateway sycamores you see
 Then were planted just so far asunder
 That long well-pole from the path to free,
 And the wagon to pass safely under :
 Ninety-three !
 Those two gateway sycamores you see.

There's the orchard where we used to climb
 When my mates and I were boys together,
 Thinking nothing of the flight of time,
 Fearing naught but work and rainy weather :
 Past its prime !
 There's the orchard where we used to climb.

There the rude, three-cornered chestnut rails,
 Round the pasture where the flocks were grazing,
 Where, so sly, I used to watch for quails
 In the crops of buckwheat we were raising :
 Traps and trails !
 There the rude, three-cornered chestnut rails.

There's the mill that ground our yellow grain :

Pond, and river, still serenely flowing ;
Cot, there nestling in the shaded lane,

Where the lily of my heart was blowing :
Mary Jane !

There's the mill that ground our yellow grain.



There's the gate on which I used to swing,

Brook, and bridge, and barn, and old red stable ;
But alas ! no more the morn shall bring

That dear group around my father's table:
Taken wing !

There's the gate on which I used to swing.

I am fleeing—all I loved have fled.

Yon green meadow was our place for playing,
That old tree can tell of sweet things said
When around it Jane and I were straying;
She is dead!

I am fleeing—all I loved have fled.

Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky,
Tracing silently life's changeful story,
So familiar to my dim old eye,
Points me to seven that are now in glory
There on high:
Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky !

Oft the aisle of that old church we trod,
Guided thither by an angel mother;
Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod;
Sire and sisters, and my little brother,
Gone to God!

Oft the aisle of that old church we trod.

There I heard of Wisdom's pleasant ways:
Bless the holy lesson!—but ah, never
Shall I hear again those songs of praise—
Those sweet voices—silent now forever!

Peaceful days !

There I heard of Wisdom's pleasant ways.

There my Mary blest me with her hand
When our souls drank in the nuptial blessing,
Ere she hastened to the spirit-land,
Yonder turf her gentle bosom pressing :
 Broken band !
There my Mary blest me with her hand.

I have come to see that grave once more,
And the sacred place where we delighted,
Where we worshipped, in the days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
 To the core ;
I have come to see that grave once more.

Angel, said he sadly, I am old ;
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow ;
Now, why I sit here thou hast been told.
In his eye another pearl of sorrow ;
 Down it rolled !
Angel, said he sadly, I am old.

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat the hoary pilgrim, sadly musing ;
Still I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape, like a page, perusing ;
 Poor, unknown !
By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

RALPH HOYT.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days :
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces !

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies :
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women ;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her :
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man ;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly,
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghostlike I paced round the haunts of my childhood ;
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling ?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces :

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed:
All, all are gone — the old familiar faces!

CHARLES LAMB.

A SNOW-STORM.



IS a fearful night in the
winter time,
As cold as it ever can be;
The roar of the blast is heard, like the chime

Of the waves on an angry sea ;
The moon is full, but her silver light
The storm dashes out with its wings to-night ;
And over the sky from south to north
Not a star is seen, as the wind comes forth
In the strength of a mighty glee.

II.

All day had the snow come down — all day,
As it never came down before ;
And over the hills, at sunset, lay
Some two or three feet, or more ;
The fence was lost, and the wall of stone,
The windows blocked, and the well-curbs gone ;
The haystack had grown to a mountain lift,
And the woodpile looked like a monster drift,
As it lay by the farmer's door.

The night sets in on a world of snow,
While the air grows sharp and chill,
And the warning roar of a fearful blow
Is heard on the distant hill ;
And the Norther ! See — on the mountain peak,
In his breath how the old trees writhe and shriek !
He shouts on the plain, Ho, ho, Ho, ho !
He drives from his nostrils the blinding snow,
And growls with a savage will.

III.

Such a night as this to be found abroad,
In the drifts and the freezing air,

Sits a shivering dog in the field by the road,
With the snow in his shaggy hair!
He shuts his eyes to the wind, and growls;
He lifts his head, and moans and howls;
Then crouching low from the cutting sleet,
His nose is pressed on his quivering feet:
Pray, what does the dog do there?

A farmer came from the village plain,
But he lost the travelled way;
And for hours he trod, with might and main,
A path for his horse and sleigh;
But colder still the cold wind blew,
And deeper still the deep drifts grew,
And his mare, a beautiful Morgan brown,
At last in her struggles floundered down,
Where a log in a hollow lay.

In vain, with a neigh and a frenzied snort,
She plunged in the drifting snow,
While her master urged, till his breath grew short,
With a word and a gentle blow;
But the snow was deep, and the tugs were tight,
His hands were numb, and had lost their might;
So he wallowed back to his half-filled sleigh,
And strove to shelter himself till day,
With his coat and the buffalo.

IV.

He has given the last faint jerk of the rein
To rouse up his dying steed,

And the poor dog howls to the blast in vain,
For help in his master's need ;
For a while he strives, with a wistful cry,



To catch a glance from his drowsy eye,
And wags his tail if the rude winds flap
The skirt of the buffalo over his lap,
And whines when he takes no heed.

v.

The wind goes down, and the storm is o'er:
'Tis the hour of midnight past;
The old trees writhe and bend no more
In the whirl of the rushing blast;
The silent moon, with her peaceful light,
Looks down on the hills, with snow all white:
And the giant shadow of Camel's Hum^r
The blasted pine and the ghostly stump,
Afar on the plain are cast.

But cold and dead, by the hidden log,
Are they who came from the town:
The man in his sleigh, and his faithful dog,
And his beautiful Morgan brown —
In the wide snow-desert, far and grand,
With his cap on his head, and the reins in his hand,
The dog with his nose on his master's feet,
And the mare half seen through the crusted sleet,
Where she lay when she floundered down.

CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN.

MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

My heid is like to rend, Willie,
 My heart is like to break ;
I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,
 I'm dyin' for your sake !
O, lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
 Your hand on my briest bane ;
O, say ye'll think on me, Willie,
 When I am deid and gane !

It's vain to comfort me, Willie :
 Sair grief maun ha'e its will .
But let me rest upon your briest,
 To sab and greet my fill.
Let me sit on your knee, Willie,
 Let me shed by your hair,
And look into the face, Willie,
 I never sall see mair !

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
 For the last time in my life :
A puir heart-broken thing, Willie,
 A mither, yet nae wife !

Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
And press it mair and mair,
Or it will burst the silken twine,
Sae strang is its despair.

O, wae's me for the hour, Willie,
When we thegither met !
O, wae's me for the time, Willie,
That our first tryst was set !
O, wae's me for the loanin' green
Where we were wont to gae !
And wae's me for the destimie
That gart me luve thee sae !

O, dinna mind my words, Willie :
I downa seek to blame ;
But O, it's hard to live, Willie,
And dree a warld's shame !
Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,
And hailin' ower your chin :
Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
For sorrow, and for sin ?

I'm weary o' this warld, Willie,
And sick wi' a' I see ;
I canna live as I ha'e lived,
Or be as I should be.
But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
The heart that still is thine,
And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek
Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Willie,
 A sair stoun' through my heart;
 O haud me up, and let me kiss
 Thy brow ere we twa pairt.
 Anither, and anither yet!
 How fast my lifestrings break!
 Fareweel, fareweel! through yon kirkyard
 Step lightly for my sake!

The lavrock in the lift, Willie,
 That lilts far ower our heid,
 Will sing the morn as merrilie
 Abune the clay-cauld deid;
 And this green turf we're sittin' on,
 Wi' dew-draps shimmerin' sheen,
 Will hap the heart that luvit thee
 As warld has seldom seen.

But O, remember me, Willie,
 On land where'er ye be;
 And O, think on the leal, leal heart,
 That ne'er luvit ane but thee!
 And O, think on the cauld, cauld mools
 That fyle my yellow hair,
 That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin
 Ye never sall kiss mair!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

THE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown, made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move,
To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold ;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward Winter reckoning yields ;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's Spring, but sorrow's Fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs :
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

“GIVE us a song!” the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under :
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
“We storm the forts to-morrow ;
Sing while we may, another day /
Will bring enough of sorrow.”

They lay along the battery’s side,
Below the smoking cannon ;
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Lawrie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem rich and strong,—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory :
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Lawrie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

SONNET.

BEAUTY still walketh on the earth and air,
Our present sunsets are as rich in gold
As ere the Iliad's music was out-rolled:
The roses of the Spring are ever fair,
'Mong branches green still ring-doves coo and pair,
And the deep sea still foams its music old.
So, if we are at all divinely souled,
This beauty will unloose our bonds of care.
'Tis pleasant, when blue skies are o'er us bending
Within old starry-gated Poesy,
To meet a soul set to no worldly tune,
Like thine, sweet Friend! Oh, dearer this to me
Than are the dewy trees, the sun, the moon,
Or noble music with a golden ending.

ALEXANDER SMITH.



BLOSSOM-TIME.

THERE'S a wedding in the orchard, dear,
I know it by the flowers:
They're wreathed on every bough and branch,
Or falling down in showers.

The air is in a mist, I think,
And scarce knows which to be—
Whether all fragrance, clinging close,
Or bird-song, wild and free.

And countless wedding-jewels shine,
And golden gifts of grace:
I never saw such wealth of sun
In any shady place.

It seemed I heard the flutt'ring robes
Of maidens clad in white,
The clasping of a thousand hands
In tenderest delight;

While whispers ran among the boughs
Of promises and praise;
And playful, loving messages
Sped through the leaf-lit ways.

And just beyond the wreathéd aisles
That end against the blue,
The raiment of the wedding-choir
And priest came shining through.

And though I saw no wedding-guest,
Nor groom, nor gentle bride,
I know that holy things were asked,
And holy love replied.

And something through the sunlight said:

“Let all who love be blest!

The earth is wedded to the spring —

And God, He knoweth best.”

MARY E. DODGE.

A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hill !

A beehive’s hum shall soothe my ear ;

A willowy brook, that turns a mill,

With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow oft, beneath my thatch,

Shall twitter from her clay-built nest ;

Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,

And share my meal — a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring

Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew ;

And Lucy at her wheel shall sing,

In russet gown, and apron blue.

The village church, among the trees,

Where first our marriage vows were given,

With merry peals shall swell the breeze,

And point with taper spire to heaven.

SAMUEL ROGERS

A DAY-DREAM.

MINE eyes make pictures when they're shut :

I see a fountain, large and fair,
A willow and a ruined hut,
And thee, and me, and Mary there.
O Mary, make thy gentle lap our pillow !
Bend o'er us like a bower, my beautiful green willow !

A wild rose roofs the ruined shed,
And that and summer well agree ;
And lo ! where Mary leans her head,
Two dear names carved upon the tree !
And Mary's tears, they are not tears of sorrow :
Our sister and our friend will both be here to-morrow.

'T was day ! But now, few, large, and bright,
The stars are round the crescent moon ;
And now it is a dark, warm night,
The balmiest of the month of June.
A glow-worm fallen, and on the marge remounting,
Shines, and its shadow shines — fit stars for our sweet fountain !

O, ever, ever be thou blest !
For dearly, Nora, love I thee.
This brooding warmth across my breast —
This depth of tranquil bliss — ah, me !

Fount, tree, and shed are gone, I know not whither :
But in one quiet room we three are still together.

The shadows dance upon the wall,
By the still-dancing fire-flames made ;
And now they slumber, moveless all ;
And now they melt to one deep shade.
But not from me shall this mild darkness steal thee :
I dream thee with mine eyes, and at my heart I feel thee.

Thine eyelash on my cheek doth play ;
'T is Mary's hand upon my brow !
But let me check this tender lay,
Which none may hear but she and thou.
Like the still hive, at quiet midnight humming,
Murmur it to yourselves, ye two beloved women !

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE



IF I HAD THOUGHT THOU COULDST HAVE DIED.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee ;
But I forgot when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be.
It never through my mind had past
That time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again ;
And still the thought I will not brook
That I must look in vain.
But when I speak, thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid ;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary, thou art dead !

If thou wouldst stay e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene,
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been.
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own ;
But there—I lay thee in thy grave,
And I am now alone.

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me ;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart
In thinking too of thee ;
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore.

CHARLES WOLFE.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

WOODMAN, spare that tree !
Touch not a single bough !
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot ;
There, woodman, let it stand :
Thine axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldest thou hew it down ?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke :
Cut not its earth-bound ties.
O, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies !

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade ;
In all their gushing joy
Here too my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here,
My father pressed my hand.
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand.

My heartstrings round thee cling,
 Close as thy bark, old friend !
 Here shall the wild bird sing,
 And still thy branches bend.
 Old tree, the storm still brave ;
 Ard, woodman, leave the spot :
 While I've a hand to save,
 Thine axe shall harm it not.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

COME all ye jolly shepherds,
 That whistle through the glen !
 I'll tell ye o' a secret
 That courtiers dinna ken :
 What is the greatest bliss
 That the tongue o' man can name ?
 'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie
 When the kye come hame.

When the kye come hame,
When the kye come hame :
'Twixen the gloamin' an' the mirk,
When the kye come hame.

'Tis not beneath the burgonet,
 Nor yet beneath the crown ;
 'Tis not on couch o' velvet,
 Nor yet in bed o' down :

Tis beneath the spreading birk,
In the glen without the name,
Wi' a bonnie bonnie lassie,
When the kye come hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest,
For the mate he lo'es to see,
And on the tapmost bough
O, a happy bird is he !
There he pours his melting ditty,
And love is a' the theme ;
And he'll woo his bonnie lassie,
When the kye come hame.

When the blewart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonnie lucken gowan
Has fauldit up his ee,
Then the lavrock, frae the blue lift,
Draps down and thinks nae shame
To woo his bonnie lassie,
When the kye come hame.

See yonder pawky shepherd,
That lingers on the hill :
His yowes are in the fauld,
And his lambs are lying still ;
Yet he downa gang to bed,
For his heart is in a flame,
To meet his bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame.

WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

When the little wee bit heart
Rises high in the breast,
And the little wee bit starn
Rises red in the east,
O ! there's a joy sae dear
That the heart can hardly frame,
Wi' a bonnie bonnie lassie,
When the kye come hame.

Then since all Nature joins
In this love without alloy,
O ! wha wad prove a traitor
To Nature's dearest joy ?
Or wha wad choose a crown,
Wi' its perils an' its fame,
And miss his bonnie lassie,
When the kye come hame,
When the kye come hame :
When the kye come hame :
'Tween the gloamin' an' the mirk,
When the kye come hame.

JAMES HOGG.

ANGELS BY THE DOOR.

O ! THERE be angels evermore,
A-passèn onward by the door,
A-zent to teäke our jaÿs, or come
To bring us zome—O Meärianne.
Though doors be shut, an' bars be stout,
Noo bolted door can keep em out ;
But they wull leäve us everything
They have to bring—My Meärianne.

An' zoo the daes a-stealèn by,
Wi' zuns a-ridèn droo the sky,
Do bring us things to leäve us sad,
Or meäke us glad—O Meärianne.
The dae that's mild, the dae that's stern,
Do teäke, in stillness, each his turn ;
An' evils at their wo'st mid mend,
Or even end—My Meärianne.

But still, if we can only beäre,
Wi' faïth an' love, our païn an' ceäre,
We shan't vind missèn jaÿ a-lost,
Though we be crost—O Meärianne ;
But all a-car'd to heaven, an' stowed,
Where we can't weäste em on the road,

As we do wander to an' fro,
Down here below—My Meärianne.

But there be jaÿs I'd soonest choose
To keep, vrom they that I must lose :
Thy worksome hands to help my twile,
Thy cheerful smile—O Meärianne ;
The Zunday bells o' yander tower,
The moonlight sheädes o' my own bower,
An' rest avore our vier-zide,
At evenèn-tide—My Meärianne.

WILLIAM BARNES.

COME BACK !

COME from your long, long roving,
On the sea so wild and rough !
Come to me tender and loving,
And I shall be blessed enough !

Where your sails have been unfurling,
What winds have blown on your brow,
I know not, and ask not, my darling,
So that you come to me now.

Sorrowful, sinful, and lonely,
Poor and despised though you be,
All are as nothing, if only
You turn from the tempter to me.

Of men though you be unforgiven,
Though priest be unable to shrive,
I'll pray till I weary all heaven,
If only you'll come back alive.

ANONYMOUS.



PHILIP, MY KING.

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my King!

For round thee the purple shadow lies
Of babyhood's regal dignities.
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand,
With Love's invisible sceptre laden :
I am thine Esther, to command
Till thou shalt find thy queen-handmaiden,
Philip, my King !

O, the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Philip, my King !
When those beautiful lips are suing,
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there
Sittest all glorified ! — rule kindly,
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair ;
For we that love, ah ! we love so blindly,
Philip, my King !

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
Philip, my King !
Ay ! there lies the spirit, all sleeping now,
That may rise like a giant, and make men bow
As to one God-throned amid his peers.
My Saul ! than thy brethren higher and fairer
Let me behold thee in coming years.
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip, my King —

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,
Philip, my King !
Thou too must tread, as we tread, a way

Thorny, and bitter, and cold, and gray;
Rebels within thee, and foes without,
Will snatch at thy crown. But go on, glorious:
Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,
As thou sit'st at the feet of God victorious,
“Philip, the King!”

DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

THE LOVED NOT LOST.

How strange it seems with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother, only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone,
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still,
Look where we may the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces shine no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made.

No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet love will dream, and faith will trust
Since He who knows our need is just,
That somehow somewhere meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever Lord of Death,
And love can never lose its own!

~ JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

LARVÆ.

My little maiden of four years old
(No myth but a genuine child is she,
With her bronze-brown eyes and her curls of gold)
Came quite in disgust, one day, to me.

Rubbing her shoulder with rosy palm,—
As the loathsome touch seemed yet to thrill her,
She cried,—“Oh, mother I found on my arm
A horrible, crawling caterpillar!”

And with mischievous smile she could scarcely smother,
 Yet a glance, in its daring, half-awed and shy,
She added: "While they were about it, mother,
 I wish they'd just finished the butterfly!"

They were words to the thought of the soul that turns
 From the coarser form of a partial growth,
Reproaching the Infinite Patience that yearns
 With an unknown glory to crown them both.

Ah, look thou largely with lenient eyes,
 On whatso beside thee may creep and cling,
For the possible beauty that underlies
 The passing phase of the meanest thing!

What if God's great angels, whose waiting love
 Beholdeth our pitiful life below,
From the holy height of their Heaven above
 Couldn't bear with the worm till the wings should grow?

ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY

THE WONDERFU' WEAN.

OUR wean's the most wonderfu' wean e'er I saw ;
It would tak me a lang simmer day to tell a'
His pranks, frae the mornin' till night shuts his ee,
When he sleeps like a peerie, 'tween father and me ;
For in his quite turns siccans questions he'll speir !
How the moon can stick up in the sky that's sae clear ?
What gars the wind blaw ? and whar frae comes the rain ?
He's a perfec' divirt — he's a wonderfu' wean !

Or wha was the first bodie's father ? and wha
Made the vera first snaw-shooer that ever did fa' ?
And wha made the first bird that sang on a tree ?
And the water that sooms a' the ships in the sea ?
But after I've told him as weel as I ken,
Again he begins wi' his wha and his when ;
And he looks aye sae wistfu' the whiles I explain :
He's as auld as the hills — he's an auld-farrant wean.

And folk wha hae skill o' the lumps on the head
Hint there's mae ways than toilin' o' winnin' ane's bread ;
How he'll be a rich man, and hae men to work for him,
Wi' a kyte like a baillie's, shug-shuggin' afore him ;
Wi' a face like the moon — sober, sonsy, and douce,
And a back, for its breadth, like the side o' a house.

'Tweel ! I'm unco ta'en up wi't — they mak a' sae plain.
He's just a town's talk ; he's a by-ord'nar wean !

I ne'er can forget sic a laugh as I gat,
To see him put on father's waistcoat and hat ;
Then the lang-leggit boots gaed sae far owre his knees
The tap-loops wi' his fingers he grippit wi' ease ;
Then he marched through the house, he marched but, he marched
ben,

Like owre mony mae o' our great little men,
That I leuch clean outright, for I cou'dna contain :
He was sic a conceit — sic an ancient-like wean !

But 'mid a' his daffin sic kindness he shows,
That he's dear to my heart as the dew to the rose ;
And the unclouded hinny-beam aye in his ee
Maks him every day dearer and dearer to me.
Though Fortune be saucy, and doryt, and dour,
And gloom through her fingers like hills through a shooer,
When bodies hae gat a bit bit bairn o' their ain,
How he cheers up their hearts ! — he's a wonderfu' wean !

WILLIAM MILLER.



BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers :
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's
tears ;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said "I never more shall see my own, my native land.
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine ;
For I was born at Bingen — at Bingen on the Rhine.

" Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd
around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely ; and when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun.

And midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,
The death-wounds on their gallant breasts the last of many scars ;
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline ;
And one had come from Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine !

“ Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
For I was still a truant bird that thought his home a cage ;
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild ;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would — but kept my father's sword ;
And with boyish love I hung it, where the bright light used to
shine,

On the cottage wall at Bingen — calm Bingen on the Rhine.

“ Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again, with glad and gallant
tread ;

But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die ;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame ;
And to hang the old sword in its place, my father's sword and mine,
For the honor of old Bingen — dear Bingen on the Rhine.

“ There's another, not a sister : in the happy days gone by
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye ;
Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning :
O, friend ! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest
mourning.

Tell her the last night of my life (for ere this moon be risen,



My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison),
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine.

“ I saw the blue Rhine sweep along ; I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly
talk,

Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk ;
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine :
But we'll meet no more at Bingen — loved Bingen on the Rhine ! ”

His voice grew faint and hoarse — his grasp was childish weak ;
His eyes put on a dying look — he sighed, and ceased to speak :

His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled :
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead !
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown.
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine.

CAROLINE ELIZABETH NORTON.



WILLIE WINKIE.

WEE Willie Winkie rins through the town,
Up stairs and doon stairs, in his nicht-gown.
Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,
“Are the weans in their bed?—for it's now ten o'clock.”

Hey, Willie Winkie! are ye comin' ben?
The cat's singin' gay thrums to the sleepin' hen,
The doug's speldered on the floor, and disna gie a cheep;
But here's a waukrife laddie, that winna fa' asleep.

Onything but sleep, ye rogue!—glow'rin' like the moon,
Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon,
Rumblin', tumblin' roun' about, crawin' like a cock,
Skirlin' like a kenna-what — wauknin' sleepin' folk!

Hey, Willie Winkie! the wean's in a creel!
Wamblin' aff a bodie's knee like a vera eel,
Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravelin' a' her thrums:
Hey, Willie Winkie!—See, there he comes!

Wearie is the mither that has a storie wean,
A wee stumpie stoussie, that canna rin his lane,
That has a battle aye wi' sleep, before he'll close an ee;
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies strength anew to me.

WILLIAM MILLER.

THE LEGEND OF THE STEPMOTHER.

I.

As I lay asleep, as I lay asleep,
Under the grass as I lay so deep,
As I lay asleep in my cotton sirk
Under the shade of Our Lady's kirk,
I wakened up in the dead of night,
I wakened up in my death-sirk white,
And I heard a cry from far away,
And I knew the voice of my daughter May :
“ Mother, mother, come hither to me !
Mother, mother, come hither and see !
Mother, mother, mother dear,
Another mother is sitting here.
My body is bruised, and in pain I cry ;
On straw in the dark afraid I lie ;
I thirst and hunger for drink and meat ;
And, mother, mother, to sleep were sweet ! ”
I heard the cry, though my grave was deep,
And awoke from sleep, awoke from sleep.

II.

I awoke from sleep, I awoke from sleep :
Up I rose from my grave so deep !
The earth was black, but overhead
The stars were yellow, the moon was red ;
And I walked along, all white and thin,
And lifted the latch and entered in,

And reached the chamber as dark as night,
And though it was dark my face was white :
“ Mother, mother, I look on thee !
Mother, mother, you frighten me !
For your cheeks are thin and your hair is gray ! ”
But I smiled, and kissed her fears away ;
I smoothed her hair and I sang a song,
And on my knee I rocked her long :
“ O mother, mother, sing low to me ;
I am sleepy now, and I cannot see ! ”
I kissed her, but I could not weep ;
And she went to sleep, she went to sleep.

III.

As we lay asleep, as we lay asleep,
My May and I, in our grave so deep,
As we lay asleep in the midnight mirk,
Under the shade of Our Lady’s kirk,
I wakened up in the dead of night,
Though May my daughter lay warm and white ;
And I heard the cry of a little one,
And I knew ’t was the voice of Hugh my son :
“ Mother, mother, come hither to me !
Mother, mother, come hither and see !
Mother, mother, mother dear,
Another mother is sitting here.
My body is bruised and my heart is sad ;
But I speak my mind, and call them bad.
I thirst and hunger night and day,
And were I strong I would fly away ! ”

I heard the cry, though my grave was deep,
And awoke from sleep, and awoke from sleep.

IV.

I awoke from sleep, I awoke from sleep :
Up I rose from my grave so deep !
The earth was black, but overhead
The stars were yellow, the moon was red ;
And I walked along, all white and thin,
And lifted the latch and entered in :
“ Mother, mother, and art thou here ?
I know your face, and I feel no fear.
Raise me, mother, and kiss my cheek,
For O, I am weary and sore and weak ! ”
I smoothed his hair with a mother’s joy,
And he laughed aloud, my own brave boy !
I raised and held him on my breast,
Sang him a song, and bade him rest :
“ Mother, mother, sing low to me —
I am sleepy now, and I cannot see ! ”
I kissed him, and I could not weep,
As he went to sleep, as he went to sleep.

V.

As I lay asleep, as I lay asleep,
With my girl and boy in my grave so deep,
As I lay asleep I awoke in fear —
Awoke, but awoke not my children dear,
And heard a cry so low and weak
From a tiny voice that could not speak ;

I heard the cry of a little one,
My bairn that could neither talk nor run—
My little, little one, uncaressed,
Starving for lack of the milk of the breast !
And I rose from sleep and entered in,
And found my little one pinched and thin,
And crooned a song and hushed its moan,
And put its lips to my white breast-bone ;
And the red, red moon that lit the place
Went white to look at the little face ;
And I kissed and kissed, and I could not weep,
As it went to sleep, as it went to sleep.

VI.

As it lay asleep, as it lay asleep,
I set it down in the darkness deep,
Smoothed its limbs and laid it out,
And drew the curtains around about ;
Then into the dark, dark room I hied
Where he lay awake at the woman's side ;
And though the chamber was black as night
He saw my face, for it was so white.
I gazed in his eyes, and he shrieked in pain,
And I knew he would never sleep again ;
And back to my grave went silently,
And soon my baby was brought to me.
My son and daughter beside me rest,
My little baby is on my breast ;
Our bed is warm and our grave is deep —
But he cannot sleep, he cannot sleep !

ROBERT BUCHANAN.



SEVEN TIMES ONE.

THERE 's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There 's no rain left in heaven.
I 've said my "Seven times" over and over—
Seven times one are seven.

I am old — so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done.
The lambs play always — they know no better;
They are only one times one.

O Moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low.
You were bright — ah, bright! — but your light is failing:
You are nothing now but a bow.

You Moon, have you done something wrong in heaven,
That God has hidden your face?
I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet Bee! you 're a dusty fellow —
You 've powdered your legs with gold.
O brave marsh Mary-buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine! open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O cuckoo-pint! toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest, with the young ones in it —
I will not steal them away:
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet!
I am seven times one to-day.

JEAN INGELOW.

WHEN I COME HOME.

AROUND me Life's hell of fierce ardors burns,
When I come home, when I come home;
Over me Heaven with her starry heart yearns,
When I come home, when I come home.
For the feast of God garnished, the palace of Night
At a thousand star-windows is throbbing with light.
London makes mirth; but I know God hears
The sobs in the dark, and the dropping of tears;
For I feel that He listens down Night's great dome,
When I come home, when I come home:
Home, home, when I come home—
Far i' the night, when I come home!

I walk under Night's triumphal arch,
When I come home, when I come home,
Exulting with life like a conqueror's march,
When I come home, when I come home.
I pass by the rich-chambered mansions that shine,
Overflowing with splendor like goblets with wine:
I have fought, I have vanquished, the dragon of toil,
And before me my golden Hesperides smile;
And O, but Love's flowers make rich the gloom,
When I come home, when I come home!
Home, home, when I come home—
Far i' the night, when I come home!

O, the sweet, merry mouths upturned to be kist,
When I come home, when I come home !
How the younglings yearn from the hungry nest,
When I come home, when I come home !
My weary, worn heart into sweetness is stirred,
And it dances and sings like a singing bird
On the branch nighest heaven — a-top of my life —
As I clasp thee, my winsome, wooing Wife !
And thy pale cheek with rich, tender passion doth bloom
When I come home, when I come home :
Home, home, when I come home —
Far i' the night, when I come home !

Clouds fall off the shining face of my life,
When I come home, when I come home,
And leave heaven bare on thy bosom, sweet Wife,
When I come home, when I come home !
With her smiling energies, Faith warm and bright,
With love glory-crowned and serenely alight —
With her womanly beauty and queenly calm —
She steals to my heart with her blessing of balm ;
And O, but the wine of love sparkles with foam
When I come home, when I come home !
Home, home, when I come home :
Far i' the night, when I come home !

GERALD MASSEY.



LULLABY.

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea!
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go;
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest !
 Father will come to thee soon.
 Rest, rest on mother's breast :
 Father will come to thee soon !
 Father will come to his babe in the nest ; •
 Silver sails all out of the west,
 Under the silver moon.
 Sleep, my little one ! sleep, my pretty one, sleep !

ALFRED TENNYSON



THE GENTLE SOUL.

YE gentle souls ! ye love-devoted fair !
 Who, passing by, to Pity's voice incline,
 O stay awhile and hear me ! then declare
 If there was ever grief that equals mine.

There was a woman to whose sacred breast
 Faith had retired, where Honor fixed his throne ;
 Pride, though upheld by Virtue, she represt :
 Ye gentle souls ! that woman was my own.

Beauty was more than beauty in her face ;
 Grace was in all she did, in all she said —
 In sorrow as in pleasure there was grace :
 Ye gentle souls ! that gentle soul is fled.

FRANCESCO REDI. (Italian.)

Translation of WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

I'M GROWING OLD.

My days pass pleasantly away,
My nights are blest with sweetest sleep :
I feel no symptoms of decay,
I have no cause to mourn nor weep ;
My foes are impotent and shy,
My friends are neither false nor cold ;
And yet, of late, I often sigh :
“ I'm growing old.”

My growing talk of olden times,
My growing thirst for early news,
My growing apathy to rhymes,
My growing love of easy shoes,
My growing hate of crowds and noise,
My growing fear of taking cold :
All whisper, in the plainest voice,
I'm growing old.

I'm growing fonder of my staff,
I'm growing dimmer in the eyes,
I'm growing fainter in my laugh,
I'm growing deeper in my sighs,
I'm growing careless of my dress,
I'm growing frugal of my gold,
I'm growing wise, I'm growing — yes,
I'm growing old.

I see it in my changing taste,
I see it in my changing hair,
I see it in my growing waist,
I see it in my growing heir ;
A thousand signs proclaim the truth,
As plain as truth was ever told,
That, even in my vaunted youth,
 I'm growing old

Ah me ! my very laurels breathe
The tale in my reluctant ears,
And every boon the Hours bequeathe
But makes me debtor to the Years.
E'en Flattery's honeyed words declare
The secret she would fain withhold,
And tell me, in " How young you are,"
 I'm growing old.

Thanks for the years whose rapid flight
My sombre muse too sadly sings !
Thanks for the gleams of golden light
That tint the darkness of their wings :
The light that beams from out the sky,
Those Heavenly mansions to unfold
Where all are blest, and none may sigh
 " I'm growing old ! "

JOHN GODFREY SAXE

SONGS OF THE HEART.



THE DOORSTEP.

THE conference meeting through at last,
We boys around the vestry waited,

To see the girls come tripping past
Like snow-birds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall
By level musket-flashes litten,
Than I, who stepped before them all
Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no, she blushed and took my arm !
We let the old folks have the highway,
And started toward the Maple Farm
Along a kind of lovers' by-way.

I can't remember what we said,
'Twas nothing worth a song or story,
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming;
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet
Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff—
O sculptor, if you could but mould it !
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone--
'Twas love and fear and triumph blended :

At last we reached the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended.

She shook her ringlets from her hood,
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled,
But yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,
The moon was slyly peeping through it,
Yet hid its face, as if it said,
"Come, now or never, do it!"

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister,
But somehow, full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth — I kissed her!

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,
O listless woman! weary lover!
To feel once more that fresh wild thrill,
I'd give — But who can live youth over?

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden lived, whom you may know,
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love, and be loved by, me.

I was a child, and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea ;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee :
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee ;
So that her high-born kinsmen came,
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me.
Yes ! that was the reason (as all men know),
In this kingdom by the sea,
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
And so, all the night-tide I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THE WEEPEN LIADY.

WHEN liate o' nights, above the green,
By thik wold house the moon da sheen,
A liady there, a-hangen low
Her head's, a wa'ken to an' fro,
In robes so white's the driven snow:
Wi' oon yarm down, while oon da rest,
All lily-white, athirt the breast
O' thik poor weepen liady.

The whirdlen win' and whislen squall
 Da shiake the ivy by the wall,
 An' miake the plyen tree-tops rock,
 But never ruffle her white frock ;
 An' slammen door, an'rottlen lock,
 That in thik empty house da zound,
 Da never zeem to miake look round
 Thik ever downcast liady.

A liady, as the tiale da goo,
 That oonce lived there, an' loved too true,
 Wer by a young man cast azide :
 A mother zad, but not a bride ;
 An' then her father, in his pride
 An' anger, offered oon o' two
 Vull bitter things to undergoo,
 To thik poor weepen liady :

That she herzuf shood leäve his door,
 To darken it agen noo muore ;
 Ar that her little playsome chile,
 A-zent awoy a thousan' mile,
 Shood never meet her eyes, to smile
 An' play agen ; till she in shiame
 Shood die, an' leäve a tarnished niamé :
 A zad varziaken liady !

“ Let me be lost,” she cried, “ the while
 I da but know var my poor chile ; ”
 An' left the huome ov all her pride,
 To wander droo the wordle wide,

Wi' grief that vew but she ha tried ;
An' lik' a flower a blow ha broke,
She withered wi' thik deadly stroke,
An' died a weepen liady.

An' she da keep a-comen on,
To zee thik father dead an' gone ;
As if her soul cood ha' noo rest,
Avore her teary cheäk's a-prest
By his vargiven kiss. Zoo blest
Be they that can but live in love,
An' vind a pliaice o' rest above,
Unlik the weepen liady !

WILLIAM BARNES.



THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.

THREE student-comrades crossed over the Rhine ;
Together they stopped at a landlady's sign.

“ Landlady, have you good ale and wine ?
And where is that pretty young daughter of thine ? ”

“ My ale and wine are fresh and clear ;
My daughter lies on her funeral bier.”

And when they passed to the chamber back,
There she lay, in her coffin black !

The first from her face the shroud-veil took,
And gazed upon her—a mournful look.

“Ah! wert thou but living, thou lovely maid,
I would love thee from this time,” he said.

The second covered the altered face,
And turned him, weeping, from the place:



“That thou should’st lie on the funeral bier,
Whom I have loved this many a year!”

But the last still snatched away the veil,
And kissed her on the mouth so pale :

“I loved thee ever—still I love thee,
Thee will I love through eternity !”

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND. (German.)

Translation of C. G. LELAND and J. W. PALMER.



FLORENCE VANE.

I LOVED thee long and dearly,
 Florence Vane ;
My life's bright dream and early
 Hath come again ;
I renew, in my fond vision,
 My heart's dear pain :
My hopes, and thy derision,
 Florence Vane !

The ruin, lone and hoary,
 The ruin old,
Where thou didst hark my story,
 At even told :
That spot, the hues Elysian
 Of sky and plain,
I treasure in my vision,
 Florence Vane !

I loved thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream, and early,
Hast come again,
I renew, in my fond vision,
My heart's-dear pain,
My hope, and thy deision
Florence Vane

The sun lone and hoary.
The sun old
Where thou didst hast thy story.
At even twelv,-
that spri - the hues Elysian.
Of sky and plain -
I treason in my vision.
Florence Vane

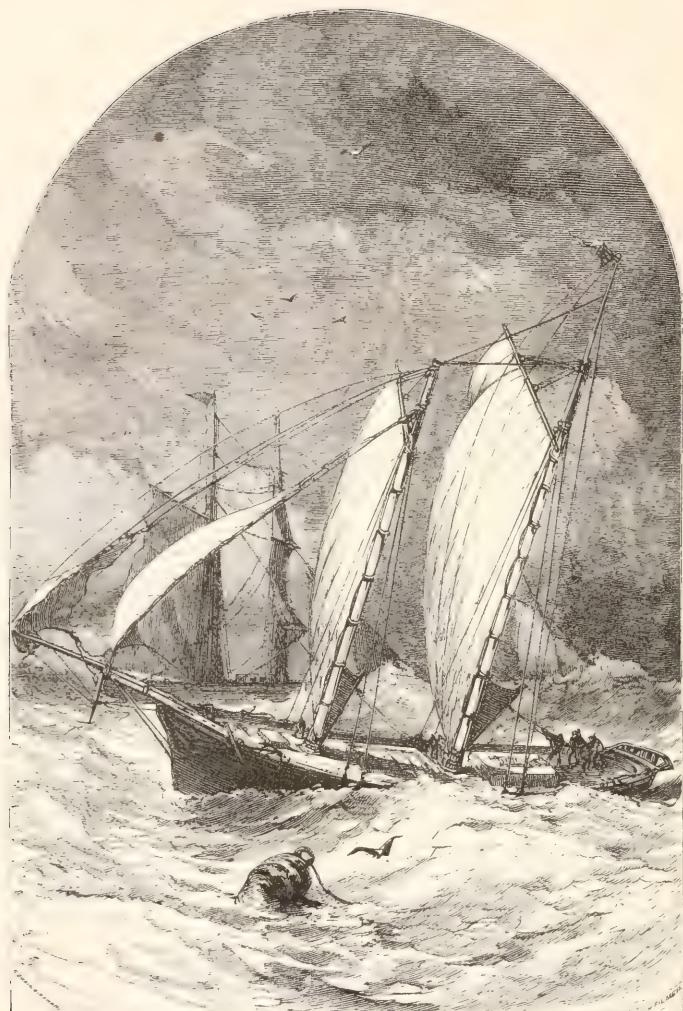
Philip Pendleton Cooke

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime; •
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main.
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane!

But fairest, coldest wonder!
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under:
Alas the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain,
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane!

The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep;
The daisies love to dally
Where maidens sleep.
May their bloom, in beauty vying,
Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane!

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE



MAKING PORT.

ALL day long till the west was red,
Over and under the white-flecked blue :
“ Now lay her into the wind,” he said ;
And south the harbor drew.

And tacking west and tacking east,
Spray-showers upward going,
Her wake one zigzag trail of yeast,
Her gunwale fairly flowing;

All flutterous clamor overhead,
Lee scuppers white and spouting,
Upon the deck a stamping tread,
And windy voices shouting;

Her weather shrouds as viol-strings,
And leeward all a-clatter,—
The long, lithe schooner dips and springs:
The waters cleave and scatter.

Shoulder to shoulder, breast to breast,
Arms locked, hand over hand:
Bracing to leeward, lips compressed,
Eyes forward to the land;

Driving the wheel to wind, to lee,
The two men work as one,
Out of the southwest sweeps the sea;
Low slants the summer sun.

The harbor opens wide and wide,
Draws up on either quarter;
The Vineyard's low hills backward slide;
The keel finds smoother water.

And tacking starboard, tacking port,
Bows hissing, heeled to leeward,
Through craft of many a size and sort,
She trails the long bay seaward.

And jibing once to wear about,—
The hurling wind drives at her ;
The loud sails flap and flutter out,
The sheet-blocks rasp and clatter.

A lumberman lies full abeam,—
The flow sets squarely toward her ;
We lose our headway in the stream
And drift broadside aboard her.

A sudden flurry fore and aft,
Shout, trample, strain, wind howling ;
A ponderous jar of craft on craft,
A boom that threatens fouling ;

A jarring slide of hull on hull,—
Her bowsprit sweeps our quarter.
Clang go the sheets ; the jib draws full ;
Once more we cleave the water.

The anchor rattles from the bow,
The jib comes wrapping downward ;
And quiet rides the dripping prow,
Wave-lapped and pointing townward.

Oh, gracious is the arching sky,
The south wind blowing blandly ;
The rippling white-caps flock and fly ;
The sunset flushes grandly.

And all the charm of sea and land,
And splendid sunset glow and grace,
And more, I'd give to hold her hand
And look upon her face !

JAMES T. MCKAY



LOVE.

HE stood beside a cottage lone,
And listened to a lute,
One summer eve, when the breeze was gone,
And the nightingale was mute.
The moon was watching on the hill ;
The stream was staid, and the maples still,
To hear a lover's suit,
That, half a vow, and half a prayer,
Spoke less of hope than of despair,
And rose into the calm, soft air,
As sweet and low,
As he had heard—O, woe ! O, woe !
The flutes of angels, long ago !

“By every hope that earthward clings,
By faith that mounts on angel wings,

By dreams that make night-shadows bright,
And truths that turn our day to night,
By childhood's smile, and manhood's tear,
By pleasure's day, and sorrow's year,
By all the strains that fancy sings,
And pangs that time so surely brings,
For joy or grief, for hope or fear,
For all hereafter as for here,
In peace or strife, in storm or shine,
My soul is wedded unto thine!"

And for its soft and sole reply,
A murmur, and a sweet, low sigh,
But not a spoken word;
And yet they made the waters start
Into his eyes who heard,
For they told of a most loving heart,
In a voice like that of a bird;
Of a heart that loved though it loved in vain,
A grieving, and yet not a pain:

A love that took an early root
And had an early doom,
Like trees that never grow to fruit,
And early shed their bloom;
Of vanished hopes and happy smiles,
All lost for evermore,
Like ships that sailed for sunny isles,
But never came to shore!

THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY.

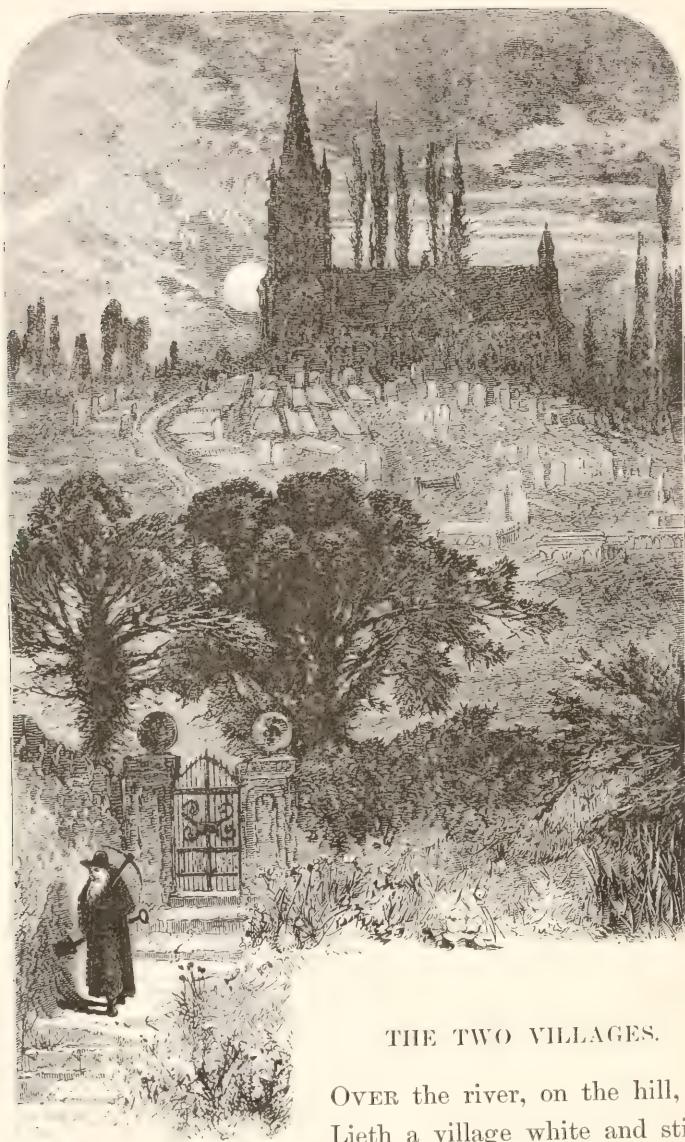
O! SNATCHED AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM.

O! SNATCHED away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb ;
 But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year,
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom.

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
 Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
 And lingering pause, and lightly tread:
Fond wretch ! as if her step disturbed the dead.

Away ! we know that tears are vain,
 That Death nor heeds nor hears distress :
Will this unteach us to complain,
 Or make one mourner weep the less ?
And thou, who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

LORD BYRON.



THE TWO VILLAGES.

OVER the river, on the hill,
Lieth a village white and still;

All around it the forest trees
Whisper and shiver in the breeze ;
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow ;
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river, under the hill,
Another village lieth still ;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light,
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that curl on the river shore ;
And in the roads no grasses grow,
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill
Never is sound of smithy or mill ;
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers :
Never a clock to tell the hours ;
The marble doors are always shut ;
You cannot enter in hall or hut ;
All the villagers lie asleep,
Never again to sow or reap,
Never in dreams to moan or sigh —
Silent, and idle, and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary heart in prayer
Looks to the other village there,

And, weeping and sighing, wants to go
Up to that home from this below—
Longs to sleep in the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child,
And heareth, praying, this answer fall:
“Patience! that village shall hold you all.”

ROSE TERRY.



CHRISTMAS.

Lift up your heads, ye gates! swing wide
Ye dazzling portals of the morn?
Forth let the Filial Godhead ride
On wings of cherubim up-borne.

Nor dare, thou flushed and flattered East,
The Sun of Righteousness to stay,
Now that the long dark night has ceased,
And souls are hungry for the day.

On mountain tops bright heralds stand
With beautiful and shining feet,
And publish over sea and land
The certain tidings glad and sweet.

He comes! The sky is all on fire,
We see the bannered pomp unfurled,
Th' advancing splendors rushing higher,
To flood and overflow the world.

ABRAHAM COLES

A LITTLE WHILE

Beyond the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !
Sweet hope !
Lord, tarry not, but come !

Beyond the blooming and the fading
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !
Sweet hope !
Lord, tarry not, but come !

Beyond the rising and the setting
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !
Sweet hope !
Lord, tarry not, but come !

Beyond the gathering and the strowing
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !

Sweet hope !

Lord, tarry not, but come !

Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond this pulse's fever-beating,
I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !

Sweet hope !

Lord, tarry not, but come !

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !

Sweet hope !

Lord, tarry not, but come !

HORATIUS BONAR



TOO LATE I STAYED.

Too late I stayed—forgive the crime;
Unheeded flew the hours:
How noiseless falls the foot of Time
That only treads on flowers!

And who, with clear account, remarks
The ebbings of his glass,

When all its sands are diamond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass?

Ah! who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of paradise have lent
Their plumage to his wings?

ROBERT WILLIAM SPENCER

MONTROSE TO HIS MISTRESS.

My dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
But purest monarchy ;
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
I'll call a synod in my heart,
And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone ;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe ;
But 'gainst my batteries if I find
Thou storm or vex me sore,
As if thou set me as a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to share with me ;
Or committees if thou erect,
Or go on such a score,
I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
Thy love and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword ;
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
As ne'er was known before ;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee more and more.

JAMES GRAHAME, MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

THE POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

O, my love's like the steadfast sun,
Or streams that deepen as they run;
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and tears,
Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain,
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song that flows
To sober joys and soften woes,
Can make my heart or fancy flee,
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit
In maiden bloom and matron wit;
Fair, gentle, as when first I sued,
Ye seem, but of sedater mood;
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee,
As when, beneath Arbigland tree,
We stayed and wooed, and thought the moon
Set on the sea an hour too soon;
Or lingered 'mid the falling dew,
When looks were fond and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet,
Five sons and ae fair daughter sweet,
And time and care and birthtime woes
Have dimmed thine eye and touched thy rose,

To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong
Whate'er charms me in tale or song.
When words descend like dews, unsought,
With gleams of deep, enthusiast thought,
And Fancy in her heaven flies free,
They come, my love, they come from thee.

O, when more thought we gave, of old,
To silver, than some give to gold,
'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er
How we should deck our humble bower;
'Twas sweet to pull, in hope, with thee,
The golden fruit of Fortune's tree;
And sweeter still to choose and twine
A garland for that brow of thine,
A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,
While rivers flow, and woods grow green.

At times there come, as come there ought,
Grave moments of sedater thought,
When Fortune frowns, nor lends our night
One gleam of her inconstant light;
And Hope, that decks the peasant's bower,
Shines like a rainbow through the shower.
O then I see, while seated nigh,
A mother's heart shine in thine eye,
And proud resolve and purpose mee^k
Speak of thee more than words can speak.
I think this wedded wife of mine,
The best of all that's not divine.

FAREWELL TO NANCY.

Ae fond kiss—and then we sever!
Ae fareweel—alas, forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee:
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy;
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love forever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss—and then we sever!
Ae fareweel—alas, forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee;
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

ROBERT BURNS.



THE MURDERED TRAVELLER.

WHEN spring, to woods and wastes around,
Brought bloom and joy again,
The murdered traveller's bones were found,
Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch, above him, hung
 Her tassels in the sky ;
And many a vernal blossom sprung,
 And nodded careless by.

The red-bird warbled, as he wrought
 His hanging nest o'erhead ;
And fearless, near the fatal spot,
 Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away,
 And gentle eyes, for him,
With watching many an anxious day,
 Were sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,
 The fearful death he met,
When shouting o'er the desert snow,
 Unarmed and hard beset ;

Nor how, when round the frosty pole
 The northern dawn was red,
The mountain wolf and wild-cat stole
 To banquet on the dead ;

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,
 They dressed the hasty bier,
And marked his grave with nameless stones,
 Unmoistened by a tear.

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,
Within his distant home;
And dreamed, and started as they slept,
For joy that he was come.

Long, long they looked—but never spied
His welcome step again,
Nor knew the fearful death he died,
Far down that narrow glen.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

MADRIGAL.

As I saw fair Chloris walk alone,
The feathered rain came softly down,
As Jove descending from his tower
To court her in a silver shower.
The wanton snow flew to her breast,
As little birds into their nest;
But, overcome with whiteness there,
For grief dissolved into a tear;
Thence falling on her garment's hem.
To deck her, froze into a gem.

ANONYMOUS

THE MOTTO.

SOMEBODY sent me a dear little note,
The paper was Moinier's, the writing was fair;
Shall I here tell you what somebody wrote?

No,— let the Muse keep the secret from air,
But this was the motto the seal had to show,
This,— “ C'est le cœur qui fait valoir les mots.”

Somebody walked with me, light was her tread
Over the beautiful sunshiny wold;
Shall I here tell you what somebody said?

The sunlight has faded — the words have grown cold —
Do you believe in the motto or no,
C'est,— “ C'est le cœur qui fait valoir les mots.”

Somebody sang me a sweet little song,
Full of all tender, unspeakable things,
Shall I repeat them? no, ever so long
They have flown off on the swiftest of wings,
And the nest they deserted is white with the snow;
Ah! “ C'est le cœur qui fait valoir les mots.”

Shall I with censure link somebody's name
For the note, and the walk, and the fly-away birds?
No, the dear creature was never to blame,—
She had no heart to give value to words;
Sweetly as Hybla her accents may flow,
Mais, “ C'est le cœur qui fait valoir les mots.”

JOHN R. THOMPSON.

LOVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve ;
And she was there—my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve !

She leaned against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight ;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve !
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air;
I sang an old and moving story:
An old, rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace:
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined—and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace:
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,

There came, and looked him in the face,
An angel beautiful and bright ;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable Knight !

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage, worse than death,
The Lady of the Land ;

And how she wept, and clasped his knees ;
And how she tended him in vain,
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain ;

And that she nursed him in a cave ;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay.

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity.

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve :
The music and the doleful tale,
 The rich and balmy eve ;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
 Subdued and cherished long !

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love, and virgin shame ;
And like the murmur of a dream,
 I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved ; she stept aside,
As conscious of my look she stept ;
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
 She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms ;
She pressed me with a meek embrace ;
And bending back her head, looked up,
 And gazed upon my face.

"Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
 The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride ;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

LADY ANN BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

BALOW, my babe, ly stil and sleipe !
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe ;
If thou'st be silent, I'se be glad ;
Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mither's joy,
Thy father breides me great annoy.

*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe !
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

When he began to court my luve,
And with his sugred words to muve,
His faynings fals, and flattering cheire,
To me that time did not appeire ;
But now I see, most cruell hee
Cares neither for my babe nor mee.

*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe !
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

Ly stil, my darlinge, sleipe awhile !
 And when thou wakest sweetly smile ;
 But smile not, as thy father did,
 To cozen maids ; nay, God forbid !
 But yette I feire, thou wilt gae neire
 Thy fatheris hart and face to beire.

*Below, my babe, ly stil and sleipe !
 It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

I canna chuse, but ever will
 Be loving to thy father stil :
 Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde,
 My luve with him maun stil abyde :
 In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
 Mine hart can neir depart him frae.

*Below, my babe, ly stil and sleipe !
 It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

But doe not, doe not, prettie mine,
 To faynings fals thine hart incline :
 Be loyal to thy luver trew,
 And nevir change hir for a new ;
 If gude or faire, of hir have care,
 For women's banning's wonderous sair.

*Below, my babe, ly stil and sleipe !
 It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

Bairne, sin thy cruel father's gane,
 Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine ;
 My babe and I'll together live ;
 He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve :

My babe and I right saft will ly,
And quite forget man's cruelty.

*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth
That ever kist a woman's mouth !
I wish all maids be warned by mee,
Nevir to trust man's curtesy ;
For if we doe but chance to bow,
They'll use us then they care not how.

*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

ANONYMOUS.

MY CHILD.

I CANNOT make him dead !
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair ;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there !

I walk my parlor floor,
And through the open door
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair ;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call ;
And then bethink me that—he is not there !

I thread the crowded street;
A satchelled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair.
My hand that marble felt;
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the bed
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek him inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

When, at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up, with joy,
To Him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,

Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there !

Not there !—Where, then, is he ?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear.
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked ;—he is not there !

He lives !—In all the past
He lives ; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair ;
In dreams I see him now ;
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written, “Thou shalt see me *there!*”

Yes, we all live to God !
FATHER, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That in the spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that—he is there !

JOHN PIERPONT



THINK OF ME.

Go where the water glideth gently ever,
Glideth through meadows that the greenest be ;
Go, listen to our own beloved river,
And think of me.

Wander in forests, where the small flower layeth
Its fairy gem beneath the giant tree ;
List to the dim brook, pining as it playeth,
And think of me.

And when the sky is silver-pale at even,
And the wind grieveth in the lonely tree,
Walk out beneath the solitary heaven,
And think of me.

And when the moon riseth as she were dreaming,
And treadeth with white feet the lulled sea,
Go, silent as a star, beneath her beaming,
And think of me.

JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS.

COME, LET US KISSE AND PARTE!

SINCE there's no helpe — come, let us kiss and parte!
Nay, I have done — you get no more of me ;
And I am glad — yea, glad with all my hearte —
That thus so cleanly I myselfe can free.
Shake hands forever ! — cancel all our vows ;
And when we meet at any time againe,
Be it not seene in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retaine.

Now — at the last gaspe of Love's latest breath —
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechlesse lies —
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes —
Now ! if thou would'st — when all have given him over —
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover !

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

THE FAIREST THING IN MORTAL EYES.

To make my lady's obsequies,
My love a minster wrought ;
And, in the chantry, service there
Was sung by doleful thought.
The tapers were of burning sighs,
That light and odor gave ;
And sorrows, painted o'er with tears,
Enlumined her grave ;
And round about, in quaintest guise,
Was carved : " Within this tomb there lies
The fairest thing in mortal eyes."

Above her lieth spread a tomb,
Of gold and sapphires blue :
The gold doth show her blessedness,
The sapphires mark her true ;
For blessedness and truth in her
Were livelily portrayed,
When gracious God with both His hands
Her goodly substance made.
He framed her in such wondrous wise,
She was, to speak without disguise,
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

No more, no more! my heart doth faint
When I the life recall
Of her who lived so free from taint,
So virtuous deemed by all,
That in herself was so complete,
I think that she was ta'en
By God to deck His paradise,
And with his saints to reign ;
Whom, while on earth, each one did prize
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

But naught our tears avail, or cries :
All soon or late in death shall sleep ;
Nor living wight long time may keep
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

CHARLES, DUKE OF ORLEANS. (French.)

Translation of HENRY FRANCIS CARY.

A DEATH-BED.

HER suffering ended with the day ;
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through Glory's morning-gate,
And walked in Paradise !

JAMES ALDRICH.

FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

FAREWELL! but whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return—not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain;
But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
Its enchantment around him while lingering with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top-sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that night—
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles:
Too blest if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmured, “I wish he were here !”

Let Fate do her worst! there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy—
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled:
You may break, you may ruin, the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

THOMAS MOORE.



JENNY KISSED ME.

JENNY kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in!
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing dull, but add,
Jenny kissed me!

LEIGH HUNT.

INFANT JOY.

"I have no name—
I am but two days old."
What shall I call thee?
"I happy am,
Joy is my name."
Sweet joy befall thee !

Pretty joy !
Sweet joy but two days old.
Sweet joy I call thee,
Thou dost smile,
I sing the while,
Sweet joy befall thee !

WILLIAM BLAKE



TOO LATE.

COULD ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas :
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true !

Never a scornful word should grieve ye :
I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do —
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true !

O ! to call back the days that are not !
My eyes were blinded, your words were few.
Do you know the truth now, up in Heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true ?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas,
Not half worthy the like of you !
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows ;
I love you, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas ;
Drop forgiveness from Heaven like dew,
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas :
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK

CHANGES.

WHOM first we love, you know, we seldom wed.
Time rules us all. And Life, indeed, is not
The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead.
And then, we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear ;
Much given away which it were sweet to keep.
God help us all ! who need, indeed, His care.
And yet, I know the Shepherd loves his sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now
Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer.
He has his father's eager eyes, I know ;
And, they say, too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,
And I can feel his light breath come and go,
I think of one (Heaven help and pity me !)
Who loved me, and whom I loved, long ago :

Who might have been . . . ah what, I dare not think !
We are all changed. God judges for us best.
God help us do our duty, and not shrink,
And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest !

But blame us women not, if some appear
Too cold at times ; and some too gay and light.
Some griefs gnaw deep. Some woes are hard to bear.
Who knows the past ? and who can judge us right ?

Ah ! were we judged by what we might have been,
And not by what we are—too apt to fall !
My little child—he sleeps and smiles between
These thoughts and me. In heaven we shall know all.

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

A HEALTH.

I FILL this cup to one made up
Or' loveliness alone :
A woman — of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon ;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'Tis less of Earth than Heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds ;
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words :
The coinage of her heart are they,
And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burdened bee
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of her hours ;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
The freshness of young flowers ;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,
The idol of past years.

On her bright face one glance will trace
 A picture on the brain,
 And of her voice in echoing hearts
 A sound must long remain ;
 But memory, such as mine of her,
 So very much endears,
 When death is nigh my latest sigh
 Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up
 Of loveliness alone :
 A woman — of her gentle sex
 The seeming paragon.
 Her health ! and would on earth there stood
 Some more of such a frame,
 That life might be all poetry,
 And weariness a name.

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.

ABSENCE.

WHAT shall I do with all the days and hours
 That must be counted ere I see thy face ?
 How shall I charm the interval that lowers
 Between this time and that sweet time of grace ?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense,
 Weary with longing ? Shall I flee away
 Into past days, and with some fond pretence
 Cheat myself to forget the present day ?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin
Of casting from me God's great gift of time?
Shall I, these mists of memory locked within,
Leave and forget life's purposes sublime?

O! how, or by what means, may I contrive
To bring the hour that brings thee back more near?
How may I teach my drooping hope to live
Until that blessed time, and thou art here?

I'll tell thee: for thy sake I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told,
While thou, beloved one, art far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts, to try
All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;
For thy dear sake I will walk patiently
Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make
A noble task-time; and will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this doomed time build up in me
A thousand graces, which shall thus be thine!
So may my love and longing hallowed be,
And thy dear thought an influence divine!

FRANCES KEMBLE BUTLER.

DOLLY SULLIVAN.

“O ! A WEDDING ring’s pretty to wear,
And a bride of all women is fair,
But then,
There’s no trusting in men,
And, if I were a girl, I’d of lovers beware.



They may court you to-day,
Sweet as birds in the May,
But to-morrow, look out ! they’ll be all flown away ! ”
Old Dolly Sullivan shook her gray head —
Lovers were now the last thing she need dread.

But you never can tell
Who has once been a belle;
“Sweethearts! I’ve had ‘em; I know ‘em!” she said.

“Just as long as your company’s new,
There is no one that’s equal to you;
You then
Can have choice of the men;
’Tis the black eyes to-day, and to-morrow the blue.
I had once a brocade
For my marriage-gown made;
On the shelf of the store-room my wedding-cake laid;
Never that cake on the table was set.
Here I am, Dorothy Sullivan yet!
Let it go! let it go!
I am glad it was so;
Hardly earned lessons you’re slow to forget.

“Could I keep all to-day that I know
With the face that I had long ago,
Ah, then,
I would pay back the men!
They should get a small part of the debt that I owe!
For ’tis little care they,
Spite the fine things they say,
How a woman’s heart aches if they have their own way.
Promises! little they keep men in awe!
Trust ‘em! I’d sooner trust snow in a thaw!
They are easy to make,
And more easy to break;
Keeping ‘em’s something that never I saw!

“ When you come to your own wedding-morn,
Just to find you’re a maid left forlorn,
Ah, then,
Where’s your faith in the men,
When your wedding-gown’s on and your bridegroom is gone ?
You must take off that gown,
And sit quietly down,
Cast aside, thrown away, to be talk for the town.”
Old Dolly Sullivan shook her gray head,—
“ Children once burnt of the fire have a dread ;
Let your love-stories be,
When you’re talking to me ;
Sweethearts ! I’ve had ‘em ! I know ‘em ! ” she said.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.



ADIEU.

LET time and chance combine, combine,
 Let time and chance combine ;
The fairest love from heaven above,
 That love of yours was mine,
 My Dear —
That love of yours was mine.

The past is fled and gone, and gone,
 The past is fled and gone ;
If naught but pain to me remain,
 I 'll fare in memory on,
 My Dear —
I 'll fare in memory on.

The saddest tears must fall, must fall,
 The saddest tears must fall ;
In weal or woe, in this world below,
 I love you ever and all,
 My Dear —
I love you ever and all.

A long road, full of pain, of pain,
 A long road full of pain :
One soul, one heart, sworn ne'er to part -
 We ne'er can meet again,
 My Dear —
We ne'er can meet again.

Hard fate will not allow, allow,
 Hard fate will not allow;
 We blessed were as the angels are —
 Adieu forever now,
 My Dear! —
 Adieu forever now!

THOMAS CARLYLE.

WHEN YOUR BEAUTY APPEARS.

WHEN your beauty appears,
 In its graces and airs,
 All bright as an angel new-dropt from the skies,
 At distance I gaze, and am awed by my fears —
 So strangely you dazzle my eyes!
 But when without art
 Your kind thoughts you impart,
 When your love runs in blushes through every vein,
 When it darts from your eyes, when it pants at your heart —
 Then I know that you 're woman again.

“ There 's a passion and pride
 In our sex,” she replied :
 “ And thus (might I gratify both) I would do —
 Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
 But still be a woman for you.”

THOMAS PARNELL.

TO THE UNSATISFIED.

WHY thus longing, thus forever sighing
For the far-off, unattained and dim,
While the beautiful, all round thee lying,
Offers up its low perpetual hymn ?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearnings it would still :
Leaf and flower, and laden bee, are preaching,
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw ;
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world, through weal and woe :

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten,
No fond voices answer to thine own ;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applause,
Not by works that give thee world-renown,
Not by martyrdom, or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give ;
Thou wilt find by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,
When all nature hails the lord of light,
And his smile, the mountain-tops adorning,
Robes yon fragrant fields in radiance bright ?

Other hands may grasp the field and forest,
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine ;
But with fervent love if thou adorest,
Thou art wealthier—all the world is thine !

Yet if through earth's wide domains thou rovest.
Sighing that they are not thine alone,
Not those fair fields, but thyself thou lovest,
And their beauty, and thy wealth, are gone.

Nature wears the color of the spirit ;
Sweetly to her worshipper she sings ;
All the glow, the grace she doth inherit,
Round her trusting child she fondly flings.

HARRIET WINSLOW.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear,
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew ;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gathered flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
In tempests shake the sylvan cell,
Or midst the chase, on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell,

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed:
Beloved till Life can charm no more,
And mourned till Pity's self be dead.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

THE DIRGE OF IMOGEN.

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious Winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
Fear not slander, censure rash ;
Thou hast finished joy and moan :

All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee !
Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
Nothing ill come near thee !
Quiet consummation have,
And renowned be thy grave !

SHAKSPEARE.

YORK AND LANCASTER.

If this fair rose offend thy sight,
Placed in thy bosom bare,
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.

But if thy ruby lip it spy,
As kiss it thou mayst deign,
With envy pale 'twill lose its dye,
And Yorkish turn again.

ANONYMOUS



AT THE CHURCH GATE.

ALTHOUGH I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover;
And near the sacred gate,

With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
And noise and humming.
They've hushed the minster bell :
The organ 'gins to swell :
She's coming, she's coming !

My lady comes at last,
Timid, and stepping fast,
And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast ;
She comes — she's here, she's past !
May Heaven go with her !

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint !
Pour out your praise or plaint
Meekly and duly ;
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Linger a minute,
Like outcast spirits, who wait,
And see, through Heaven's gate,
Angels within it.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

ELEGY.

SLEEP on, my love, in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted !
My last good night ! Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake,
Till age, or grief, or sickness, must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves, and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
Stay for me there ; I will not faile
To meet thee in that hollow vale ;
And think not much of my delay :
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step towards thee ;
At night when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my west
Of life, almost by eight houres saile,
Than when sleep breathed his drowsie gale.

Thus from the sun my bottom steares,
And my dayes compass downward bears ;
Nor labor I to stemme the tide
Through which to thee I swiftly glide.

'Tis true, with shame and grief I yield,
Thou, like the vanne, first took'st the field,
And gotten hast the victory,
In thus adventuring to die
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.
But hark ! my pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee I come ;
And slow howe'er my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee.

The thought of this bids me go on,
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort. Dear, forgive
The crime : I am content to live
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part.

HENRY KING

TO CELIA.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine ;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee, late, a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honoring thee,
 As giving it a hope that there
 It could not withered be.
 But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me ;
 Since when, it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.

PHILOSTRATUS. (Greek.)

Translation of BEN JONSON.



LIKE a poet in the splendor
 Of his genius, all complete,
 In your love, so true and tender,
 I am hidden, lost, my sweet.

When you leave me, all is yearning,
 All is darkness, doubt, and woe,
 And the time of your returning
 Is the only time I know.

ALICE CARY.

THE LAWLANDS O' HOLLAND.

THE love that I hae chosen,
I 'll therewith be content;
The saut sea sall be frozen
Before that I repent.
Repent it sall I never
Until the day I dee;
But the Lawlands o' Holland
Hae twinned my love and me.

My love he built a bonny ship,
And set her to the main,
Wi' twenty-four brave mariners
To sail her out and hame.
But the weary wind began to rise,
The sea began to rout,
And my love and his bonny ship
Turned withershins about!

There sall nae mantle cross my back,
No kaim gae in my hair,
Neither sall coal nor candle-light
Shine in my bower mair;
Nor sall I choose anither love
Until the day I dee,
Sin' the Lawlands o' Holland
Hae twinned my love and me.

“Noo haud your tongue, my daughter:
Be still, and bide content;

There's ither lads in Galloway :
 Ye needna sair lament."

O there is name in Galloway,
 There's name at a' for me !

I never lo'ed a lad but ane,
 And he's drowned in the sea.

ANONYMOUS.

THE FLOWER OF BEAUTY.

SWEET in her green dell the flower of beauty slumbers,
 Lulled by the faint breezes sighing through her hair ;
 Sleeps she, and hears not the melancholy numbers
 Breathed to my sad lute amid the lonely air.

Down from the high cliffs the rivulet is teeming,
 To wind round the willow banks that lure him from above :
 O that, in tears, from my rocky prison streaming,
 I, too, could glide to the bower of my love !

Ah ! where the woodbines, with sleepy arms, have wound her,
 Opes she her eyelids at the dream of my lay,
 Listening, like the dove, while the fountains echo round her,
 To her lost mate's call in the forests far away !

Come, then, my bird ! for the peace thou ever bearest,
 Still heaven's messenger of comfort to me !
 Come ! this fond bosom, my faithfulest, my fairest,
 Bleeds with its death-wound — but deeper yet for thee.

GEORGE DARLEY

THE WELCOME.

I.

COME in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning ;
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you !

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted ;
Red is my cheek, that they told me was blighted ;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing "True lovers don't sever!"

II.

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them !
Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom.
I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you ;
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.
O ! your step's like the rain to the summer-vexed farmer,
Or sabre and shield to a knight without armor.
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me ;
Then, wandering, I'll wish you, in silence, to love me.

III.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the eyrie ;
We'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy ;
We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
Till you ask of your darling, what gift you can give her.

O she'll whisper you — “ Love, as unchangeably beaming ;
And trust, when in secret, most tunefully streaming ; ”
Till the starlight of Heaven above us shall quiver,
As our souls flow in one down Eternity’s river.



IV.

So come in the evening, or come in the morning;
Come when you’re looked for, or come without warning;

Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you!
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted ;
Red is my cheek, that they told me was blighted ;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing "True lovers don't sever!"

THOMAS DAVIS

UNFLEDGED.

THE egg of a little bird
Fell at my feet to-day,
And the life within it stirred,
Throbbed once, and sank away.

A song fell out of a heart
Into the hands of men ;
They broke it all apart,
And none would know it then.

Poor little bird in the grass !
Poor little trembling song !
Beside you both I pass ;
And the way, the way is long.

Poor little wren so brown,
Twittering over her loss !
Poor little heart cast down,
Thine is the greater cross !

SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

THE CHESS-BOARD.

My little love, do you remember,
Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
Those evenings in the bleak December,
Curtained warm from the snowy weather,
When you and I played chess together,
Checkmated by each other's eyes ?
Ah ! still I see your soft white hand
Hovering warm o'er Queen and Knight.
Brave Pawns in valiant battle stand ;
The double Castles guard the wings ;
The Bishop, bent on distant things,
Moves, sidling, through the fight.
Our fingers touch ; our glances meet,
And falter ; falls your golden hair
Against my cheek ; your bosom sweet
Is heaving. Down the field, your Queen
Rides slow, her soldiery all between,
And checks me unaware.
Ah me ! the little battle's done :
Disperst is all its chivalry.
Full many a move, since then, have we
'Mid life's perplexing checkers made,
And many a game with Fortune played :

What is it we have won ?
This, this at least—if this alone :
That never, never, nevermore,
As in those old still nights of yore,
(Ere we were grown so sadly wise,)
Can you and I shut out the skies,
Shut out the world, and wintry weather,
And eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,
Play chess, as then we played together !

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON

THE ROYAL GUEST.

THEY tell me I am shrewd with other men ;
With thee I'm slow, and difficult of speech.
With others I may guide the car of talk ;
Thou wing'st it oft to realms beyond my reach.

If other guests should come, I'd deck my hair,
And choose my newest garment from the shelf ;
When thou art bidden, I would clothe my heart
With holiest purpose, as for God himself.

For them I while the hours with tale or song,
Or web of fancy, fringed with careless rhyme ;
But how to find a fitting lay for thee,
Who hast the harmonies of every time ?

O friend beloved ! I sit apart and dumb,
Sometimes in sorrow, oft in joy divine ;
My lip will falter, but my prisoned heart
Springs forth to measure its faint pulse with thine.

Thou art to me most like a royal guest,
Whose travels bring him to some lowly roof
Where simple rustics spread their festal fare
And, blushing, own it is not good enough.

Bethink thee then, whene'er thou com'st to me
From high emprise and noble toil to rest,
My thoughts are weak and trivial, matched with thine ;
But the poor mansion offers thee its best.

JULIA WARD HOWE.



ALL'S WELL.

“ ALL’s WELL ! ” — How the musical sound
Smites, surge-like, the slumbering ear,
As the sentinel paces his round,
And carols his tidings of cheer !
Half-startled, the soldier awakes,
Recalling his senses that roam :
— ’ Tis only a moment it breaks
On the dream he was dreaming of home :
“ All’s Well ! ”

“*All's Well!*” — Through the lengthening lines
Each sentry re-echoes the word,
And faintly yon forest of pines
With dreamy responses is stirred:
On the marge of the nebulous night,
A wavy, reiterate sigh,
It ripples, — then vanishes quite
In the infinite deeps of the sky:
“*All's Well!*”

“*All's Well!*” — In the warfare of life
Does my soul like a sentinel stand,
Prepared to encounter the strife,
With well burnished weapon in hand?
While the senses securely repose,
And doubt and temptation have room,
Does the keen ear of conscience unclose?
Does she listen, and catch through the gloom:
“*All's Well?*”

“*All's Well!*” — Can I echo the word?
Does faith with a sleepless control
Bid the peaceful assurance be heard
In the questionless depths of my soul?
Then fear not, frail heart! — when the scars
Of the brave-foughten combat are past,
Clear voices that fall from the stars
Will quiet thee on to the last:
“*All's Well!*”

MARGARET J. PRESTON.



ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind ;
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this hath done.

It was my Heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer :

My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass ! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair.
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round !

EDMUND WALLER.

THE MOTHER'S LAST SONG.

SLEEP ! — The ghostly winds are blowing ;
No moon abroad, no star is glowing ;
The river is deep, and the tide is flowing
To the land where you and I are going :
 We are going afar,
 Beyond moon or star,
 To the land where the sinless angels are.

I lost my heart to your heartless sire,
('Twas melted away by his looks of fire,)
Forgot my God, and my father's ire,
All for the sake of a man's desire ;
 But now we'll go
 Where the waters flow,
 And make us a bed where none shall know.

The world is cruel, the world is untrue ;
Our foes are many, our friends are few ;

Sleep! The ghostly winds are blowing,
No moon's abroad; no star is glowing.
The river is deep, and the tide is flowing,
To the land where you and I are going;
We are going afar,
Beyond moon & steed,
To the land where the sunless Angels are.

X

The world is cruel; the world is untrue;
Our foes are many; our friends are few;
No work, no bread, however we sue,
What is there left for us to do, —

But fly, — fly
From the cruel sky,
And hide in the deepest depths, — and die!

B.W. Procter.

No work, no bread, however we sue !
What is there left for me to do,
 But fly, fly
 From the cruel sky,
And hide in the deepest deeps — and die !

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER. (Barry Cornwall.)

SHE IS A MAID OF ARTLESS GRACE.

SHE is a maid of artless grace,
Gentle in form, and fair of face.

Tell me, thou ancient mariner,
 That sailest on the sea,
If ship, or sail, or evening star,
 Be half so fair as she !

Tell me, thou gallant cavalier,
 Whose shining arms I see,
If steed, or sword, or battle-field,
 Be half so fair as she !

Tell me, thou swain, that guard'st thy flock
 Beneath the shadowy tree,
If flock, or vale, or mountain-ridge,
 Be half so fair as she !

GIL VICENTE. (Portuguese.)

Translation of HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BEWARE !

I KNOW a maiden fair to see :

Take care !

She can both false and friendly be :

Beware ! Beware !

Trust her not ;

She is fooling thee !

She has two eyes, so soft and brown :

Take care !

She gives a side-glance and looks down :

Beware ! Beware !

Trust her not ;

She is fooling thee !

And she has hair of a golden hue :

Take care !

And what she says it is not true :

Beware ! Beware !

Trust her not ;

She is fooling thee !

She has a bosom as white as snow :

Take care !

She knows how much it is best to show :

Beware ! Beware !

Trust her not ;

She is fooling thee !

She gives thee a garland woven fair:
 Take care !
It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear:
 Beware ! Beware !
 Trust her not ;
She is fooling thee !

ANONYMOUS. (German.)

Translation of HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

SONG.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover ?
Prithee, why so pale ?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail ?
Prithee, why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?
Prithee, why so mute ?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't ?
Prithee, why so mute ?

Quit, quit, for shame ! this will not move,
 This cannot take her ;
If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her :
The Devil take her !

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

LEFT BEHIND

IT was the autumn of the year ;
The strawberry-leaves were red and sere :
October's airs were fresh and chill ;
When, pausing on the windy hill,
The hill that overlooks the sea,
You talked confidingly to me :
Me, whom your keen, artistic sight
Has not yet learned to read aright,
Since I have veiled my heart from you,
And loved you better than you knew.

You told me of your toilsome past :
The tardy honors won at last,
The trials borne, the conquests gained,
The longed-for boon of Fame attained ;
I knew that every victory
But lifted you away from me,
That every step of high emprise
But left me lowlier in your eyes .
I watched the distance as it grew,
And loved you better than you knew.

You did not see the bitter trace
Of anguish sweep across my face ;
You did not hear my proud heart beat,
Heavy and slow, beneath your feet ;

You thought of triumphs still unwon,
Of glorious deeds as yet undone ;
And I, the while you talked to me,
I watched the gulls float lonesomely,
Till lost amid the hungry blue ;
And loved you better than you knew.

You walk the sunny side of fate ;
The wise world smiles, and calls you great ;
The golden fruitage of success
Drops at your feet in plenteousness ;
And you have blessings manifold :
Renown and power, and friends and gold ;
They build a wall between us twain,
Which may not be thrown down again.
Alas ! for I, the long years through,
Have loved you better than you knew.

Your life's proud aim, your art's high truth,
Have kept the promise of your youth ;
And while you won the crown, which now
Breaks into bloom upon your brow,
My soul cried strongly out to you
Across the ocean's yearning blue,
While, unremembered and afar,
I watched you, as I watch a star,
Through darkness struggling into view ;
And loved you better than you knew.

I used to dream, in all these years
Of patient faith, and silent tears,

That Love's strong hand would put aside
 The barriers of place and pride,
 Would reach the pathless darkness through,
 And draw me softly up to you ;
 But that is past. If you should stray
 Beside my grave, some future day,
 Perchance the violets o'er my dust
 Will half betray their buried trust,
 And say, their blue eyes full of dew,
 " She loved you better than you knew."

FLORENCE PERCY.



TAKE, O TAKE, THOSE LIPS AWAY.

TAKE, O take, those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn !
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn !
 But my kisses bring again :
 Seals of love, though sealed in vain.

Hide, O hide, those hills of snow,
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,
 On whose tops the pinks that grow
 Are yet of those that April wears !
 But first set my poor heart free,
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

SHAKSPEARE, AND JOHN FLETCHER.

THE OLD MAID.

WHY sits she thus in solitude ? Her heart
Seems melting in her eyes' delicious blue ;
And as it heaves, her ripe lips lie apart,
As if to let its heavy throbings through.
In her dark eye a depth of softness swells,
Deeper than that her careless girlhood wore ;
And her cheek crimsons with the hue that tells
The rich fair fruit is ripened to the core.

It is her thirtieth birthday ! With a sigh
Her soul hath turned from youth's luxuriant bowers,
And her heart taken up the last sweet tie
That measured out its links of golden hours.
She feels her inmost soul within her stir,
With thoughts too wild and passionate to speak ;
Yet her full heart, its own interpreter,
Translates itself in silence on her cheek.

Joy's opening buds, affection's glowing flowers,
Once lightly sprang within her beaming track ;
O, life was beautiful in those lost hours !
And yet she does not wish to wander back.

No! she but loves in loneliness to think
On pleasures past, though never more to be ;
Hope links her to the future — but the link
That binds her to the past is Memory.

From her lone path she never turns aside,
Though passionate worshippers before her fall ;
Like some pure planet in her lonely pride,
She seems to soar and beam above them all.
Not that her heart is cold— emotions new,
And fresh as flowers, are with her heartstrings knit,
And sweetly mournful pleasures wander through
Her virgin soul, and softly ruffle it.

For she hath lived with heart and soul alive
To all that makes life beautiful and fair ;
Sweet thoughts, like honey-bees, have made their hive
Of her soft bosom-cell, and cluster there.
Yet life is not to her what it hath been :
Her soul hath learned to look beyond its gloss ;
And now she hovers, like a star, between
Her deeds of love, her Saviour on the cross.

Beneath the cares of earth she does not bow,
Though she hath oftentimes drained its bitter cup,
But ever wanders on with heavenward brow,
And eyes whose lovely lids are lifted up.
She feels that in that lovelier, happier sphere
Her bosom yet will, birdlike, find its mate,
And all the joys it found so blissful here
Within that spirit-realm perpetuate.

Yet sometimes o'er her trembling heartstrings thrill
Soft sighs—for raptures it hath ne'er enjoyed ;
And then she dreams of love, and strives to fill
With wild and passionate thoughts the craving void.
And thus she wanders on—half sad, half blest :
Without a mate for the pure lonely heart
That, yearning, throbs within her virgin breast,
Never to find its lovely counterpart.

AMELIA BALL WELBY.

SHE IS NOT FAIR.

SHE is not fair to outward view,
As many maidens be :
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me ;
O then, I saw her eye was bright—
A well of love, a spring of light !

But now her looks are coy and cold :
To mine they ne'er reply ;
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye.
Her very frowns are better far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE



SONG.

DRINK ye to her that each loves best,
And if you nurse a flame
That's told but to her mutual breast,
We will not ask her name.

Enough, while Memory, tranced and glad,
Paints silently the fair,
That each should dream of joys he's had,
Or yet may hope to share.

Yet far, far hence be jest or boast
From hallowed thoughts so dear ;
But drink to her that each loves most,
As she would love to hear.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.



THE LADY'S "YES."

"Yes!" I answered you last night;
"No!" this morning, Sir, I say.
Colors seen by candle-light
Will not look the same by day.

When the viols played their best,
Lamps above, and laughs below —
Love me sounded like a jest,
Fit for *Yes* or fit for *No*.

Call me false or call me free—
Vow, whatever light may shine,
No man on your face shall see
Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both—
Time to dance is not to woo—
Wooing light makes fickle troth—
Scorn of *me* recoils on *you*:

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly as the thing is high;
Bravely, as for life and death—
With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,
Point her to the starry skies,
Guard her, by your truthful words,
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true—
Ever true, as wives of yore—
And her *Yes*, once said to you,
SHALL be Yes for evermore.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

THOU HAST SWORN BY THY GOD, MY JEANIE.

THOU hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie,
By that pretty white han' o' thine,
And by a' the lowing stars in heaven,
That thou wad aye be mine !
And I hae sworn by my God, my Jeanie,
And by that kind heart o' thine,
By a' the stars sown thick owre heaven,
That thou shalt aye be mine !

Then foul fa' the hands that wad loose sic bands,
And the heart that wad part sic luv'e !
But there's nae hand can loose my band,
But the finger o' Him abuve.
Though the wee, wee cot maun be my bield,
And my claithing ne'er sae mean,
I wad lap me up rich i' the faulds o' luv'e,
Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean.

Her white arm wad be a pillow for me,
Fu' safter than the down ;
And Luve wad winnow owre us his kind, kind wings,
And sweetly I'd sleep, and soun'.
Come here to me, thou lass o' my luv'e !
Come here and kneel wi' me !

The morn is fu' o' the presence o' God,
And I canna pray without thee.

The morn wind is sweet 'mang the beds o' new flowers,
The wee birds sing kindlie and hie ;
Our gudeman leans owre his kale-yard dyke,
And a blythe auld bodie is he.
The Beuk maun be ta'en whan the carle comes hame,
Wi' the holie psalmodie ;
And thou maun speak o' me to thy God,
And I will speak o' thee.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST.

WHERE shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever,
From his true maiden's breast
Parted forever ?
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die,
Under the willow.

There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are laving ;
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving ;

There thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted forever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O never !

Where shall the traitor rest,
He the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin and leave her ?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted ;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere life be parted.
Shame and dishonor sit
By his grave ever !
Blessing shall hallow it
Never, O never !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



A MUSICAL BOX.

I KNOW her, the thing of laces, and silk,
And ribbons, and gauzes, and crinoline,
With her neck and shoulders as white as milk,
And her doll-like face and conscious mien.

A lay-figure fashioned to fit a dress,
All stuffed within with straw and bran;
Is that a woman to love, to caress?
Is that a creature to charm a man?

Only listen! how charmingly she talks
Of your dress and hers — of the Paris mode —
Of the coming ball — of the opera box —
Of jupons, and flounces, and fashions abroad.

Not a bonnet in church but she knows it well,
And Fashion she worships with down-cast eyes;
A *marchande de modes* is her oracle,
And Paris her earthly paradise.

She's perfect to whirl with in a waltz;
And her shoulders show well on a soft divan,
As she lounges at night and spreads her silks,
And plays with her bracelets and flirts her fan, —

With a little laugh at whatever you say,
And rounding her "No" with a look of surprise,
And lisping her "Yes" with an air distract,
And a pair of aimless, wandering eyes.

Her duty this Christian never omits!
She makes her calls, and she leaves her cards,
And enchant's a circle of half-fledged wits,
And slim *attachés* and six-foot Guards.

Her talk is of people, who're nasty or nice,
And she likes little *bon-bon* compliments;
While she seasons their sweetness by way of spice,
By some witless scandal she often invents.

Is this the thing for a mother or wife?
Could love ever grow on such barren rocks?
Is this a companion to take for a wife?
One might as well marry a musical box.

You exhaust in a day her full extent,
'Tis the same little tinkle of tunes always,
You must wind her up with a compliment,
To be bored with the only airs she plays.

W. W. STORY.

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE

GENTEEL in personage,
Conduct and equipage ;
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free :
Brave, not romantic ;
Learned, not pedantic ;
Frolic, not frantic :
This must he be.

Honor maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and new ;
Neat, but not finical ;
Sage, but not cynical ;
Never tyrannical,
But ever true.

HENRY FIELDING.

THE WIDOW AND CHILD.

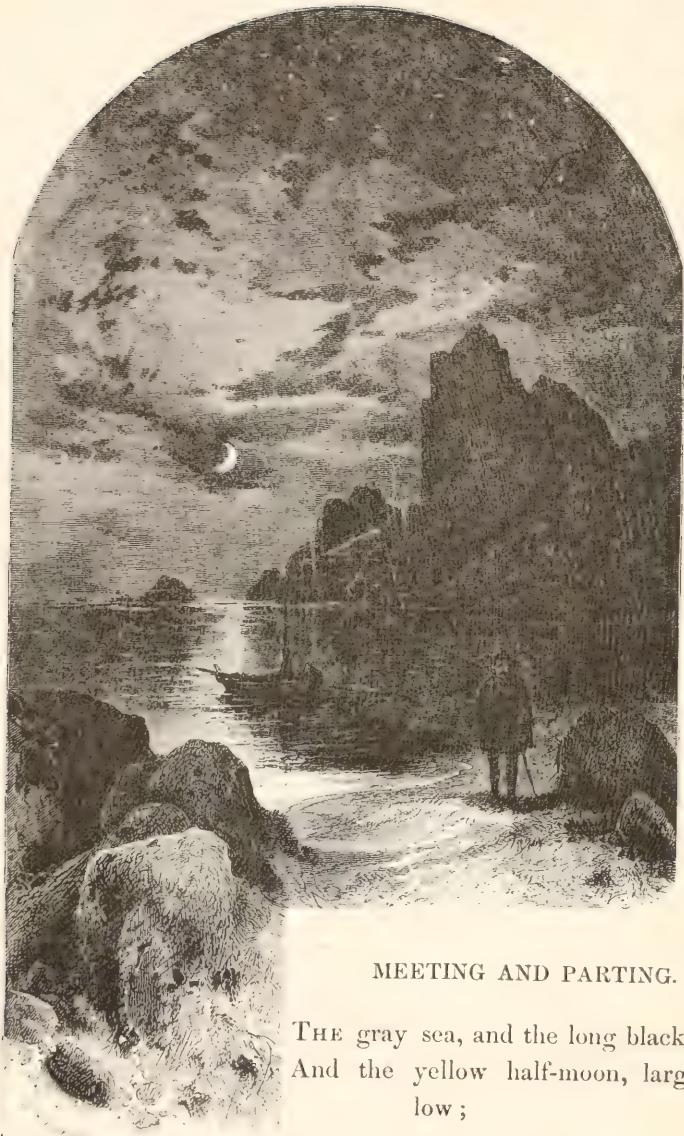
HOME they brought her warrior dead;
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry.
All her maidens, watching, said
“ She must weep, or she will die ! ”

Then they praised him, soft and low ;
Called him worthy to be loved :
Truest friend and noblest foe !
Yet she neither spake nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took a face-cloth from the face :
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee.
Like summer tempest came her tears :
“ Sweet my child, I live for thee ! ”

ALFRED TENNYSON.



MEETING AND PARTING.

THE gray sea, and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon, large and
low;

And the startled little waves, that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed in the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm, sea-scented beach ;
Three fields to cross, till a farm appears ;
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spirt of a lighted match ;
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts, beating each to each !



Round the cape, of a sudden, came the sea,
And the sun looked over the mountain's rim —
And straight was a path of gold for him,
And the need of a world of men for me !

ROBERT BROWNING.



SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight,
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament :

Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From May time and the cheerful dawn ;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her, upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too !
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food :
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine ;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death ;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill :
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.

WE have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade,
Since first beneath the chestnut trees
In infancy we played ;
But coldness dwells within thy heart.
A cloud is on thy brow.
We have been friends together :
Shall a light word part us now ?

We have been gay together :
We have laughed at little jests ;
For the fount of hope was gushing,
Warm and joyous, in our breasts ;
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow.
We have been gay together :
Shall a light word part us now ?

We have been sad together ;
We have wept, with bitter tears,
O'er the grass-grown graves where slumbered
The hopes of early years ;
The voices which are silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow.
We have been sad together :
O ! what shall part us now ?

CAROLINE ELIZABETH NORTON.



TOMMY'S DEAD.

You may give over plough, boys,
You may take the gear to the stead ;
All the sweat o' your brow, boys,
Will never get beer and bread.
The seed's waste, I know, boys ;
There's not a blade will grow, boys ;

'Tis cropped out, I trow, boys;
And Tommy's dead.

Send the colt to the fair, boys:
He's going blind, as I said;
My old eyes can't bear, boys,
To see him in the shed.

The cow's dry and spare, boys;
She's neither here nor there, boys:
I doubt she's badly bred.
Stop the mill to-morn, boys;
There'll be no more corn, boys,
Neither white nor red.

There's no sign of grass, boys;
You may sell the goat and the ass, boys
The land's not what it was, boys;
And the beasts must be fed.

You may turn Peg away, boys;
You may pay off old Ned.
We've had a dull day, boys;
And Tommy's dead.

Move my chair on the floor, boys:
Let me turn my head;
She's standing there in the door, boys—
Your sister Winifred!
Take her away from me, boys—
Your sister Winifred!
(Move me round in my place, boys:
Let me turn my head;)
Take her away from me, boys—

As she lay on her death-bed :
The bones of her thin face, boys,
As she lay on her death-bed !
I don't know how it be, boys,
When all's done and said,
But I see her looking at me, boys.
Wherever I turn my head :
Out of the big oak-tree, boys,
Out of the garden-bed ;
And the lily as pale as she, boys,
And the rose that used to be red.

There's something not right, boys.
But I think it's not in my head ;
I've kept my precious sight, boys :
The Lord be hallowed !
Outside and in
The ground is cold to my tread ;
The hills are wizen and thin,
The sky is shrivelled and shred ;
The hedges down by the loan,
I can count them bone by bone ;
The leaves are open and spread.
But I see the teeth of the land,
And hands like a dead man's hand,
And the eyes of a dead man's head.
There's nothing but cinders and sand ,
The rat and the mouse have fled,
And the summer's empty and cold ;
Over valley and wold,
Wherever I turn my head,

There's a mildew and a mould :
The sun's going out over head,
And I'm very old ;
And Tommy's dead.

What am I staying for, boys ?
You're all born and bred ;
'Tis fifty years and more, boys,
Since wife and I were wed ;
And she's gone before, boys ;
And Tommy's dead.

She was always sweet, boys,
Upon his curly head ;
She knew she'd never see't, boys,
And she stole off to bed ;
I've been sitting up alone, boys,
For he'd come home, he said ;
But it's time I was gone, boys,
For Tommy's dead.

Put the shutters up, boys ;
Bring out the beer and bread ;
Make haste and sup, boys,
For my eyes are heavy as lead ;
There's something wrong i' the cup, boys,
There's something ill wi' the bread :
I don't care to sup, boys ;
And Tommy's dead.

I'm not right, I doubt, boys,
I've such a sleepy head ;

I shall never more be stout, boys ;
You may carry me to bed.
What are you about, boys ?
The prayers are all said,
The fire's raked out, boys ;
And Tommy's dead.

The stairs are too steep, boys,
You may carry me to the head ;
The night's dark and deep, boys,
Your mother's long in bed ;
'Tis time to go to sleep, boys ;
And Tommy's dead.

I'm not used to kiss, boys ;
You may shake my hand instead.
All things go amiss, boys ;
You may lay me where she is, boys,
And I'll rest my old head.
'Tis a poor world, this, boys ;
And Tommy's dead.

SYDNEY DOBELL.

LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW

MY love he built me a bonny bower,
And clad it a' wi' lilye flour ;
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see
Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man, by middle day ;
He spied his sport, and went away ;
And brought the king that very night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear ;
He slew my knight, and poined his gear ;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

I sewed his sheet, making my mane ;
I watched the corpse, myself alane ;
I watched his body, night and day ;
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat ;
I digged a grave, and laid him in,
And happed him wi' the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair ?
O think na ye my heart was wae,
When I turned about, away to gae ?

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain ;
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for evermair.

ANONYMOUS.

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What waitest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"How is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. - Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee then,
Write me as one, that loves his fellow men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. - The next night
It came again, with a great awakening light,
And shew'd the names whom love of god had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Leigh Hunt

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou?”—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered—“The names of those who love the Lord.”
“And is mine one?” said Abou; “Nay, not so,”
Replied the angel.—Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, “I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed;
And lo! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest!

LEIGH HUNT.



SONG.

DAY, in melting purple dying!
Blossoms, all around me sighing!
Fragrance, from the lilies straying!
Zephyr, with my ringlets playing!
Ye but waken my distress;
I am sick of loneliness.

Thou to whom I love to hearken,
Come, ere night around me darken !
Though thy softness but deceive me,
Say thou'rt true, and I'll believe thee ;
 Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent :
 Let me think it innocent.

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure :
All I ask is friendship's pleasure ;
Let the shining ore lie darkling,
Bring no gem in lustre sparkling :
 Gifts and gold are naught to me ;
 I would only look on thee !

Tell to thee the high-wrought feeling,
Ecstasy but in revealing ;
Paint to thee the deep sensation,
Rapture in participation ;
 Yet but torture, if comprest
 In a lone, unfriended breast.

Absent still ! Ah, come and bless me !
Let these eyes again caress thee.
Once, in caution, I could fly thee ;
Now I nothing could deny thee.
 In a look if death there be,
 Come—and I will gaze on thee !

MARIA BROOKS.

A DIRGE.

“ O DIG a grave, and dig it deep,
Where I and my true-love may sleep ! ”
We'll dig a grave, and dig it deep,
Where thou and thy true-love shall sleep !

“ And let it be five fathom low,
Where winter winds may never blow ! ”
And it shall be five fathom low,
Where winter winds shall never blow !

“ And let it be on yonder hill,
Where grows the mountain daffodil ! ”
And it shall be on yonder hill,
Where grows the mountain daffodil !

“ And plant it round with holy briers,
To fright away the fairy fires ! ”
We'll plant it round with holy briers,
To fright away the fairy fires !

“ And set it round with celandine,
And nodding heads of columbine ! ”
We'll set it round with celandine,
And nodding heads of columbine !

“ And let the ruddock build his nest
Just above my true-love’s breast ! ”

*The ruddock he shall build his nest
Just above thy true-love’s breast !*

“ And warble his sweet wintry song
O’er our dwelling all day long ! ”

*And he shall warble his sweet song
O’er your dwelling all day long.*

“ Now, tender friends, my garments take,
And lay me out for Jesus’ sake ! ”

*And we will now thy garments take,
And lay thee out for Jesus’ sake !*

“ And lay me by my true-love’s side,
That I may be a faithful bride ! ”

*We’ll lay thee by thy true-love’s side,
That thou may’st be a faithful bride !*

“ When I am dead, and buried be,
Pray to God in heaven for me ! ”

*Now thou art dead, we’ll bury thee,
And pray to God in heaven for thee !
Benedicite !*

WILLIAM STANLEY ROSCOE



POLAR DAYS.

As some poor piteous Lapp, who under firs
Which bend and break with load of arctic snows,
Has crept and crouched to watch when crimson glows
Begin, feels in his veins the thrilling stirs

Of warmer life, e'en while his fear deters
His trust; and when the orange turns to rose
In vain, and widening to the westward goes
The ruddy beam and fades, heart-sick defers
His hope, and shivers through one more long night
Of sunless day; —

So watching, one by one,
The faintest glimmers of the morn's gray light,
The sleepless exiled heart waits for the bright
Full day, and hopes till all its hours are done,
That the next one will bring its love, its sun.

H. H

LOVE NOT ME.

LOVE not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part;
No, nor for my constant heart:
For those may fail, or turn to ill—
So thou and I shall sever.

Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not why:
So hast thou the same reason still
To dote upon me ever.

ANONYMOUS.

LITTLE WORDS.

How wise he is! He can talk in Greek!
There isn't a language he cannot speak.
The very measure the Psalmist sung
He carries at will on the tip of his tongue.
When he argues in English, why, every word
Is almost the biggest that ever you heard!
That is, when he talks with papa it's so—
With me it's another affair, you must know.

Little one-syllable words, you see,
Are all he is willing to waste upon me:
So he calls me his rose, his bird, and his pet,
And says it quite often lest I should forget;
While his stock of verbs grows so wondrously small,
You'd think he had ne'er opened Webster at all:
It's only "Ah! do you?" or "Will you, my dove?"
Or else it's "I love," "I love," and "I love."

And when we walk out in the starry night,
Though he knows the Zodiac's rounded height,
With its Gemini, Scorpio, Leo, and all,—
Its satellites, planets, and nebulae small;

And though in a flash he could fasten his eye on
The Dipper, and Crown, and the Belt of Orion,
Not once does he mention the wonders above,
But just whispers softly, "My own!" and "I love!"

Whenever they tease me — the girls and the boys —
With "Mrs. Professor" or "classical joys,"
Or ask if his passion he deigns to speak
In Hebrew, or Sanscrit, or simple Greek,
I try to summon a look of steel,
And hide the joy that I really feel;
For they'd laugh still more if they knew the truth,
How meek a Professor can be, forsooth!

Though well I know in the times to come
Great thoughts shall preside in our happy home,
And to hold forever his loving looks
I must bend my head over musty books,
And be as learned as ever I can,
To do full justice to such a man —
Yet the future is bright for, like song of birds,
My soul is filled with his little words.

MARY ELIZABETH DODGE.

OVER THE RIVER.

OVER the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side ;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue ;
He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see :
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet ;
Her brown curls wave in the gentle gale :
Darling Minnie ! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark ;
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be :
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale.
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day:
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar:
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit-land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

NANCY AMELIA WOODBURY PRIEST

DANIEL GRAY.

IF I shall ever win the home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

I knew him well; in fact, few knew him better;
For my young eyes oft read for him the Word,
And saw how meekly from the crystal letter
He drank the life of his beloved Lord.

Old Daniel Gray was not a man who lifted
On ready words his freight of gratitude,
Nor was he called among the gifted,
In the prayer meetings of his neighborhood.

He had a few old-fashioned words and phrases,
Linked in with sacred texts and Sunday rhymes;
And I suppose that in his prayers and graces,
I've heard them all at least a thousand times.

I see him now — his form, his face, his motions,
His homespun habit, and his silver hair,—
And hear the language of his trite devotions,
Risin behind the straight-backed kitchen chair.

I can remember how the sentence sounded—

“ Help us, O Lord, to pray and not to faint ! ”

And how the “conquering-and-to-conquer” rounded
The loftier aspirations of the saint.

He had some notions that did not improve him,

He never kissed his children—so they say ;

And finest scenes and fairest flowers would move him
Less than a horse-shoe picked up in the way.

He had a hearty hatred of oppression,

And righteous words for sin of every kind ;

Alas, that the transgressor and transgression
Were linked so closely in his honest mind.

He could see naught but vanity in beauty,

And naught but weakness in a fond caress,

And pitied men whose views of Christian duty
Allowed indulgence in such foolishness.

Yet there were love and tenderness within him ;

And I am told that when his Charley died,

Nor nature’s need nor gentle words could win him
From his fond vigils at the sleeper’s side.

And when they came to bury little Charley,

They found fresh dew-drops sprinkled in his hair,

And on his breast a rose-bud gathered early,

And guessed, but did not know, who placed it there.

Honest and faithful, constant in his calling,
Strictly attendant on the means of grace,
Instant in prayer, and fearful most of falling,
Old Daniel Gray was always in his place.

A practical old man, and yet a dreamer,
He thought that in some strange, unlooked-for way
His mighty Friend in Heaven, the great Redeemer,
Would honor him with wealth some golden day.

This dream he carried in a hopeful spirit
Until in death his patient eye grew dim,
And his Redeemer called him to inherit
The heaven of wealth long garnered up for him.

So if I ever win the home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

J. G. HOLLAND



THE THANKLESS LADY.

IT is May, and the moon leans down all night
Over a blossomy land,
By her window sits the lady white,
With her chin upon her hand.

“O sing to me, dear nightingale,
The song of a year ago;
I have had enough of longing and wail,
Enough of heart-break and woe.

“O glimmer on me, my apple-tree,
Like the birthplace of the snow;
Let odor and moonlight and melody
In one old harmony flow.”

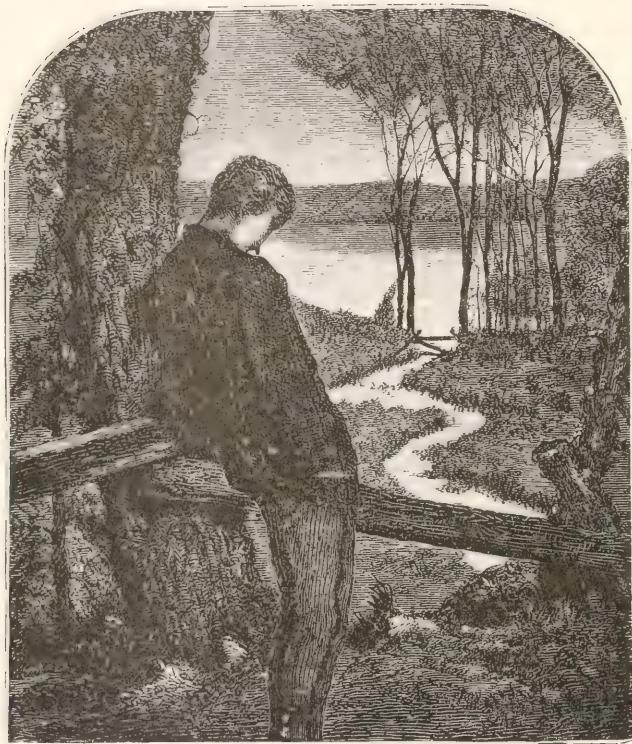
The dull odor swims; the cold blossoms gleam;
And the bird will not be glad.
The dead never speak when the living dream,—
They are too weak and sad.

She listened and sate till night grew late,
Bound by a weary spell;
Then a face came in at the garden-gate,
And a wondrous thing befell.

Uprose the joy as well as the love,
In the song, in the scent, in the show!
The moon grew glad in the sky above,
The blossoms grew rosy below.

May passed into June in the scent and the tune;
They filled the veins of night;
But they had no thanks for the granted boon,
For the lady forgot them quite.

GEORGE MACDONALD



WHEN STARS ARE IN THE QUIET SKIES.

WHEN stars are in the quiet skies,

Then most I pine for thee ;

Bend on me then thy tender eyes,

As stars look on the sea.

For thoughts, like waves that glide by night.

Are stillest when they shine ;

Mine earthly love lies hushed in light
Beneath the heaven of thine.

There is an hour when angels keep
Familiar watch o'er men,
When coarser souls are wrapped in sleep ;
Sweet spirit, meet me then !

There is an hour when holy dreams
Through slumber fairest glide,
And in that mystic hour it seems
Thou shouldst be by my side.

My thoughts of thee too sacred are
For daylight's common beam ;
I can but know thee as my star,
My angel and my dream !
When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee ;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

AT LAST.

O, THE years I lost before I knew you,
Love !

O, the hills I climbed and came not to you,
Love !

Ah! who shall render unto us to make
 Us glad,
The things which for and of each other's sake
 We might have had?

If you and I had sat and played together,
 Love,
Two speechless babies in the summer weather,
 Love,
By one sweet brook which though it dried up long
 Ago,
Still makes for me to-day a sweeter song
 Than all I know,—

If hand in hand through the mysterious gateway,
 Love,
Of womanhood, we had first looked and straightway,
 Love,
Had whispered to each other softly, ere
 It yet
Was dawn, what now in noonday heat and fear
 We both forget,—

If all of this had given its completeness,
 Love,
To every hour would it be added sweetness,
 Love?
Could I know sooner whether it were well
 Or ill
With thee? One wish could I more surely tell,
 More swift fulfil?

Ah! vainly thus I sit and dream and ponder,
 Love,
Losing the precious present while I wonder,
 Love,
About the days in which you grew and came
 To be
So beautiful, and did not know the name
 Or sight of me.

But all lost things are in the angel's keeping,
 Love ;
No past is dead for us, but only sleeping,
 Love ;
The years of Heaven will all earth's little pain
 Make good,
Together there we can begin again
 In babyhood.

H. H.



DINNA ASK ME.

O ! DINNA ask me gin I lo'e ye
 Troth, I daurna tell !
Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye ;
 Ask it o' yoursel'.

O, dinna look sae sair at me,
 For weel ye ken me true ;
 O, gin ye look sae sair at me,
 I daurna look at you.

When ye gang to yon braw braw town,
 And bonnier lassies see,
 O, dinna, Jamie, look at them,
 Lest ye should mind na me.

For I could never bide the lass
 That ye'd lo'e mair than me :
 And O, I'm sure my heart wad break,
 Gin ye'd prove fause to me !

 DUNLOP

 A SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

MELLOW the moonlight to shine is beginning ;
 Close by the window young Eileen is spinning ;
 Bent o'er the fire, her blind grandmother, sitting,
 Is croning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting.
 “Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping.”
 “ ’Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping.”
 “Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing.”
 “ ’Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind dying.”
 Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
 Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot’s stirring :

Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.



“What’s that noise that I hear at the window, I wonder ?”
“ ’Tis the little birds chirping the holly-bush under.”
“What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,
And singing all wrong that old song of ‘The Coolun?’ ”
There’s a form at the casement — the form of her true love;
And he whispers, with face bent, “I’m waiting for you, love.

Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly;
 We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly."
 Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
 Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring;
 Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
 Tells the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fingers,
 Steals up from her seat, longs to go—and yet lingers;
 A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother,
 Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.
 Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round;
 Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound.
 Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
 The maid steps—then leaps to the arms of her lover.
 Slower—and slower—and slower the wheel swings;
 Lower—and lower—and lower the reel rings.
 Ere the reel and the wheel stop their ringing and moving,
 Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

MY LOVE.

I.

NOT as all other women are
 Is she that to my soul is dear :
 Her glorious fancies come from far,
 Beneath the silver evening-star ;
 And yet her heart is ever near.

II.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know ;
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

III.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair :
No simplest duty is forgot ;
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

IV.

She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone, or despise ,
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

V.

She hath no scorn of common things ;
And, though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

VI.

Blessing she is : God made her so :
And deeds of week-day holiness

Fall from her noiseless as the snow
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless

VII.

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize ;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

VIII.

She is a woman — one in whom
The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

IX.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Goes wandering at its own will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

X.

And, on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles my duties lie ;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh and fair and green :
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

L'INCONNUE.

Is thy name Mary, maiden fair ?
Such should, methinks, its music be ;
The sweetest name that mortals bear
Were best befitting thee ;
And she, to whom it once was given,
Was half of earth and half of heaven.

I hear thy voice, I see thy smile,
I look upon thy folded hair ;
Ah ! while we dream not thy beguile,
Our hearts are in the snare ;
And she who chains a wild bird's wing
Must start not if her captive sing.

So, lady, take the leaf that falls,
To all but thee unseen, unknown ;
When evening shades thy silent walls,
Then read it all alone ;
In stillness read, in darkness seal,
Forget, despise, but not reveal !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE MIGHT OF ONE FAIR FACE.

THE might of one fair face sublimes my love,
For it hath weaned my heart from low desires ;
Nor death I need, nor purgatorial fires :
Thy beauty, antepast of joys above,

Instructs me in the bliss that saints approve ;
 For O, how good, how beautiful, must be
 The God that made so good a thing as thee,
 So fair an image of the heavenly Dove !
 Forgive me if I cannot turn away
 From those sweet eyes that are my earthly heaven,
 For they are guiding stars, benignly given
 To tempt my footsteps to the upward way ;
 And if I dwell too fondly in thy sight,
 I live and love in God's peculiar light.

MICHAEL ANGELO. (Italian.)

Translation of HAITLEY COLERIDGE.

TO PERILLA.

Ah, my Perilla ! dost thou grieve to see
 Me, day by day, to steal away from thee ?
 Age calls me hence, and my gray hairs bid come,
 And haste away to mine eternal home.
 'T will not be long, Perilla, after this
 That I must give thee the supremest kiss.
 Dead when I am, first cast in salt ; and bring
 Part of the cream from that religious spring,
 With which, Perilla, wash my hands and feet.
 That done, then wind me in that very sheet
 Which wrapt thy smooth limbs when thou didst implore
 The gods' protection, but the night before.
 Follow me, weeping, to my turf ; and there
 Let fall a primrose, and with it a tear.

Then lastly, let some weekly strewings be
Devoted to the memory of me :
Then shall my ghost not walk about, but keep
Still, in the cool and silent shades of sleep.

ROBERT HERRICK.

ON THE DEATH OF THE POET DRAKE.

GREEN be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days !
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep ;
And long where thou art lying
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth ;

And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine —

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow ;

Green be the turf above thee,

Friend of my better days!

None knew thee but to love thee,

No named thee but to pray—

Tears fell, when thou wast dying,

From eyes unused to weep.

And long, when thou art lying,

Hole tears the cold turf steep.

When heavy, when truth thy bourn,

Like thine, a bairn in earth,

There should a wreath be woven

To tell the world their worth,

Fitz-Greene Halleck

J

But I 've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free:
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

ARAB LOVE.

My faint spirit was sitting in the light
Of thy looks, my love;
It panted for thee, like the hind at noon
For the brooks, my love.
Thy barb, whose hoofs outspeed the tempest's flight,
Bore thee far from me;
My heart—for my weak feet were weary soon—
Did companion thee.

Ah! fleeter far than fleetest storm or steed,
Or the death they bear,
The heart which tender thought clothes, like a dove,
With the wings of care;
In the battle, in the darkness, in the need,
Shall mine cling to thee;
Nor claim one smile for all the comfort, love,
It may bring to thee.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.



HOW'S MY BOY?

“ Ho, sailor of the sea !
How's my boy — my boy ? ”
“ What's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what good ship sailed he ? ”

“ My boy John,
He that went to sea ;
What care I for the ship, sailor ?
My boy's my boy to me.

“ You come back from sea,
And not know my John ?
I might as well have asked some landsman,
Yonder down in the town ;
There's not an ass in all the parish
But he knows my John.

“ How's my boy — my boy ?
And unless you let me know,
I'll swear you are no sailor :
Blue jacket or no,
Brass buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no.
Sure his ship was the ‘ Jolly Briton.’ ”
“ Speak low, woman, speak low ! ”

“ And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John ?
If I was loud as I am proud
I'd sing him over the town.
Why should I speak low, sailor ? ”
“ That good ship went down.”

“ How's my boy — my boy ?
What care I for the ship, sailor ;
I was never aboard her.
Be she afloat or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound
Her owners can afford her !
I say, how's my John ? ”
“ Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her.”

“ How’s my boy—my boy ?
 What care I for the men, sailor ?
 I’m not their mother.
 How’s my boy—my boy ?
 Tell me of him and no other.
 How’s my boy—my boy ? ”

SYDNEY DOBELL.



SHE'S GANE TO DWALL IN HEAVEN.

SHE's gane to dwall in Heaven, my lassie !
 She's gane to dwall in Heaven :
 Ye're owre pure, quo' the voice o' God,
 For dwallin' out o' Heaven !

O what'll she do in Heaven, my lassie ?
 O what'll she do in Heaven ?
 She'll mix her ain thochts wi' angels' sangs.
 An' mak them mair meet for Heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie :
 She was beloved by a' ;
 But an angel fell in love wi' her,
 An' took her frae us a'.

Low there thou lies, my lassie !
 Low there thou lies !
 A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,
 Nor frae it will arise.

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie :

Fu' soon I'll follow thee.

Thou's left me naught to covet ahin',

But took gudeness' sel' wi' thee.

I looked on thy death-cauld face, my lassie ;

I looked on thy death-cauld face :

Thou seemed a lily new cut i' the bud,

An' fadin' in its place.

I looked on thy death-shut eye, my lassie :

I looked on thy death-shut eye ;

An' a lovelier light in the brow o' Heaven

Fell Time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy an' calm, my lassie :

Thy lips were ruddy an' calm ;

But gane was the holy breath o' Heaven

To sing the evening psalm.

There's naught but dust now mine, lassie :

There's naught but dust now mine.

My soul's wi' thee i' the cauld grave,

An' why should I stay ahin' ?

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

JAMES MELVILLE'S CHILD.

ONE time my soul was pierced as with a sword,
Contending still with men untaught and wild,
When He who to the prophet lent his gourd
Gave me the solace of a pleasant child.

A summer gift, my precious flower was given,
A very summer fragrance was its life;
Its clear eyes soothed me as the blue of heaven,
When home I turned, a weary man of strife.

With unformed laughter, musically sweet,
How soon the wakening babe would meet my kiss:
With outstretched arms, its care-wrought father greet!
O, in the desert, what a spring was this!

A few short months it blossomed near my heart:
A few short months, else toilsome all, and sad;
But that home-solace nerved me for my part,
And of the babe I was exceeding glad.

Alas! my pretty bud, scarce formed, was dying;
(The prophet's gourd, it withered in a night!)
And He who gave me all, my heart's pulse trying,
Took gently home the child of my delight.

Not rudely culled, not suddenly it perished,
But gradual faded from our love away:
As if, still, secret dews, its life that cherished,
Were drop by drop withheld, and day by day.

My blessed Master saved me from repining,
So tenderly He sued me for His own;
So beautiful He made my babe's declining,
Its dying blessed me as its birth had done.

And daily to my board at noon and even
Our fading flower I bade his mother bring,
That we might commune of our rest in Heaven,
Gazing the while on death, without its sting.

And of the ransom for that baby paid
So very sweet at times our converse seemed,
That the sure truth of grief a gladness made:
Our little lamb by God's own Lamb redeemed!

There were two milk-white doves, my wife had nourished;
And I too loved, erewhile, at times to stand
Marking how each the other fondly cherished,
And fed them from my baby's dimpled hand!

So tame they grew that, to his cradle flying,
Full oft they cooed him to his noontide rest;
And to the murmurs of his sleep replying,
Crept gently in, and nestled in his breast.



'Twas a fair sight: the snow-pale infant sleeping,
So fondly guardianed by those creatures mild,
Watch o'er his closed eyes their bright eyes keeping:
Wondrous the love betwixt the birds and child !

Still as he sickened seemed the doves too dwining,
Forsook their food, and loathed their pretty play;
And on the day he died, with sad note pining,
One gentle bird would not be frayed away.

His mother found it, when she rose, sad-hearted,
At early dawn, with sense of nearing ill;
And when, at last, the little spirit parted,
The dove died too, as if of its heart-chill.

The other flew to meet my sad home-riding,
As with a human sorrow in its coo ;
To my dead child and its dead mate then guiding,
Most pitifully plained — and parted too.

'Twas my first hansel and propine to Heaven ;
And as I laid my darling 'neath the sod,
Precious His comforts — once an infant given,
And offered with two turtle-doves to God !

MRS. A. STUART MENTEATH.



TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary ! dear, departed shade !
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love ?

Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past,
Thy image at our last embrace :
Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last !

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wildwoods, thickening, green ;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care ;
Time but th' impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary ! dear, departed shade !
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

ROBERT BURNS.

AH, CHLORIS!

AH, Chloris! that I now could sit
As unconcerned as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No pleasure nor no pain!

When I the dawn used to admire,
And praised the coming day,
I little thought the growing fire
Must take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
Like metals in the mine:
Age from no face took more away
Than youth concealed in thine.

But as your charms, insensibly,
To their perfection prest,
Fond love as unperceived did fly,
And in my bosom rest.

My passion with your beauty grew;
And Cupid, at my heart,
Still, as his mother favored you,
Threw a new flaming dart.

Each gloried in their wanton part :
 To make a lover, he
 Employed the utmost of his art ;
 To make a beauty, she.

Though now I slowly bend to love,
 Uncertain of my fate,
 If your fair self my chains approve
 I shall my freedom hate.

Lovers, like dying men, may well
 At first disordered be —
 Since none alive can truly tell
 What fortune they must see.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

SIXTEEN.

IN Clementina's artless mien
 Lucilla asks me what I see —
 And are the roses of sixteen
 Enough for me ?

Lucilla asks, if that be all
 Have I not culled as sweet before ?
 Ah yes, Lucilla ! and their fall
 I still deplore.

I now behold another scene,
 Where pleasure beams with heaven's own light —

More pure, more constant, more serene,
And not less bright :

Faith, on whose breast the loves repose,
Whose chain of flowers no force can sever,
And Modesty, who, when she goes,
Is gone forever.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

IN VAIN YOU TELL.

IN vain you tell your parting lover
You wish fair winds may waft him over :
Alas ! what winds can happy prove
That bear me far from what I love ? —
Can equal those that I sustain
From slighted vows and cold disdain ?

Be gentle, and in pity choose
To wish the wildest tempests loose,
That, thrown again upon the coast
Where first my shipwrecked heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my pain —
Once more in dying notes complain
Of slighted vows and cold disdain.

MATTHEW PRIOR



BREAK, BREAK, BREAK!

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay



And the stately ships go on
To the haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

ALFRED TENNYSON



THE PASSAGE.

MANY a year is in its grave
Since I crossed this restless wave;
And the evening, fair as ever.
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then, in this same boat beside,
Sat two comrades old and tried :
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought ;
But the younger, brighter form
Passed in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends that closed their course before me.

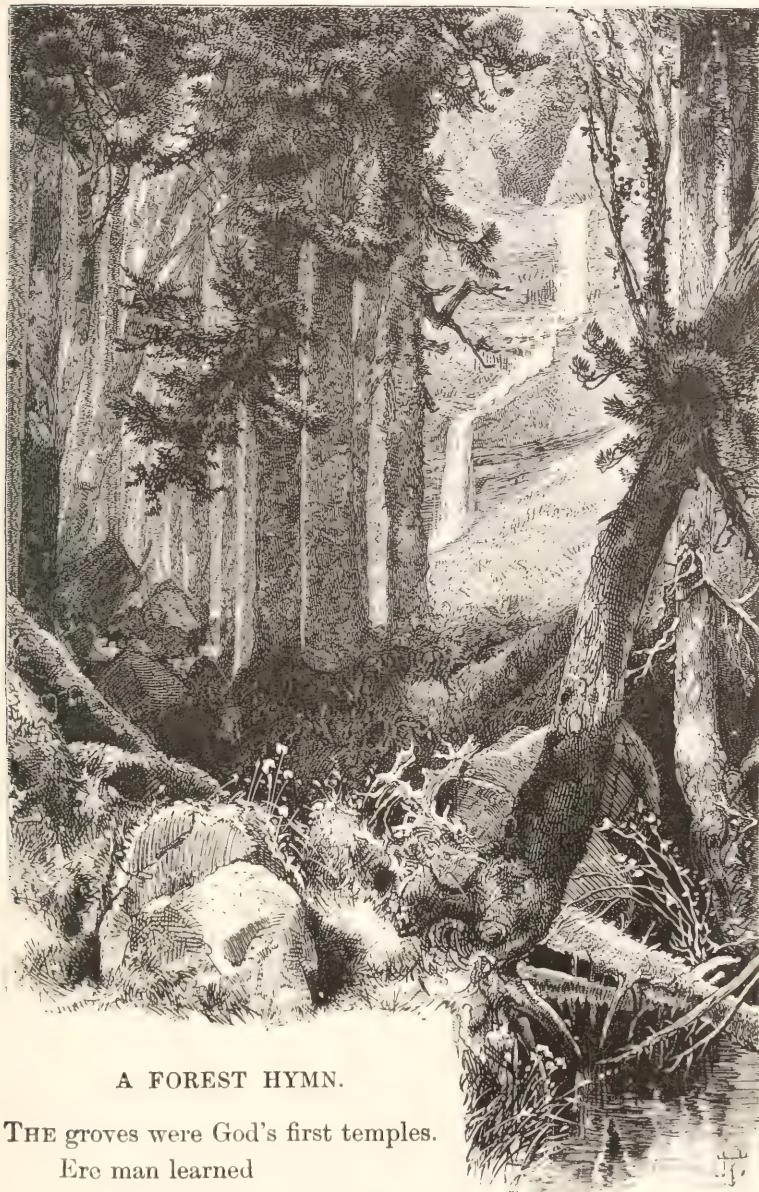
But what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend ?
Soul-like were those hours of yore ;
Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee :
Take—I give it willingly ;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND. (German.)

Anonymous Translation.

SONGS OF NATURE.



A FOREST HYMN.

THE groves were God's first temples.
Ere man learned

To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them — ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems ; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised ? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn — thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in His ear.

Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns, thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died

Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here — thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music; thou art in the cooler breath
That from the inmost darkness of the place
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
Here is continual worship; — Nature, here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth and wandering steeps the roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak —
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated — not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root

Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this great universe.

My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me — the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on thy works I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo ! all grow old and die — but see again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses — ever gay and beautiful youth
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly than their ancestors
Moulder beneath them. O, there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch-enemy Death — yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne — the sepulchre,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave

Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them ; — and there have been holy men
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink
And tremble and are still. O God ! when thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
With all the waters of the firmament,
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages ; when, at thy call,
Uprises the great deep and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities — who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by ?
O, from these sterner aspects of thy face
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad unchained elements to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



MIGNONETTE.

“Your qualities surpass your charms.” — LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

I PASSED before her garden gate:
She stood among her roses,
And stooped a little from the state
In which her pride reposes,
To make her flowers a graceful plea
For luring and delaying me.

“When summer blossoms fade so soon,”
She said with winning sweetness,
“Who does not wear the badge of June
Lacks something of completeness.
My garden welcomes you to-day,
Come in and gather, while you may.”

I entered in: she led me through
A maze of leafy arches,
Where velvet-purple pansies grew
Beneath the sighing larches,—
A shadowy, still, and cool retreat
That gave excuse for lingering feet.

She paused; pulled down a trailing vire;
And twisted round her finger
Its starry sprays of jessamine,
As one who seeks to linger.
But I smiled lightly in her face,
And passed on to the open space.

Passed many a flower-bed fitly set
In trim and blooming order,
And plucked at last some mignonette
That strayed along the border;
A simple thing that had no bloom,
And but a faint and far perfume.

She wondered why I would not choose
That dreamy amaryllis,—

“ And could I really, then, refuse
Those heavenly white lilies !
And leave ungathered on the slope
This passion-breathing heliotrope ? ”

She did not know — what need to tell
So fair and fine a creature ? —
That there was one who loved me well
Of widely different nature ;
A little maid whose tender youth,
And innocence, and simple truth,

Had won my heart with qualities
That far surpassed her beauty,
And held me with unconscious ease
Enthralled of love and duty ;
Whose modest graces all were met
And symbolized in my mignonette.

I passed outside her garden-gate,
And left her proudly smiling :
Her roses bloomed too late, too late
She saw, for my beguiling.
I wore instead — and wear it yet —
The single spray of mignonette.

Its fragrance greets me unaware,
A vision clear recalling
Of shy, sweet eyes, and drooping hair
In girlish tresses falling,

And little hands so white and fine
That timidly creep into mine ;

As she — all ignorant of the arts
That wiser maids are plying —
Has crept into my heart of hearts
Past doubting or denying ;
Therein, while suns shall rise and set,
To bloom unchanged, my Mignonette !

MARY BRADLEY.

THE DYING LOVER.

THE grass that is under me now
Will soon be over me sweet !
When you walk this way again,
I shall not hear your feet.

You may walk this way again
And shed your tears like dew :
They will be no more to me, then,
Than mine are now to you.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

PHIOMELA.

HARK ! ah, the Nightingale !
The tawny-throated !
Hark ! from that moonlit cedar what a burst !
What triumph ! hark—what pain !
O wanderer from a Grecian shore,
Still, after many years, in distant lands,
Still nourishing in thy bewildered brain
That wild, unquenched, deep-sunken, old-world pain !
 Say, will it never heal ?
And can this fragrant lawn,
With its cool trees, and night,
And the sweet, tranquil Thames,
And moonshine, and the dew,
To thy racked heart and brain
 Afford no balm ?

Dost thou to-night behold,
Here, through the moonlight on this English grass,
The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild ?
 Dost thou again peruse,
With hot cheeks and seared eyes,
The too clear web, and thy dumb sister's shame ?
 Dost thou once more essay
Thy flight ; and feel come over thee,
Poor fugitive, the feathery change,
Once more ; and once more make resound,

With love and hate, triumph and agony,
Lone Daulis, and the high Cephisian vale?

Listen, Eugenia!

How thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves!

Again — thou hearest?

Eternal passion!

Eternal pain!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

LUCY ASHTON'S SONG.

Look not thou on Beauty's charming;
Sit thou still when kings are arming;
Taste not when the wine-cup glistens;
Speak not when the people listens;
Stop thine ear against the singer;
From the red gold keep thy finger:
Vacant heart and hand and eye
Easy live, and quiet die.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SPRING AND WINTER.

I.

WHEN daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he :
Cuckoo !

Cuckoo, cuckoo !—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear !

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he :
Cuckoo !

Cuckoo, cuckoo !—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear !

II.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,

When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl.
To-who !

Tu-whit, to-who !— a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw ;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl:
To-who !

Tu-whit, to-who !— a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

SHAKESPEARE.

SABINA.

SEE, see ! She wakes — Sabina wakes !
And now the sun begins to rise :
Less glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams than her fair eyes.

With light united, Day they give ;
But different fates ere night fulfill :
How many by his warmth will live !
How many will her coldness kill !

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

WIND AND RAIN.

RATTLE the window, Winds !
Rain, drip on the panes !
There are tears and sighs in our hearts and eyes,
And a weary weight on our brains.



The gray sea heaves and heaves,
On the dreary flats of sand ;
And the blasted limb of the churchyard yew,
It shakes like a ghostly hand !

The dead are engulfed beneath it,
Sunk in the grassy waves ;
But we have more dead in our hearts to-day
Than the Earth in all her graves !

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

THE BELFRY PIGEON.

ON the cross-leam under the Old South bell
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
In summer and winter that bird is there,
Out and in with the morning air.
I love to see him track the street,
With his wary eye and active feet ;
And I often watch him as he springs,
Circling the steeple with easy wings,
Till across the dial his shade has passed,
And the belfry edge is gained at last.
'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat ;
There's a human look in its swelling breast,
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest ;
And I often stop with the fear I feel,
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.
Whatever is rung on that noisy bell,
Chime of the hour, or funeral knell,
The dove in the belfry must hear it well.
When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon,
When the sexton cheerly rings for noon,
When the clock strikes clear at morning light,
When the child is waked with "nine at night,"
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer,

Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirred,
Or, rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast ;
Then drops again, with filmed eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

Sweet bird ! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd' like thee !
With wings to fly to wood and glen,
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men ;
And daily, with unwilling feet,
I tread, like thee, the crowded street ;
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,
Thou canst dismiss the world, and soar ;
Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,
Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast,
And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

I would that, in such wings of gold,
I could my weary heart upfold ;
I would I could look down unmoved,
(Unloving as I am unloved,) .
And while the world throngs on beneath,
Smooth down my cares and calmly breathe ;
And never sad with others' sadness,
And never glad with others' gladness,
Listen, unstirred, to knell or chime,
. And, lapped in quiet, bide my time.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

THE SHEPHERD'S SON.

THE gowan glitters on the sward,
The lavrock's in the sky,
And Colley on my plaid keeps ward,
 And time is passing by.
O no ! sad and slow !
I hear nae welcome sound ;
The shadow of our trysting bush,
 It wears sae slowly round.

My sheep-bell tinkles from the west,
My lambs are bleating near ;
But still the sound that I lo'e best
 Alack ! I canna hear.
O no ! sad and slow !
The shadow lingers still,
And like a lanely ghaist I stand,
 And croon upon the hill.

I hear below the water roar,
The mill with clacking din ;
And Lucky scolding frae her door,
 To bring the bairnies in.
O no ! sad and slow !
These are nae sounds for me ;
The shadow of our trysting bush,
 It creeps sae drearilie.

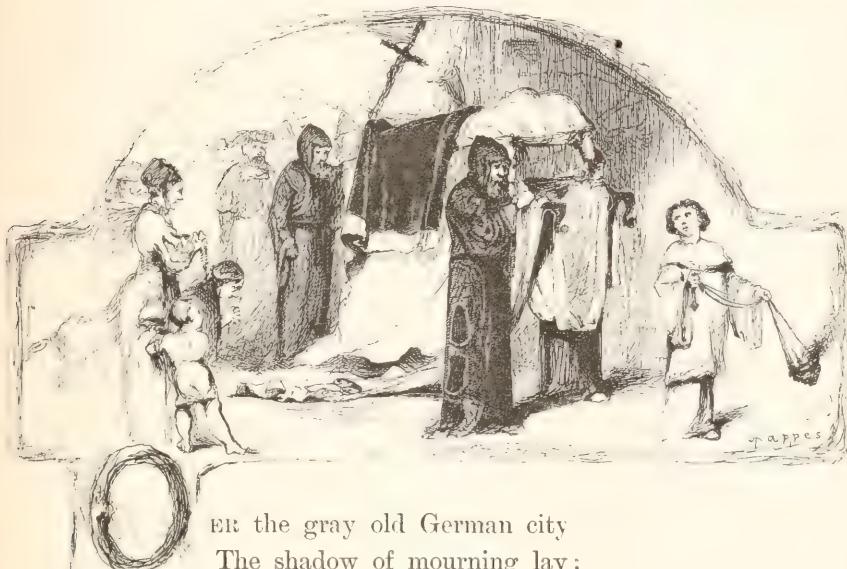
I coft yestreen frae chapman Tam
 A snood o' bonnie blue,
 And promised, when our trysting cam,
 To tie it round her brow.
 O no ! sad and slow !
 The time it winna pass ;
 The shadow of that weary thorn
 Is tethered on the grass.

O now I see her on the way !
 She's past the witches' knowe ;
 She's climbing up the brownie's brae :
 My heart is in a lowe !
 O no ! 'tis not so !
 'Tis glaumrie I hae seen ;
 The shadow of the hawthorn bush
 Will move nae mair till e'en.

My book of grace I'll try to read,
 Though conned wi' little skill ;
 When Colley barks I'll raise my head,
 And find her on the hill.
 O no ! sad and slow !
 The time will ne'er be gane ;
 The shadow of the trysting bush
 Is fixed like ony stane.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE COUNT'S LITTLE DAUGHTER: A LEGEND OF NUREMBERG.



ER the gray old German city
The shadow of mourning lay:
More tenderly kissed each mother
Her little child that day.

With a deeper prayer each father
Laid his hand on his first-born's head,
For in the castle above them
Lay the Count's little daughter, dead.

Slow moved the great procession
Down from the castle gate,
To where the black-draped cathedral
Blazed in funereal state.



And they laid the little child down,
 In her robes of satin and gold,
 To sleep with her dead forefathers
 In their stone crypt, dark and cold.

At midnight the Countess lay weeping
 'Neath her gorgeous canopy,
 She heard as it were a rustling,
 And little feet come nigh.

She started up in the darkness,
 And with yearning gesture wild,
 She cried, "Has the Father heard me?
 Art thou come back, my child?"

Then a child's voice, soft and pleading,
 Said, "I've come, O mother dear,

To ask if you will not lay me
Where the little birds I can hear ; —

“ The little birds in their singing,
And the children in their play,
Where the sun shines bright on the flowers
All the long summer day.



“ In the stone crypt I lie weeping,
For I cannot choose but fear,
Such wailings dire and ceaseless
From the dead Counts' coffins I hear.

“ And I'm all alone, dear mother,
No other child is there ;
O, lay me to sleep in the sunshine,
Where all is bright and fair.

“ I cannot stay, dear mother,
 I must back to the moans and gloom ;
 I must lie there, fearing and weeping,
 Till you take me from my tomb.”

Then the Countess roused her husband,
 Saying, “ Give to me, I pray,
 That spot of green by the deep fosse,
 Where the children love to play.

“ For our little one lies weeping,
 And asks, for Christ’s dear sake,
 That ’mid song and sunlight and flowers,
 Near children her grave we make.”



And the green spot was made a garden,
 Blessed by priests with book and prayer,

And they laid the Count's little daughter
'Mid flowers and sunlight there.

And to the children forever
The Count and Countess gave
As a play-ground, that smiling garden
By their little daughter's grave.

MRS. R. S. GREENOUGH.



THE HOLLY TREE

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see
 The holly tree?
The eye that contemplates it well, perceives
 Its glossy leaves
Ordered by an intelligence so wise
 As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen ;
No grazing cattle, through their prickly round,
Can reach to wound ;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize ;
And in this wisdom of the holly tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith, perchance, to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad, perchance, I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude
Reserved and rude ;
Gentle at home, amid my friends, I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I, day by day,
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,

The holly leaves their fadeless hues display
 Less bright than they ;
 But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
 What then so cheerful as the holly tree ?

So, serious should my youth appear among
 The thoughtless throng ;
 So would I seem, amid the young and gay,
 More grave than they ;
 That in my age as cheerful I might be
 As the green winter of the holly tree.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.



THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE DEATH OF HER FAWN

THE wanton troopers, riding by,
 Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
 Ungentle men ! they cannot thrive,
 Who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst, alive,
 Them any harm ; alas ! nor could
 Thy death yet do them any good.
 I'm sure I never wished them ill,
 Nor do I for all this, nor will :
 But, if my simple prayers may yet
 Prevail with Heaven to forget
 Thy murder, I will join my tears,
 Rather than fail. But O, my fears !

It cannot die so. Heaven's King
Keeps register of everything,
And nothing may we use in vain ;
Even beasts must be with justice slain,
Else men are made their deodands.
Though they should wash their guilty hands
In this warm life-blood, which doth part
From thine and wound me to the heart,
Yet could they not be clean — their stain
Is dyed in such a purple grain ;
There is not such another in
The world, to offer for their sin.

Inconstant Sylvio ! when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning (I remember well),
Tied in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me. Nay, and I know
What he said then — I'm sure I do :
Said he, “ Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his dear ! ”
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled :
This waxed tame, while he grew wild ;
And, quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth, I set myself to play
My solitary time away,
With this ; and, very well content,
Could so mine idle life have spent.
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot and heart, and did invite
Me to its game. It seemed to bless

Itself in me; how could I less
Than love it? O! I cannot be
Unkind t' a beast that loveth me.

Had it lived long, I do not know
Whether it, too, might have done so
As Sylvio did—his gifts might be
Perhaps as false, or more, than he.
For I am sure, for aught that I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better than
The love of false and cruel man.

With sweetest milk, and sugar, first
I it at mine own fingers nursed;
And as it grew, so every day
It waxed more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath! and oft
I blushed to see its foot more soft
And white—shall I say than my hand?
Nay! any lady's of the land.

It is a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas, on those little silver feet!
With what a pretty, skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race!
And when 't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay;
For it was nimbler, much, than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness;

And all the spring-time of the year
It only loved to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should be,
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes;
For in the flaxen lilies' shade
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips ev'n seemed to bleed;
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.

O help! O help! I see it faint,
And die as calmly as a saint!
See, how it weeps! the tears do come,
Sad, slowly, dropping like a gum.
So weeps the wounded balsam; so
The holy frankincense doth flow;
The brotherless Heliades
Melt in such amber tears as these.

I in a golden vial will
Keep these two crystal tears, and fill
It, till it do o'erflow, with mine;
Then place it in Diana's shrine.

Now my sweet fawn is vanished to

Whither the swans and turtles go,
In fair Elysium to endure,
With milk-white lambs, and ermins pure.
O do not run too fast! for I
Will but bespeak thy grave—and die.

First, my unhappy statue shall
Be cut in marble; and withal,
Let it be weeping too. But there
Th' engraver sure his art may spare;
For I so truly thee bemoan,
That I shall weep, though I be stone,
Until my tears, still drooping, wear
My breast, themselves engraving there.
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,
Of purest alabaster made;
For I would have thine image be
White as I can, though not as thee.

ANDREW MARVELL.

COME, BEAUTEOUS DAY.

COME, beauteous day!
Never did lover on his bridal night
So chide thine over-eager light
As I thy long delay!

Bring me my rest!
Never can these sweet thorny roses,
Whereon my heart reposes,
Be into slumber pressed.

Day be my night!
Night hath no stars to rival with her eyes ;
Night hath no peace like his who lies
Upon her bosom white.

She did transmute
This my poor cell into a paradise,
Gorgeous with blossoming lips and dewy eyes,
And all her beauty's fruit.

Nor dull nor gray
Seems to mine eyes this dim and wintry morn :
Ne'er did the rosy banners of the dawn
Herald a brighter day.

Come, beauteous day !
Come ! or in sunny light, or storm eclipse !
Bring me the immortal Summer of her lips ;
Then have thy way !

WILLIAM HENRY HURLBUT.

THE NIGHT PIECE.

Her eyes the glow-worme lend thee,
The shooting-starres attend thee;

And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-th'-Wispe mislight thee,
Nor snake nor slow-worme bite thee;

But on thy way,
Not making stay,
Since ghost there's none t' affright thee.

Let not the darke thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?

The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers cleare, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soule I'll pour into thee!

ROBERT HERRICK.

Shenandoah birthright! On the western East
The sunazy purple morn with its sense of calm,
And sends its sighs through stony mountain seas;
Along the mazy, with the whitening hill,
To base the sighing spirit of the pines,
And marks in distance woods their stilly life.

J. G. Holland

A WINTER SCENE.

WINTER's wild birthnight! In the fretful East
The uneasy wind moans with its sense of cold,
And sends its sighs through gloomy mountain gorge,
Along the valley, up the whitening hill,
To tease the sighing spirits of the pines,
And waste in dismal woods their chilly life.
The sky is dark, and on the huddled leaves—
The restless, rustling leaves—sifts down its sleet,
Till the sharp crystals pin them to the earth,
And they grow still beneath the rising storm.
The roofless bullock hugs the sheltering stack,
With cringing head and closely gathered feet,
And waits with dumb endurance for the morn.
Deep in a gusty cavern of the barn
The witless calf stands blatant at his chain;
While the brute mother, pent within her stall,
With the wild stress of instinct goes distraught,
And frets her horns, and bellows through the night.
The stream runs black; and the far waterfall,
That sang so sweetly through the summer eves,
And swelled and swayed to Zephyr's softest breath,
Leaps with a sullen roar the dark abyss,
And howls its hoarse responses to the wind.
The mill is still. The distant factory,
That swarmed yestreen with many fingered life,
And bridged the river with a hundred bars

Of molten light, is dark, and lifts its bulk
With dim, uncertain angles, to the sky.

Yet lower bows the storm. The leafless trees
Lash their lithe limbs, and with majestic voice,
Call to each other through the deepening gloom ;
And slender trunks that lean on burly boughs
Shriek with the sharp abrasion ; and the oak,
Mellowed in fibre by unnumbered frosts,
Yields to the shoulder of the Titan Blast,
Forsakes its poise, and, with a booming crash,
Sweeps a fierce passage to the smothered rocks,
And lies a shattered ruin.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

UP IN THE TREE.

WHAT would you see, if I took you up
My little aerie-stair ?
You would see the sky like a clear blue cup
Turned upside down in the air.

What would you do, up my aerie-stair,
In my little nest on the tree ?
My child with cries would trouble the air,
To get what she could but see.

What would you get in the top of the tree,
For all your crying and grief?
Not a star would you clutch of all you see—
You could only gather a leaf.

But when you had lost your greedy grief,
Content to see from afar,
You would find in your hand a withering leaf,
In your heart a shining star.

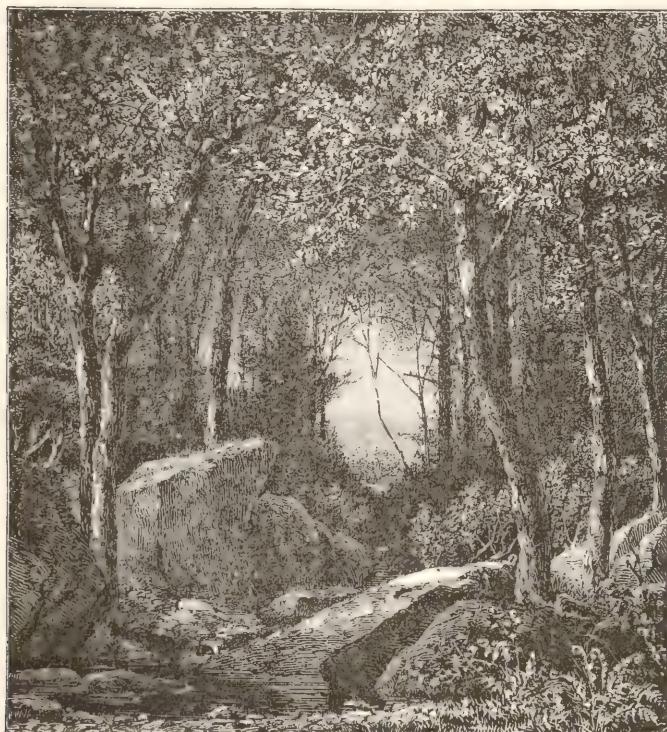
GEORGE MACDONALD.

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

DAY-STARS! that ope your eyes with morn to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle
As a libation!

Ye matin worshippers! who bending lowly*
Before the uprisen sun — God's lidless eye —
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high!

Ye bright mosaics ! that with storied beauty
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate :
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create !



'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned :

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply—
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky.

There—as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or, stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God—

Your voiceless lips, O Flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral Apostles! that in dewy splendor
“Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,”
O may I deeply learn, and ne’er surrender,
Your lore sublime!

“Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
Arrayed,” the lilies cry, “in robes like ours:
How vain your grandeur! Ah, how transitory
Are human flowers!”

In the sweet-scented pictures, Heavenly Artist,
With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, Flowers! though made for pleasure;
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
And second birth.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of Thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

HORACE SMITH.

SONG TO MAY.

MAY! queen of blossoms,
And fulfilling flowers,
With what pretty music
Shall we charm the hours?
Wilt thou have pipe and reed,
Blown in the open mead?
Or to the lute give heed,
In the green bowers?

Thou hast no need of us,
Or pipe or wire,
That hast the golden bee
Ripened with fire;
And many thousand more
Songsters, that thee adore,
Filling earth's grassy floor
With new desire.

Thou hast thy mighty herds,
Tame, and free livers;
Doubt not, thy music too
In the deep rivers;
And the whole plumpy flight,
Warbling the day and night:
Up at the gates of light,
See, the lark quivers!

When with the jacinth
 Coy fountains are tressed,
 And for the mournful bird
 Greenwoods are dressed,
 That did for Tereus pine,
 Then shall our songs be thine,
 To whom our hearts incline :
 May, be thou blessed !

LORD THURLOW

THE RHODORA.

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
 I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
 Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
 To please the desert and the sluggish brook :
 The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
 Made the black waters with their beauty gay ;
 Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
 And court the flower that cheapens his array.
 Rhodora ! if the sages ask thee why
 This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky,
 Dear, tell them that if eyes were made for seeing,
 Then beauty is its own excuse for being.
 Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose !
 I never thought to ask, I never knew ;
 But in my simple ignorance suppose
 The selfsame Power that brought me there, brought you.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE FAIRIES.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a hunting,
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home:
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

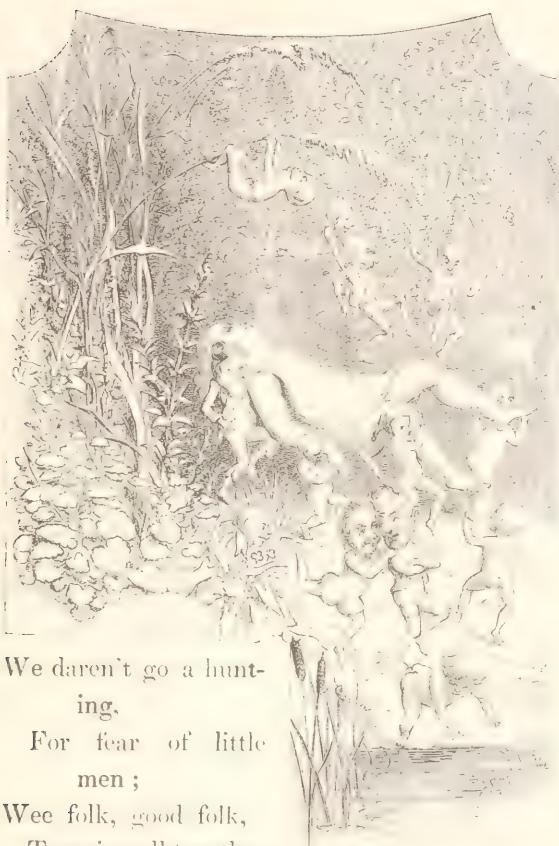
High on the hill-top
The old king sits;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses,

On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses ;
Or going up with music,
On cold, starry nights,
To sup with the queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long ;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow ;
They thought that she was fast asleep
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there ;
Is any man so daring
To dig one up in spite,
He shall find the thornies set
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,



We daren't go a hunt-
ing,
For fear of little
men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's
feather!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

SUMMER DAYS.

IN Summer, when the days were long,
We walked together in the wood :
Our heart was light, our step was strong ;
Sweet flutterings were there in our blood,
In Summer, when the days were long.

We strayed from morn till evening came ;
We gathered flowers, and wove us crowns ;
We walked 'mid poppies red as flame,
Or sat upon the yellow downs,
And always wished our life the same.

In Summer, when the days were long,
We leaped the hedgerow, crossed the brook ;
And still her voice flowed forth in song,
Or else she read some graceful book,
In Summer, when the days were long.

And then we sat beneath the trees,
With shadows lessening in the noon ;
And, in the sunlight and the breeze,
We feasted, many a gorgeous June,
While larks were singing o'er the leas.

In Summer, when the days were long,
On dainty chicken, snow-white bread,
We feasted, with no grace but song.
We plucked wild strawberries, ripe and red,
In Summer, when the days were long.

We loved, and yet we knew it not ;
For loving seemed like breathing then.
We found a heaven in every spot,
Saw angels too, in all good men,
And dreamed of God in grove and grot.

In Summer, when the days are long,
Alone I wander, muse alone.
I see her not ; but that old song
Under the fragrant wind is blown,
In Summer, when the days are long.

Alone I wander in the wood ;
But one fair spirit hears my sighs ;
And half I see, so glad and good,
The honest daylight of her eyes,
That charmed me under earlier skies.

In Summer, when the days are long,
I love her as we loved of old ;
My heart is light, my step is strong ;
For love brings back those hours of gold,
In Summer, when the days are long.

ANONYMOUS.

THE VIOLET.

O FAINT, delicious, spring-time violet,
Thine odor, like a key,
Turns noiselessly in memory's wards, to let
A thought of sorrow free !

The breath of distant fields upon my brow
Blows through that open door
The sound of wind-borne bells, more sweet and low
And sadder than of yore.

It comes afar, from that beloved place,
And that beloved hour,
When life hung ripening in love's golden grace,
Like grapes above a bower.

A spring goes singing through its reedy grass ;
The lark sings o'er my head,
Drowned in the sky— O pass, ye visions, pass !
I would that I were dead !

Why hast thou opened that forbidden door
From which I ever flee ?
O vanished Joy ! O Love, that art no more,
Let my vexed spirit be !

O violet ! thine odor through my brain
Hath searched, and stung to grief
This sunny day, as if a curse did stain
Thy velvet leaf.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL.

LOVE in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet ;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet ;
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast ;
My kisses are his daily feast ;
And yet he robs me of my rest :
Ah, wanton ! will ye ?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string ;
He music plays if so I sing ;
He lends me every lovely thing ;
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting :
Whist, wanton ! still ye !

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you when you long to play,
For your offence ;

I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in,
 I'll make you fast it for your sin,
 I'll count your power not worth a pin :
 Alas ! what hereby shall I win
 If he gainsay me ?

What if I beat the wanton boy,

With many a rod ?

He will repay me with annoy,
 Because a god.

Then sit thou safely on my knee,
 And let thy bower my bosom be :
 Lurk in mine eyes — I like of thee.
 O Cupid, so thou pity me,
 Spare not, but play thee !

THOMAS LODGE.

SWEET day ! so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and sky !
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose ! whose hue, angry and brave,
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
 Thy root is ever in its grave ;
 And thou must die.

Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
Thy music shows ye have your closes ;
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives ;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT.



SONG.

THE world goes up, and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain ;
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again,
Sweet wife,
No, never come over again.

For woman is warm though man be cold,
And the night will hallow the day ;
Till the heart which at even was weary and old
Can rise in the morning gay,
Sweet wife,
To its work in the morning gay.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.



THE BROOK-SIDE.

I WANDERED by the brook-side,
I wandered by the mill ;
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still ;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird ;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree ;
I watched the long, long shade,
And, as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid ;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word ;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not — no, he came not ;
The night came on alone :
The little stars sat, one by one,
Each on his golden throne ;
The evening wind passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred ;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind ;
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind :
It drew me nearer — nearer,
We did not speak one word ;
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

LITTLE BELL.

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

"THE ANCIENT MARINER."

PIPED the blackbird on the beechwood spray:
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?" quoth he;
"What's your name? O stop, and straight unfold,
Pretty maid with showery curls of gold."
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,
Tossed aside her gleaming golden locks:
"Bonny bird," quoth she,
"Sing me your best song before I go."
"Here's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped; you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird,
Full of quips and wiles:
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow;
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while the bonny bird did pour
His full heart out freely, o'er and o'er,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow
From the blue, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped, and through the glade;
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,
And from out the tree
Swung, and leaped, and frolicked, void of fear;
While bold blackbird piped that all might hear,
“Little Bell!” piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern;
“Squirrel, squirrel, to your task return:
Bring me nuts!” quoth she.
Up, away the frisky squirrel hies,
Golden wood-lights glancing in his eyes,
And adown the tree,
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap dropped one by one;
Hark, how blackbird pipes to see the fun!
“Happy Bell!” pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade:
“Squirrel, squirrel, if you're not afraid,
Come and share with me!”
Down came squirrel, eager for his fare,
Down came bonny blackbird I declare.

Little Bell gave each his honest share :
Ah, the merry three !

And the while these frolic playmates twain
Piped, and frisked from bough to bough again,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow,
From the blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day,
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to pray.
Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,
In blue heaven, an angel shape serene
Paused awhile to hear.

"What good child is this," the angel said,
"That, with happy heart, beside her bed
Prays so lovingly ?"
Low and soft, O very low and soft !
Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft:
"Bell, dear Bell !" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair
Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care ;
Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm.—Love deep and kind
Shall watch around, and leave good gifts behind,
Little Bell, for thee." THOMAS WESTWOOD.

THE FADED VIOLET.

WHAT thought is folded in thy leaves !

What tender thought, what speechless pain !

I hold thy faded lips to mine,

Thou darling of the April rain.

I hold thy faded lips to mine,

Though scent and azure tint are fled ;

O ! dry, mute lips, ye are the type

Of something in me cold and dead :

Of something wilted like thy leaves,

Of fragrance flown, of beauty dim ;

Yet, for the love of those white hands

That found thee by a river's brim,

That found thee when thy sunny mouth

Was purpled, as with drinking wine :

For love of her who love forgot,

I hold thy faded lips to mine.

That thou shouldst live when I am dead.

When hate is dead for me, and wrong,

For this I use my subtlest art,

For this I fold thee in my song.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

The Mountain Harts see.

By scattered rocks, and turbid waters shifting
By sunward glade and dell,
To furnish men thy calm, sweet face uplifting
Hence stayed them to tell
The delicate things, that cannot find expression,
For never speech too fair,
That, like thy petals, trembles in blossoms on
These scatters on the air.

Poet Hart

THE MOUNTAIN HEART'S-EASE.

By scattered rocks and turbid waters shifting,

 By furrowed glade and dell,
To feverish men thy calm, sweet face uplifting,

 Thou stayest them to tell

The delicate thought, that cannot find expression,

 For ruder speech too fair,

That, like thy petals, trembles in possession,
 And scatters on the air.

The miner pauses in his rugged labor,

 And, leaning on his spade,

Laughingly calls unto his comrade neighbor
 To see thy charms displayed ;

But in his eyes a mist unwonted rises,

 And for a moment clear,

Some sweet home-face his foolish thought surprises
 And passes in a tear,—

Some boyish vision of his Eastern village,

 Of uneventful toil,

Where golden harvests followed quiet tillage
 Above a peaceful soil :

One moment only, for the pick, uplifting,
 Through root and fibre cleaves,
 And on the muddy current slowly drifting
 Are swept thy bruisèd leaves.

And yet, O poet, in thy homely fashion
 Thy work thou dost fulfill,
 For on the turbid current of his passion
 Thy face is shining still !

BRET HARTE

TIDES.

O PATIENT shore, that canst not go to meet
 Thy love, the restless sea, how comfortest
 Thou all thy loneliness ? Art thou at rest,
 When, loosing his strong arms from round thy feet,
 He turns away ? Know'st thou, however sweet
 That other shore may be, that to thy breast
 He must return ? And when in sterner test
 He folds thee to a heart which does not beat,
 Wraps thee in ice, and gives no smile, no kiss,
 To break long wintry days, still dost thou miss
 Naught from thy trust ? Still wait, unfaltering,
 The higher, warmer waves which leap in spring ?
 O sweet, wise shore, to be so satisfied !
 O heart, learn from the shore ! Love has a tide !

H. H.

TO PRIMROSES,

FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
 Speak grief in you,
 Who were but born
 Just as the modest morn
 Teemed her refreshing dew?
Alas! ye have not known that shower
 That mars a flower,
 Nor felt the unkind
 Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worn with years,
 Or warped, as we,
 Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings! and make known
 The reason why
 Ye droop and weep.
 Is it for want of sleep,
 Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
 The violet?
 Or brought a kiss
 From that sweetheart to this?

No, no ; this sorrow, shown
 By your tears shed,
 Would have this lecture read :
 “ That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
 Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth.”

ROBERT HERRICK.

TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast ?
 Your date is not so past
 But you may stay yet here awhile,
 To blush and gently smile,
 And go at last.

What ! were ye born to be
 An hour or half’s delight,
 And so to bid good-night ?
 ’Tis pity Nature brought ye forth,
 Merely to show your worth,
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
 May read how soon things have
 Their end, though ne’er so brave ;
 And, after they have shown their pride
 Like you awhile, they glide
 Into the grave.

ROBERT HERRICK

TO DAFFODILS

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attained his noon:
 Stay, stay
 Until the hastening day
 Has run
 But to the even-song;
And, having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you;
 We have as short a Spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you, or anything.
 We die,
 As your hours do; and dry
 Away
 Like to the Summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew:
 Ne'er to be found again.

ROBERT HERRICK

THE MOTHER NIGHTINGALE

I HAVE seen a nightingale
On a sprig of thyme bewail,
Seeing the dear nest, which was
Hers alone, borne off, alas !
By a laborer ; I heard,
For this outrage, the poor bird
Say a thousand mournful things
To the wind, which, on its wings,
From her to the guardian of the sky,
Bore her melancholy cry,
Bore her tender tears. She spake
As if her fond heart would break :
One while, in a sad, sweet note,
Gurgled from her straining throat,
She enforced her piteous tale,
Mournful prayer, and plaintive wail ;
One while, with the shrill dispute
Quite outwared, she was mute ;
Then afresh, for her dear brood,
Her harmonious shrieks renewed.
Now she winged it round and round ;
Now she skimmed along the ground ;
Now from bough to bough, in haste,
The delighted robber chased,
And, alighting in his path,
Seemed to say, 'twixt grief and wrath,

“ Give me back, fierce rustic rude,
Give me back my pretty brood ! ”
And I saw the rustic still
Answered “ That, I never will ! ”

ESTEVAN MANUEL DE VILLEGAS. (Spanish.)

Translation of THOMAS ROSCOE.

TO THE HUMBLEBEE.

BURLY, dozing, humblebee !
Where thou art elme for me ;
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek,
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone !
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines ;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Flower-bells,
Honeyed cells :
These the tents
Which he frequents.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion !
Sailor of the atmosphere,
Swimmer through the waves of air.

Bustly, dozing, humble bee,
Where thou art is home for me.
Let them fail for Port-Royal,
Far-off hearts through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated woodland!.

C.W. Brewster

Voyager of light and noon,
Epicurean of June !
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within ear-shot of thy hum ;
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And, with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And, infusing subtile heats,
Turns the sod to violets :
Thou, in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot Midsummer's petted crone !
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone,
Telling of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers ;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound,
In Indian wildernesses found ;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and birdlike pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen : .

But violets, and bilberry-bells,
Maple sap, and daffodels,
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue.
And brier-roses, dwelt among :
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher !
Seeing only what is fair,
 Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
 Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep ;
Woe and want thou canst oversleep ;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw
I dearly like the west;
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best.
There wildwoods grow, and rivers row,
And monie a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air;
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

ROBERT BURNS.



EVENING.

SWEET after showers, ambrosial air,
That rollest from the gorgeous gloom
Of evening, over brake and bloom
And meadow, slowly breathing bare

The round of space, and rapt below,
Through all the dewy-tasselled wood,

And shadowing down the horned flood
In ripples — fan my brows, and blow

The fever from my cheek, and sigh
The full new life that feeds thy breath
Throughout my frame, till Doubt and Death,
Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

From belt to belt of crimson seas,
On leagues of odor streaming far,
To where, in yonder orient star,
A hundred spirits whisper “ Peace ! ”

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE RIVER-GOD TO AMORET.

I AM this fountain’s god. Below,
My waters to a river grow ;
And ’twixt two banks, with osiers set,
That only prosper in the wet,
Through the meadows do they glide,
Wheeling still on every side —
Sometimes winding round about,
To find the evenest channel out.
And if thou wilt go with me,
Leaving mortal company,
In the cool streams shalt thou lie,
Free from harm as well as I.
I will give thee, for thy food,
No fish that useth in the mud ;

But trout and pike, that love to swim
Where the gravel, from the brim,
Through the pure streams may be seen.
Orient pearls, fit for a queen,
Will I give, thy love to win,
And a shell to keep them in.
Not a fish in all my brook
That shall disobey thy look,
But, when thou wilt, come sliding by,
And from thy white hand take a fly.
And to make thee understand
How I can my waves command,
They shall bubble whilst I sing,
Sweeter than the silver string:

THE SONG.

Do not fear to put thy feet
Naked in the river, sweet.
Think not leech, or newt, or toad,
Will bite thy foot when thou hast trod.
Nor let the water rising high,
As thou wad'st in, make thee cry
And sob; but ever live with me,
And not a wave shall trouble thee!

JOHN FLETCHER

SUMMER LONGINGS.

Las mañanas floridas
De Abril y Mayo.

CALDERON.

Ah ! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May,
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,

With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.

Ah ! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

Ah ! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May,
Longing to escape from study,
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the Summer's day.

Ah ! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah ! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May,
Sighing for their sure returning,
When the summer beams are burning :

Hopes and flowers that, dead or dying,
All the Winter lay.

Ah ! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah ! my heart is pained with throbbing.
Throbbing for the May,

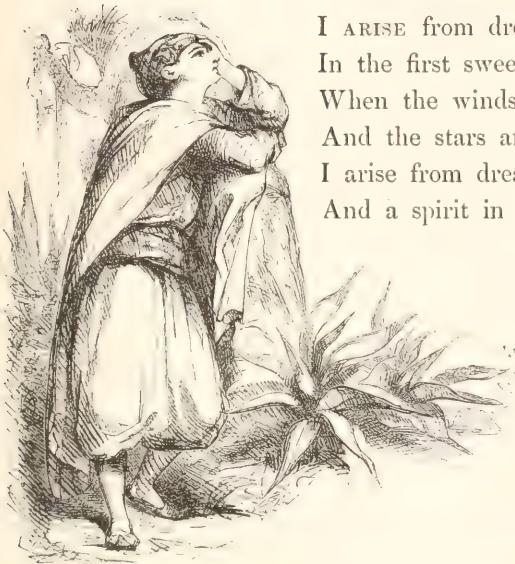
Throbbing for the seaside billows,
Or the water-wooing willows,
Where, in laughing and in sobbing,
Glide the streams away.

Ah ! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May !

Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings :
Summer comes— yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away.
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May !

DENIS FLORENCE McCARTHY.



LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows
how?
To thy chamber window,
sweet!

The wandering airs, they
faint
On the dark and silent
stream;

The champak odors fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart:
As I must on thine,
Beloved as thou art!

O, lift me from the grass !
I die, I faint, I fail !
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas !
My heart beats loud and fast ;
O, press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last !

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

HOW THICK THE WILD FLOWERS BLOW ABOUT OUR FEET.

How thick the wild flowers blow about our feet,
Thick strewn and unregarded, which, if rare,
We should take note how beautiful they were,
How delicately wrought, of scent how sweet.
And mercies which on every path we meet,
Whose very commonness should win more praise,
Do for that very cause less wonder raise,
And these with slighter thankfulness we greet.
Yet pause *thou* often on life's onward way,
Pause time enough to stoop and gather one
Of these sweet wild flowers — time enough to tell
Its beauty over ; this when thou hast done,
And marked it duly, then if thou canst lay
It wet with thankful tears into thy bosom, well !

RICHARD CHEVENIX TRENCH.

THE CAVE OF SILVER.

SEEK me the cave of silver!
Find me the cave of silver!
Rifle the cave of silver!
Said Ilda to Brok the Bold :
So you may kiss me often ;
So you may ring my finger ;
So you may bind my true love
In the round hoop of gold !

Bring me no skins of foxes ;
Bring me no beds of eider ;
Boast not your fifty vessels
That fish in the Northern Sea ;
For I would lie upon velvet,
And sail in a golden galley,
And naught but the cave of silver
Will win my true love for thee.

Reena, the witch, hath told me
That up in the wild Lapp mountains
There lieth a cave of silver,
Down deep in a valley-side ;
So gather your lance and rifle,
And speed to the purple pastures,
And seek ye the cave of silver
As you seek me for your bride.

I go, said Brok, right proudly ;
I go to the purple pastures,
To seek for the cave of silver
 So long as my life shall hold ;
But when the keen Lapp arrows
Are fleshed in the heart that loves you,
I'll leave my curse on the woman
 Who slaughtered Brok the Bold !

But Ilda laughed as she shifted
The Bergen scarf on her shoulder,
And pointed her small white finger
 Right up at the mountain gate ;
And cried, O my gallant sailor,
You're brave enough to the fishes,
But the Lappish arrow is keener
 Than the back of the thorny skate !

The Summer passed, and the Winter
Came down from the icy ocean :
But back from the cave of silver
 Returned not Brok the Bold ;
And Ilda waited and waited,
And sat at the door till sunset,
And gazed at the wild Lapp mountains
 That blackened the skies of gold.

I want not a cave of silver !
I care for no cave of silver !
O far beyond caves of silver
 I pine for my Brok the Bold !

O ye strong Norwegian gallants,
 Go seek for my lovely lover,
 And bring him to ring my finger
 With the round hoop of gold !

But the brave Norwegian gallants
 They laughed at the cruel maiden,
 And left her sitting in sorrow,
 Till her heart and her face grew old ;
 While she moaned of the cave of silver,
 And moaned of the wild Lapp mountains,
 And him who never will ring her
 With the round hoop of gold !

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

A DIRGE

CALL for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
 Since o'er shady groves they hover,
 And with leaves and flowers do cover
 The friendless bodies of unburied men.
 Call unto his funeral dole
 The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
 To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
 And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm ;
 But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
 For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

JOHN WEBSTER.

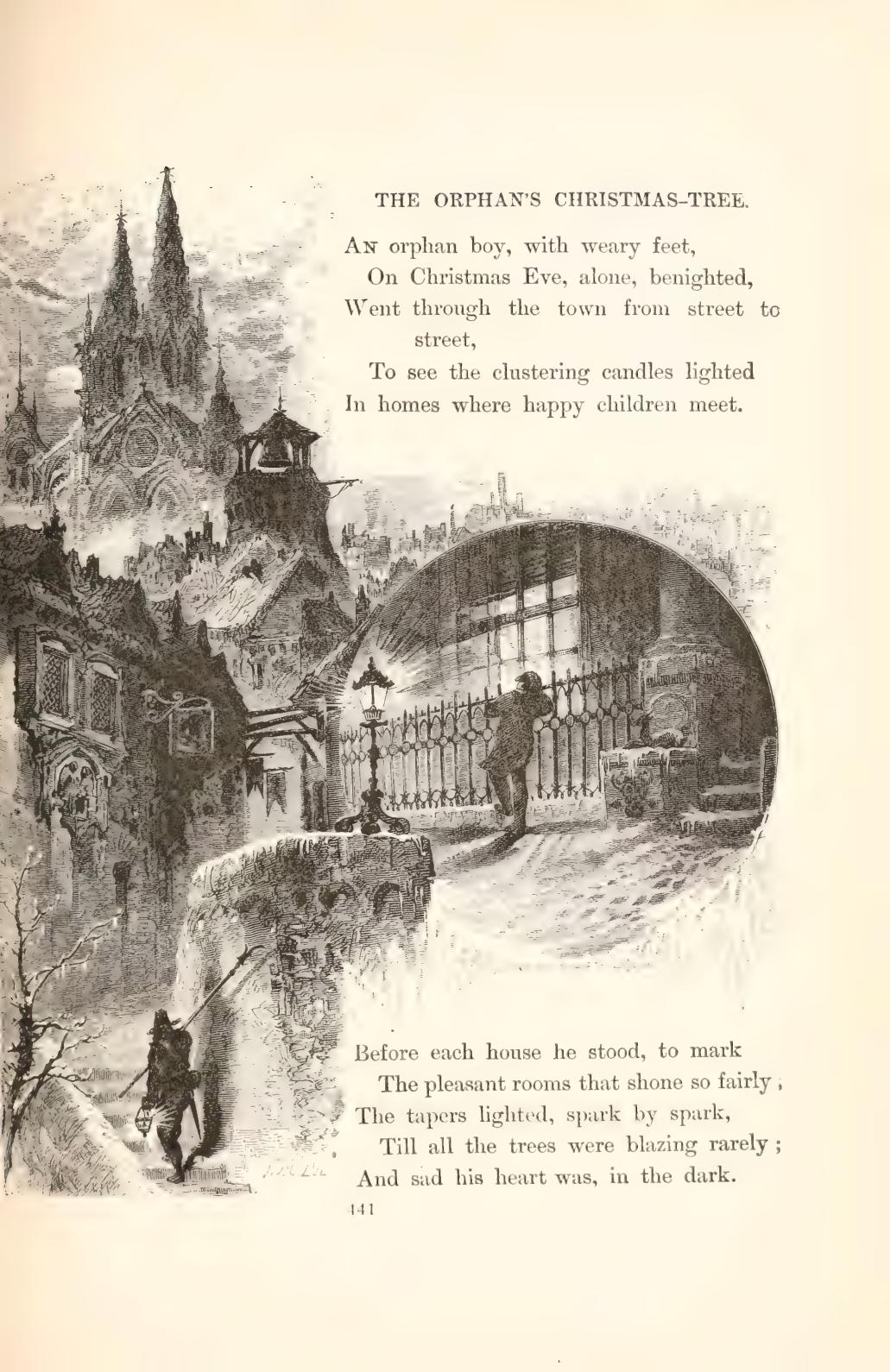
MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

My life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But, ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground — to die ;
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed.
As if she wept the waste to see.
But none shall weep a tear for me !

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray ;
Its hold is frail, its date is brief :
Restless — and soon to pass away ;
Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree.
But none shall breathe a sigh for me !

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand :
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand ;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea.
But none, alas ! shall mourn for me !

RICHARD HENRY WILDE



THE ORPHAN'S CHRISTMAS-TREE.

AN orphan boy, with weary feet,
On Christmas Eve, alone, benighted,
Went through the town from street to
street,
To see the clustering candles lighted
In homes where happy children meet.

Before each house he stood, to mark
The pleasant rooms that shone so fairly ;
The tapers lighted, spark by spark,
Till all the trees were blazing rarely ;
And sad his heart was, in the dark.



He wept; he clasped his hands and cried :

“ Ah, every child to-night rejoices ;
Their Christmas presents all divide,

Around their trees, with merry voices ;
But Christmas is to me denied.

“ Once with my sister, hand in hand,
At home, how did my tree delight me !
No other tapers shone so grand ;
But all forget me, none invite me,
Here, lonely, in the stranger’s land.

“ Will no one let me in, to share
The light,—to take some corner nigh it ?
In all these houses can’t they spare
A spot where I may sit in quiet—
A little seat among them there ?

“ Will no one let me in to-night ?
I will not beg for gift or token ;
I only ask to see the sight
And hear the thanks of others spoken,
And that will be my own delight.”

He knocked at every door and gate ;
He rapped at window-pane and shutter ;
But no one heard and bade him wait,
Or came, the “ Welcome in ! ” to utter :
Their ears were dull to outer fate.

Each father looked with eyes that smiled,
Upon *his* happy children only :
Their gifts the mother’s heart beguiled
To think of them : none saw the lonely
Forgotten boy, the orphan child.

“ O Christ-child, holy, kind, and dear !
I have no father and no mother,
Nor friend save thee, to give me cheer.
Be thou my help, there is none other,
Since all forget me, wandering here ! ”

The poor boy rubbed his hands so blue,
His little hands, the frost made chilly ;
His tattered clothes he closer drew
And crouched within a corner stilly,
And prayed, and knew not what to do.

Then, suddenly, there shone a light;
Along the street, approaching nearer
Another child, in garments white,
Spake as he came—and clearer, dearer,
His voice made music in the night:

“I am the Christ! have thou no fear!
I was a child in my probation,
And children unto me are near:
I hear and heed thy supplication,
Though all the rest forget thee here.

“My saving Word to all I bear,
And equally to each ’tis given;
I bring the promise of my care
Here, in the street, beneath the heaven,
As well as in the chambers there.

“And here, poor boy, thy Christmas-tree
Will I adorn, and so make glimmer
Through all this open space, for thee,
That those within shall twinkle dimmer,
For bright as thine they cannot be!”

The Christ-child with his shining hand
Then pointed up, and lo! the lustres
That sparkled there! He saw it stand,
A tree, o'erhung with starry clusters
On all its branches, wide and grand.

So far and yet so near! the night
Was blazing with the tapers' splendor:
What was the orphan boy's delight,
How beat his bosom warm and tender,
To see his Christmas-tree so bright!

It seemed to him a happy dream;
Then, from the starry branches bending,
The angels stooped, and through the gleam
They lifted him to peace unending,
They folded him in love supreme.

The orphan child is now at rest:
No father's care he needs, nor mother's,
Upon the Christ-child's holy breast.
All that is here bestowed on others
He there forgets, where all is best.

BAYARD TAYLOR, AFTER RUECKERT.



BESIDE THE SEA.

I.

THEY walked beside the Summer sea,
And watched the slowly dying sun ;
And "O," she said, " come back to me !
My love, my own, my only one !"
But while he kissed her fears away
The gentle waters kissed the shore,
And, sadly whispering, seemed to say
" He 'll come no more ! he 'll come no more ! "

II.

Alone beside the Autumn sea
She watched the sombre death of day ;
And "O," she said, " remember me !
And love me, darling, far away !"
A cold wind swept the watery gloom,
And, darkly whispering on the shore,
Sighed out the secret of his doom, —
" He 'll come no more ! he 'll come no more ! "

III.

In peace beside the Winter sea
A white grave glimmers in the moon ;
And waves are fresh, and clouds are free,
And shrill winds pipe a careless tune.
One sleeps beneath the dark blue wave,
And one upon the lonely shore ;
But joined in love, beyond the grave,
They part no more ! they part no more !

WILLIAM WINTER.



WHEN SPARROWS BUILD, AND THE LEAVES BREAK FORTH.

WHEN sparrows build, and the leaves break forth,
My old sorrow wakes and cries,

For I know there is dawn in the far, far north,
And a scarlet sun doth rise ;
Like a scarlet fleece the snow-field spreads,
And the icy founts run free ;
And the bergs begin to bow their heads,
And plunge and sail in the sea.

O, my lost love, and my own, own love,
And my love that loved me so !
Is there never a chink in the world above
Where they listen for words from below ?
Nay, I spoke once, and I grieved thee sore ;
I remember all that I said ;
And now thou wilt hear me no more—no more
Till the sea gives up her dead.

Thou didst set thy foot on the ship, and sail
To the ice-fields and the snow ;
Thou wert sad, for thy love did not avail,
And the end I could not know.
How could I tell I should love thee to-day,
Whom that day I held not dear ?
How could I know I should love thee away
When I did not love thee anear.

We shall walk no more through the sodden plain
With the faded bents o'erspread ;
We shall stand no more by the seething main
While the dark wrack drives o'erhead ;
We shall part no more in the wind and rain,
Where thy last farewell was said ;

But perhaps I shall meet thee and know thee again
When the sea gives up her dead.

JEAN INGELOW.

FULFILMENT.

WAKING in May, the peach-tree thought :
“ Idle and bare ! and weaving naught !
Here have I slept the winter through,
I, with my Master’s work to do ! ”

Started the buds. The blossoms came
Till all the branches were aflame.
She rocked the birds and wove the green.
A busy tree as ever was seen .

Busy and blithe. She drank the dew,
She caught the sunbeams gliding through ;
She drew her wealth from sky and soil,
And rustled gayly in her toil.

Now see the peach-tree’s drooping head,
With all her fruit a-blushing red.
Knowing her Master’s work is done,
She meekly resteth in the sun.

MARY ELIZABETH DODGE.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind!

Thou art not so unkind

As man's ingratitude;

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,

Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly.

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.

Then, heigh ho! the holly!

This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,

Thou dost not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot;

Though thou the waters warp,

Thy sting is not so sharp

As friend remembered not.

Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.

Then, heigh ho! the holly!

This life is most jolly.

SHAKESPEARE

THE ROSE.

Go, lovely rose !
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired ;
 Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die — that she
The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee :
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

EDMUND WALLER

A DEAD ROSE.

O ROSE! who dares to name thee?
No longer roseate now, nor soft, nor sweet;
But barren and hard, and dry as stubble-wheat:
Kept seven years in a drawer, thy titles shame thee.

The breeze that used to blow thee
Between the hedgerow thorns, and take away
An odor up the lane, to last all day,
If breathing now, unsweetened would forego thee.

The sun that used to smite thee,
And mix his glory in thy gorgeous urn,
Till beam appeared to bloom and flower to burn,
If shining now, with not a hue would light thee.

The dew that used to wet thee,
And, white first, grew incarnadined, because
It lay upon thee where the crimson was,
If dropping now, would darken where it met thee.

The fly that lit upon thee
To stretch the tendrils of its tiny feet
Along the leaf's pure edges after heat,
If lighting now, would coldly overrun thee.

The bee that once did suck thee,
And build thy perfumed ambers up his hive,
And swoon in thee for joy, till scarce alive,
If passing now, would blindly overlook thee.

The heart doth recognize thee,
Alone, alone ! The heart doth smell thee sweet,
Doth view thee fair, doth judge thee most complete,
Though seeing now these changes that disguise thee.

Yes, and the heart doth owe thee
More love, dead rose, than to such roses bold
As Julia wears at dances, smiling cold.
Lie still upon this heart, which breaks below thee !

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE TIGER.

TIGER, Tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Framed thy fearful symmetry ?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burned that fire within thine eyes ?

On what wings dared he aspire ?
What the hand dare seize the fire ?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart ?
When thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand formed thy dread feet ?

What the hammer, what the chain,
Knit thy strength and forged thy brain ?
What the anvil ? What dread grasp
Dare thy deadly terrors clasp ?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears.
Did He smile his work to see ?
Did He who made the lamb make thee ?

WILLIAM BLAKE.

MY RIVER.

RIVER ! my River, in the young sunshine !
Oh, clasp afresh in thine embrace
This longing, burning frame of mine,
And kiss my breast, and kiss my face !

So, there! — Ha, ha! — already in thine arms,
I feel thy love, I shout, I shiver!
But thou out-laughest loud a flouting song, proud River;
And now again my bosom warms.

The droplets of the golden sun-light glide
Over and off me, sparkling, as I swim
Hither and thither down thy mellow tide,
Or loll amid its crypts with outstretched limb.
I fling abroad mine arms, and lo! —
Thy wanton waves curl slyly round me;
But ere their loose chains have well bound me,
Again they burst away, and let me go.

O sun-loved River! wherefore dost thou hum,
Hum, hum.alway, thy strange, deep, mystic song
Unto the rocks and strands? — for they are dumb,
And answer nothing as thou flowest along.
Why singest so, all hours of night and day?
Ah, River! my best River! thou, I guess, art seeking
Some land where souls have still the gift of speaking
With Nature, in her own old, wondrous way.

Lo! highest heaven looms far below me here;
I see it in thy waters, as they roll:
So beautiful, so blue, so clear —
"T would seem, O River mine, to be thy very soul!
Oh! could I hence dive down to such a sky,
Might I but bathe my spirit in that glory,
So far out-shining all in ancient fairy story,
I would, indeed, have joy to die.

What, on cold earth, is deep as thou ? Is aught ?
Love is as deep, Love only is as deep.
Love lavisheth all; yet loseth, lacketh, naught.
Like thee, too, Love can neither pause nor sleep.
Roll on, thou loving River, then ! Lift up
Thy waves— those eyes, bright with a riotous laughing !
Thou makest me immortal. I am quaffing
The wine of rapture from no earthly cup.

At last thou bearest me, with soothing tone,
Back to thy bank of rosy flowers :
Thanks then, and fare thee well! — enjoy thy bliss alone ;
And through the year's melodious hours
Echo forever, from thy bosom broad,
All glorious tales that sun and moon be telling ;
And woo down to their soundless fountain-dwelling
The holy stars of God !

EDUARD MOERIKE (German).

Translation of JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.



SONG OF THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern ;
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges :
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow,
To join the brimming river ;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles ;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river ;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel :



And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river ;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots ;
I slide by hazel covers ;

I move the sweet forget-me-nots
 That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows.
 I make the netted sunbeam dance
 Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses ;
 I linger by my shingly bars ;
 I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow,
 To join the brimming river ;
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

ALFRED TENNYSON

THE CALL.

AWAKE thee, my lady-love,
 Wake thee and rise !
 The sun through the bower peeps
 Into thine eyes !

Behold how the early lark
 Springs from the corn !
 Hark, hark ! how the flower-bird
 Winds her wee horn !

The swallow's glad shriek is heard
All through the air;
The stock-dove is murmuring,
Loud as she dare.

Apollo's winged bugleman
Cannot contain,
But peals his loud trumpet-call
Once and again!

Then wake thee, my lady-love —
Bird of my bower!
The sweetest and sleepiest
Bird at this hour!

GEORGE DARLY

THE SEA.

THROUGH the night, through the night,
In the saddest unrest,
Wrapt in white, all in white,
With her babe on her breast,
Walks the mother so pale,
Staring out on the gale
Through the night!

Through the night, through the night,
Where the sea lifts the wreck,
Land in sight, close in sight !
On the surf-flooded deck
Stands the father so brave,
Driving on to his grave
Through the night !

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

MIDSUMMER.

THE Summer floats on even wing,
Nor sails more far, nor draws more near ;
Poised calm between the budding spring,
And sweet decadence of the year.

In shadowed fields the cattle stand,
The dreaming river scarcely flows,
The sky hangs cloudless o'er the land,
And nothing comes and nothing goes.

A pause of fullness set between
The sowing and the reaping time ;
What is to be and what has been
Joined each to each in perfect rhyme.

So comes high noon 'twixt morn and eve,
So comes full tide 'twixt ebb and flow,
Or midnight 'twixt the day we leave
And that new day to which we go.

Full, fruitful hours by growing won,
A restful space 'mid old and new;
When all there was to do is done,
And nothing yet there is to do.

No days like these so deeply blest,
That look nor backward nor before;
Their large fulfilment, ample rest,
Make life flow wider evermore.

LOUISA BUSHNELL.

DIRGE.

If thou wilt ease thine heart
Of love, and all its smart —
Then sleep, dear, sleep!
And not a sorrow
Hang any tear on your eyelashes.
Lie still and deep,
Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,
In eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart
Of love, and all its smart —
 Then die, dear, die !
'T is deeper, sweeter,
Than on a rose-bank to lie dreaming
 With folded eye ;
And then alone, amid the beaming
Of Love's stars, thou 'lt meet her
 In eastern sky.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

DRIFTING.

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay ;
 My winged boat,
 A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote :

 Round purple peaks
 It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
 Where high rocks throw,
 Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim ;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands
The gray smoke stands,
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles ;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The bay's deep breast at intervals.
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With Earth and Ocean reconciled ;

The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail :
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where Summer sings and never dies ;
O'erveiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gambolling with the gambolling kid ;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where Traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows ;
This happier one,
Its course is run —
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip !
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew !

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar !
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise !

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

THE MINSTREL'S SONG IN ELLA.

O, sing unto my roundelay !

O, drop the briny tear with me !

Dance no more at holiday :

Like a running river be !

My love is dead,

Gone to his death-bed,

All under the willow tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,

White his neck as the summer snow,

Ruddy his face as the morning light ;

Cold he lies in the grave below.

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note ;

Quick in dance as thought can be ;

Deft his tabor, cudgel stote.

O ! he lies by the willow tree.

Hark ! the raven flaps his wing,

In the briered dell below ;

Hark ! the death-owl loud doth sing

To the nightmares as they go.

See ! the white moon shines on high !
Whiter is my true-love's shroud—
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.

Here, upon my true-love's grave,
Shall the gairish flowers be laid ;
Nor one holy saint to save
All the sorrows of a maid.

With my hands I'll bind the briers,
Round his holy corse to gre ;
Elf and fairy, light your fires !
Here my body still shall be.

Come, with acorn-cup and thorn !
Drain my heart's blood all away !
Life and all its good I scorn :
Dance by night, or feast by day !
*My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.*

Water-witches, crowned with reytes,
Bear me to your deadly tide !
I die ! — I come ! My true-love waits !
Thus the damsel spake — and died.

THOMAS CHATTERTON

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail, at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried :



When fell the night, up-sprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied ;
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side :

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew, to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered;
Ah! neither blame, for neither willed
Or wist what first with dawn appeared.

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks!—in light, in darkness too!
Through winds and tides one compass guides:
To that and your own selves be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas!
Though ne'er that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again;
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought—
One purpose hold where'er they fare;
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
At last, at last, unite them there!

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

AS I LAY A-THINKING.

As I lay a-thinking, a-thinking, a-thinking,
Merry sang the Bird as she sat upon the spray :
There came a noble Knight
With his hauberk shining bright,
And his gallant heart was light —
Free and gay ;
And as I lay a-thinking, he rode upon his way.

As I lay a-thinking, a-thinking, a-thinking,
Sadly sang the Bird as she sat upon the tree :
There seemed a crimson plain,
Where a gallant Knight lay slain,
And a steed with broken rein
Ran free :
As I lay a-thinking — most pitiful to see !

As I lay a-thinking, a-thinking, a-thinking,
Merry sang the Bird as she sat upon the bough :
A lovely Maid came by,
And a gentle Youth was nigh,
And he breathed many a sigh,
And a vow ;
As I lay a-thinking — her heart was gladsome now.

As I lay a-thinking, a-thinking, a-thinking,
Sadly sang the Bird as she sat upon the thorn :
No more a Youth was there,
But a Maiden rent her hair,

And cried in sad despair,
“ That I was born ! ”

As I lay a-thinking, she perishèd forlorn.

As I lay a-thinking, a-thinking, a-thinking,
Sweetly sang the Bird as she sat upon the brier :
There came a lovely Child,
And his face was meek and mild,
Yet joyously he smiled
On his sire :

As I lay a-thinking — a cherub might admire.

But as I lay a-thinking, a-thinking, a-thinking,
And sadly sang the Bird as it perched upon a bier,
That joyous smile was gone,
And the face was white and wan,
As the down upon the swan
Doth appear :

As I lay a-thinking, oh ! bitter flow'd the tear !

As I lay a-thinking, the golden sun was sinking —
Oh ! merry sang that Bird as it glittered on her breast
With a thousand gorgeous dyes,
While, soaring to the skies,
'Mid the stars she seemed to rise,
As to her nest.

As I lay a-thinking, her meaning was exprest :
“ Follow, follow me away !
It boots not to delay : ”
('T was so she seemed to say)
“ Here is rest ! ”

TO CYNTHIA.

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,

Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,

State in wonted manner keep :
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright !

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose ;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close :
Bless us, then, with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright !

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal-shining quiver ;
Give unto thy flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever :
Thou that makest a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright !

BEN JONSON.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June !
Sole voice that 's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass !
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass !

O sweet and tiny cousins ! that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth !
Both have your sunshine ; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts ; and both seem given to earth
To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song —
In doors and out, summer and winter, mirth !

LEIGH HUNT.

PASSING THE ICEBERGS.

A FEARLESS shape of brave device,
Our vessel drives through mist and rain,
Between the floating fleets of ice —
The navies of the northern main.

These Arctic ventures, blindly hurled,
The proofs of Nature's olden force,
Like fragments of a crystal world
Long shattered from its skyey course —

These are the buccaneers that fright
The middle sea with dream of wrecks,
And freeze the south winds in their flight,
And chain the Gulf-stream to their decks.

At every dragon prow and helm
There stands some Viking, as of yore :
Grim heroes from the boreal realm
Where Odin rules the spectral shore.

And oft beneath the sun or moon
Their swift and eager falchions glow,
While, like a storm-vexed wind, the rune
Comes chafing through some beard of snow.

And when the far North flashes up,
With fires of mingled red and gold,
They know that many a blazing cup
Is brimming to the absent bold.

Up signal there ! and let us hail
Yon looming phantom as we pass !
Note all her fashion, hull and sail,
Within the compass of your glass.

See at her mast the steadfast glow
Of that one star of Odin's throne:
Up with our flag! and let us show
The constellation on our own.



And speak her well; for she might say,
If from her heart the words could thaw,
Great news from some far frozen bay,
Or the remotest Esquimaux:

Might tell of channels yet untold,
That sweep the pole from sea to sea;

Of lands which God designs to hold
A mighty people yet to be;

Of wonders which alone prevail
Where day and darkness dimly meet;
Of all which spreads the Arctic sail;
Of Franklin, and his venturous fleet:

How, haply, at some glorious goal
His anchor holds, his sails are furled;
That Fame has named him on her scroll
“Columbus of the Polar world!”

Or how his ploughing barks wedge on
Through splintering fields, with battered shares,
Lit only by that spectral dawn,
The mask that mocking darkness wears;

Or how, o'er embers black and few,
The last of shivered masts and spars,
He sits amid his frozen crew,
In council with the norland stars.

No answer—but the sullen flow
Of ocean, heaving long and vast;
An argosy of ice and snow,
The voiceless North swings proudly past.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ



THE ANGLER'S WISH.

I IN these flowery meads would be :
These crystal streams should solace me,
To whose harmonious, bubbling noise
I with my angle would rejoice —
 Sit here and see the turtle-dove
 Court his chaste mate to acts of love.

Or on that bank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty; please my mind

To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then washed off by April showers;

Here hear my Kenna sing a song,
There see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a leverock build her nest;
Here give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love:

Thus, free from lawsuits, and the noise
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice.

Or, with my Bryan and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford brook.
There sit by him, and eat my meat;
There see the sun both rise and set;
There bid good morning to next day;
There meditate my time away;
And angle on; and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

ISAAK WALTON

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still!
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.

Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love. O, if Jove's will
Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh ;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why.
Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

JOHN MILTON.

THE DWINA.

STONY-BROWED Dwina, thy face is as flint !
Horsemen and wagons cross, scoring no dint ;
Cossacks patrol thee, and leave thee as hard ;
Camp-fires but blacken and spot thee, like pard ,
For the dead, silent river lies rigid and still.

Down on thy sedgy banks picket the troops,
Scaring the night-wolves with carols and whoops ;
Crackle their fagots of drift-wood and hay,
And the steam of their pots fills the nostrils of day ;
But the dead, silent river lies rigid and still.

Sledges pass sliding from hamlet to town :
Lovers and comrades — and none doth he drown !

Harness-bells tinkling in musical glee,
For to none comes the sorrow that came unto me,
And the dead, silent river lies rigid and still.

I go to the Dwina ; I stand on his wave,
Where Ivan, my dead, has no grass on his grave :
Stronger than granite that coffins a Czar,
Solid as pavement, and polished as spar —
Where the dead, silent river lies rigid and still.

Stronger than granite ? Nay, falser than sand !
Fatal the clasp of thy slippery hand ;
Cruel as vulture's the clutch of thy claws ;
Who shall redeem from the merciless jaws
Of the dead, silent river, so rigid and still ?

Crisp lay the new-fallen snow on thy breast,
Trembled the white moon through haze in the west ;
Far in the thicket the wolf-cub was howling,
Down by the sheep-cotes the wolf-dam was prowling :
And the dead, silent river lay rigid and still :

When Ivan, my lover, my husband, my lord,
Lightly and cheerily stept on the sward —
Light with his hopes of the morrow and me,
That the reeds on the margin leaned after to see ;
But the dead, silent river lay rigid and still.

O'er the fresh snow-fall, the winter-long frost,
O'er the broad Dwina the forester crost :

Snares at his girdle, and gun at his side,
Game-bag weighed heavy with gifts for his bride ;
And the dead, silent river lay rigid and still —

Rigid and silent, and crouching for prey,
Crouching for him who went singing his way.
Oxen were stabled, and sheep were in fold ;
But Ivan was struggling in torrents ice-cold,
'Neath the dead, silent river, so rigid and still.

Home he came never. We searched by the ford :
Small was the fissure that swallowed my lord ;
Glassy ice-sheetings had frozen above —
A crystalline cover to seal up my love,
In the dead, silent river, so rigid and still.

Still by the Dwina my home-torches burn ;
Faithful I watch for my bridegroom's return.
When the moon sparkles on hoar-frost and tree,
I see my love crossing the Dwina to me,
O'er the dead, silent river, so rigid and still.

Always approaching, he never arrives.
Howls the northeast wind, the dusty snow drives.
Snapping like touchwood, I hear the ice crack —
And my lover is drowned in the water-hole black,
'Neath the dead, silent river, so rigid and still.

COUNTESS ORLOFF. (Russian.)

Translation of MRS. OGILVIE.



THE KNIGHT'S TOMB

WHERE is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?

Where may the grave of that good man be?
By the side of a spring on the breast of Helvellyn,

Under the twigs of a young birch-tree.
The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,
And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,
And whistled and roared in the winter alone,
Is gone, and the birch in its stead has grown.

The knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

KULNASATZ, MY REINDEER.

KULNASATZ, my reindeer,
We have a long journey to go;
The moors are vast,
And we must haste,
Our strength, I fear,
Will fail if we are slow:
And so
Our songs will, too.

Kaigè, the watery moor,
Is pleasant unto me,
Though long it be,
Since it doth to my mistress lead
Whom I adore;
The Kilwa moor
I ne'er again will tread.

Thoughts filled my mind,
Whilst I through Kaigè passed
Swift as the wind,

And my desire
 Winged with impatient fire :
 My reindeer, let us haste !

So shall we quickly end our pleasing pain —
 Behold my mistress there,
 With decent motion walking o'er the plain !
 Kulnasatz, my reindeer,
 Look yonder ! where
 She washes in the lake !
 See ! while she swims,
 The water from her purer limbs
 New clearness take !

ANONYMOUS. (Icelandic.)

Anonymous Translation.

THE ROSEBUD.

WHEN Nature tries her finest touch,
 Weaving her vernal wreath,
 Mark ye how close she veils her round,
 Not to be traced by sight or sound,
 Nor soiled by ruder breath ?

Who ever saw the earliest rose
 First open her sweet breast ?
 Or, when the summer sun goes down,
 The first soft star in evening's crown
 Light up her gleaming crest ?

Fondly we seek the dawning bloom
On features wan and fair :
The gazing eye no change can trace ;
But look away a little space —
Then turn — and lo ! 't is there.

But there 's a sweeter flower than e'er
Blushed on the rosy spray,
A brighter star, a richer bloom,
Than e'er did western heaven illume
At close of summer day.

'T is love, the last best gift of Heaven --
Love, gentle, holy, pure !
But, tenderer than a dove's soft eye,
The searching sun, the open sky,
She never could endure.

Even human love will shrink from sight,
Here in the coarse rude earth :
How then should rash intruding glance
Break in upon her sacred trance
Who boasts a heavenly birth ?

So still and secret is her growth,
Ever the truest heart,
Where deepest strikes her kindly root,
For hope or joy, for flower or fruit,
Least knows its happy part.

God only, and good angels, look
 Behind the blissful screen —
As when, triumphant o'er His woes,
The Son of God by moonlight rose,
 By all but heaven unseen :

As when the holy Maid beheld
 Her risen Son and Lord ;
Thought hath not colors half so fair
That she to paint that hour may dare,
 In silence best adored.

The gracious Dove, that brought from heaven
 The earnest of our bliss,
Of many a chosen witness telling,
On many a happy vision dwelling,
 Sings not a note of this.

So, truest image of the Christ,
 Old Israel's long-lost son,
What time, with sweet forgiving cheer,
He called his conscious brethren near,
 Would weep with them alone :

He could not trust his melting soul
 But in his Maker's sight ;
Then why should gentle hearts and true
Bare to the rude world's withering view
 Their treasure of delight.

No ! let the dainty rose awhile
 Her bashful fragrance hide ;
Rend not her silken veil too soon,
But leave her in her own soft noon
 To flourish and abide.

JOHN KEBLE.



SONG.

TRICKLES fast the April shower,
 Like the maiden's tear,
In the tardy trysting hour,
And no lover near.

Joy, be sure, will soon return ;
 See, out-shines the sun !
Earth will bloom and cheeks will burn
 With blushes many a one.

Heaven will bless the happy glow,
 So the heart be true :
Sun and shower may flit and flow,
Love will shine all through.

THE AFTERGLOW.

BOATMAN'S HYMN.

BARK, that bears me through foam and squall,
You in the storm are my castle-wall !
Though the sea should redden from bottom to top,
From tiller to mast she takes no drop.

*On the tide top, the tide top —
Wherry aroon, my land and store !
On the tide top, the tide top,
She is the boat can sail galore !*

She dresses herself, and goes gliding on,
Like a dame in her robes of the Indian lawn ;
For God has blessed her, gunnel and wale —
And O ! if you saw her stretch out to the gale,

*On the tide top, the tide top —
Wherry aroon, my land and store !
On the tide top, the tide top,
She is the boat can sail galore !*

Whillan ahoy !— Old heart of stone,
Stooping so black o'er the beach alone,
Answer me well : on the bursting brine
Saw you ever a bark like mine,

*On the tide top, the tide top ?
Wherry aroon, my land and store !
On the tide top, the tide top,
She is the boat can sail galore !*

SAYS Whillan, Since first I was made of stone,
I have looked abroad o'er the beach alone;
But, till to-day, on the bursting brine,
Saw I never a bark like thine !

*On the tide top, the tide top—
Wherry aroon, my land and store !
On the tide top, the tide top,
She is the boat can sail galore !*



God of the air ! the seamen shout,
When they see us tossing the brine about,

Give us the shelter of strand or rock,
Or through and through us she goes with a shock!

On the tide top, the tide top —

Wherry aroon, my land and store!

On the tide top, the tide top,

She is the boat can sail galore!

ANONYMOUS. (Irish.)

Translation of SAMUEL FERGUSON.



UP-HILL.

DOES the road wind up-hill all the way?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day?

From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place ? .

A roof for when the slow dark hours begin ?

May not the darkness hide it from my face ?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night ?

Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call when just in sight ?

They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak ?

Of labor you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek ?

Yea, beds for all who come.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



IF ALL WERE RAIN AND NEVER SUN.

If all were rain and never sun

No bow could span the hill ;

If all were sun and never rain,

There'd be no rainbow still.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



WAKE, LADY !

Up ! quit thy bower ! late wears the hour,
Long have the rooks cawed round the tower ;
O'er flower and tree loud hums the bee,
And the wild kid sports merrily.
The sun is bright, the sky is clear :
Wake, lady, wake ! and hasten here.

Up ! maiden fair, and bind thy hair,
And rouse thee in the breezy air !

The lulling stream that soothed thy dream
Is dancing in the sunny beam.
Waste not these hours, so fresh, so gay :
Leave thy soft couch, and haste away !

Up ! Time will tell the morning bell
Its service-sound has chimèd well ;
The aged crone keeps house alone,
The reapers to the fields are gone.
Lose not these hours, so cool, so gay :
Lo ! while thou sleep'st they haste away !

JOANNA BAILEY.

THE MERRY LARK WAS UP AND SINGING.

THE merry, merry lark was up and singing,
And the hare was out and feeding on the lea,
And the merry, merry bells below were ringing,
When my child's laugh rang through me.
Now the hare is snared, and dead beside the snow-yard.
And the lark beside the dreary winter sea,
And my baby in his cradle in the churchyard
Waiteth there until the bells bring me.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus
That sailed the wintry sea ;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm :
His pipe was in his mouth ;
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke — now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish main :
“ I pray thee, put into yonder port ;
For I fear a hurricane.

“ Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see ! ”
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe.
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east ;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength ;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed :
Then leaped her cable's length.

“ Come hither, come hither ! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so ;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow.”

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

“ O father, I hear the church-bells ring !
O say what may it be ? ”
“ 'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast ! ”
And he steered for the open sea.

“ O father, I hear the sound of guns !
O say what may it be ? ”
“ Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea ! ”

“ O father, I see a gleaming light !
O say what may it be ? ”
But the father answered never a word :
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed,
That saved she might be ;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept,
Towards the reef of Norman’s Woe.

And ever, the fitful gusts between,
A sound came from the land ;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows :
She drifted a dreary wreck ;
And a whooping billow swept the crew,
Like icicles, from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool ;
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

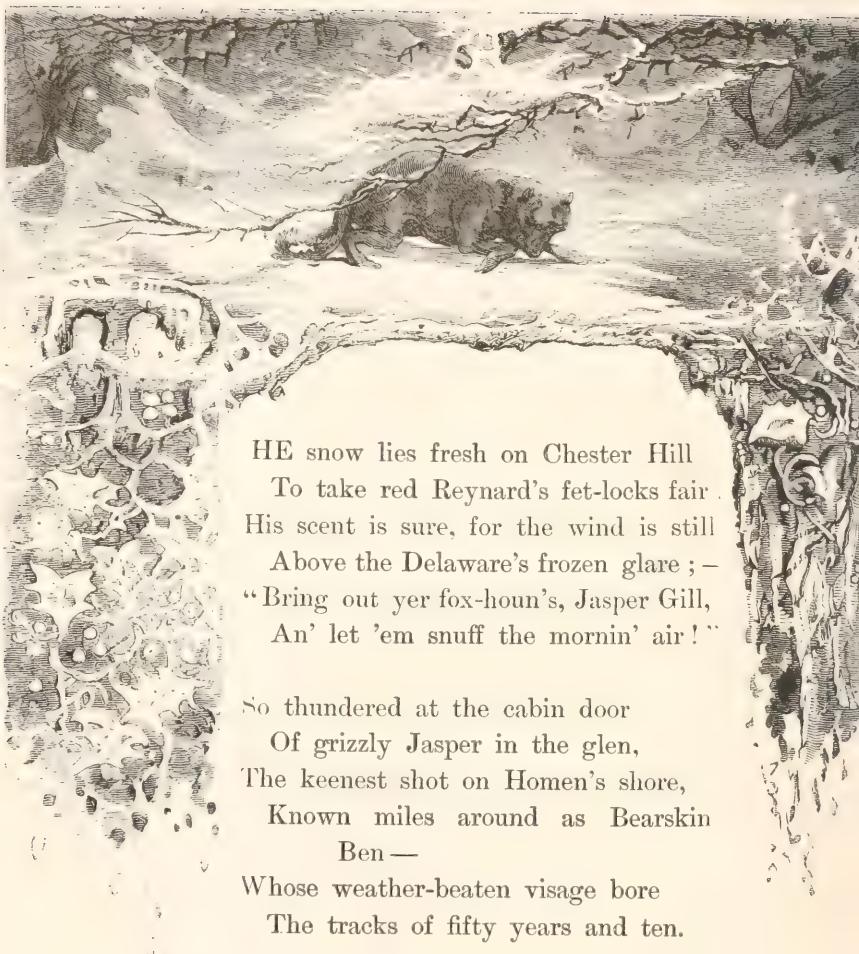
Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board ;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank :
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow.
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



HE snow lies fresh on Chester Hill
To take red Reynard's fet-locks fair.
His scent is sure, for the wind is still
Above the Delaware's frozen glare ; —
“ Bring out yer fox-houn's, Jasper Gill,
An' let 'em snuff the mornin' air ! ”

So thundered at the cabin door
Of grizzly Jasper in the glen,
The keenest shot on Homen's shore,
Known miles around as Bearskin
Ben —
Whose weather-beaten visage bore
The tracks of fifty years and ten.

“ Untie the brave old houn' whose voice
Bays mellower than a meetin' bell ;
Loose silk-ear'd Fan for me, my choice
'Mong all the dogs in Beaver Dell ; —

They're a pair to make the heart rejoice
An' bound like a buck when hunted well!"

Gray Jasper hears his comrade call,
And, whistling to his eager pack,
Down snatches from the cabin-wall
His rifle, hung on stag-horn rack ;
Bids wife farewell till twilight-fall,
And strides away on the red-fox track.

O'er mountain-crest, 'cross lowland vale,
Where Hero hotly leads the chase,
These bluff old woodsmen press the trail,
Close Indian-file, with tireless pace—
Till, hark! the fox-hound's deep-toned hail
Proclaims the game on the home-stretch race.

Athwart the brow of Chester Hill
Scared Reynard, like a blazing sun,
Flies on before his foes until,
O'erleaping rock and ice-bound run,
He draws the aim of Jasper Gill
Along the barrel of his gun.

The ledges ring to the rifle's crack!
The fatal bullet whistles past!
A loud "halloo" comes echoing back
To Bearskin Ben, on the rising blast :
A crimson stream bedyes the track ;—
And Reynard strikes his flag at last!



“ Call in the dogs ! ” cries Jasper Gill ;
 “ The sport is done, the chase is o’er ; —
 I’ve gi’n yon thievin’ skulk a pill !
 He’ll rob my poultry-yard no more.
 Come, Ben, let’s beat to the cabin sill,
 Where the old wife waits us at the door.”

Beside a roaring hickory blaze,
 With laugh and joke and rustic cheer,
 These glib-tongued cronies sound the praise
 Of dog and gun in Molly’s ear,
 Till the old dame’s needle almost plays
 A tune through her good man’s hunting-gear.

G. H. BARNES.

THE LOVER TO THE GLOW-WORMS.

YE living lamps, by whose dear light
The nightingale does sit so late,
And, studying all the summer night,
Her matchless songs does meditate !

Ye country comets, that portend
No war, nor prince's funeral —
Shining unto no other end
Than to presage the grass's fall !

Ye glow-worms, whose officious flame
To wandering mowers shows the way,
That in the night have lost their aim
And after foolish fires do stray !

Your courteous lights in vain you waste,
Since Juliana here is come ;
For she my mind hath so displaced,
That I shall never find my home.

ANDREW MARVELL.

THE WEE GREEN NEUK.

O THE wee green neuk, the sly green neuk,
The wee sly neuk for me !
Whare the wheat is wavin' bright and brown,
And the wind is fresh and free :

Whare I weave wild weeds, and out o' reeds
 Kerve whissles as I lay,
 And a douce low voice is murmurin' by,
 Through the lee-lang simmer day !

And whare a' things luik as though they lo'ed
 To languish in the sun,
 And that if they feed the fire they dree
 They wadna ae pang were gone ;
 Whare the lift aboon is still as death,
 And bright as life can be ;
 While the douce low voice says Na, na, na !
 But ye mauna luik sae at me !

Whare the lang rank bent is saft and cule,
 And freshenin' till the feet ;
 And the spot is sly, and the spinnie high,
 Whare my luve and I mak seat ;
 And I tease her till she rins, and then
 I catch her roun' the tree,
 While the poppies shak' their heids and blush :
 Let 'em blush till they drap, for me !

*O the wee green neuk, the sly green neuk,
 The wee sly neuk for me !
 Whare the wheat is wavin' bright and brown,
 And the wind is fresh and free !*

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

God does not send us strange flowers every year.
When the spring winds blow over the pleasant place,
The same dear flowers lift up their sunny faces.
The winter is here.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

A VIOLET.

GOD does not send us strange flowers every year.
When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places,
The same dear things lift up the same fair faces.

The violet is here.

It all comes back: the odor, grace, and hue ;
Each sweet relation of its life repeated :
No blank is left, no looking-for is cheated ;
It is the thing we knew.

So after the death-winter it must be.
God will not put strange signs in the heavenly places :
The old love shall look out from the old faces.
Veilchen ! I shall have thee !

ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY

THE SONGSTER.

A MIDSUMMER CAROL.

I.

WITHIN our summer hermitage
I have an aviary,—
'Tis but a little, rustic cage,
That holds a golden-winged Canary :
A bird with no companion of his kind.

But when the warm south wind

Blows, from rathe meadows, over
The honey-scented clover,
I hang him in the porch, that he may hear
The voices of the bobolink and thrush,
The robin's joyous gush,
The bluebird's warble, and the tunes of all
Glad matin songsters in the fields anear.
Then, as the blithe responses vary,
And rise anew, and fall,
In every hush
He answers them again,
With his own wild, reliant strain,
As if he breathed the air of sweet Canary.

II.

Bird, bird of the golden wing,
Thou lithe, melodious thing !
Where hast thy music found ?
What fantasies of vale and vine,
Of glades where orchids intertwine,
Of palm-trees, garlanded and crowned,
And forests flooded deep with sound —
What high imagining
Hath made this carol thine ?
By what instinct art thou bound
To all rare harmonies that be
In those green islands of the sea,
Where thy radiant, wildwood kin
Their madrigals at morn begin,

Above the rainbow and the roar
Of the long billow from the Afric shore ?
Asking other guerdon
None, than Heaven's light,
Holding thy crested head aright,
Thy melody's sweet burden
Thou dost proudly utter,
With many an ecstatic flutter
And ruffle of thy tawny throat
For each delicious note.
— Art thou a waif from Paradise,
In some fine moment wrought
By an artist of the skies,
Thou winged, cherubic Thought ?

Bird of the amber beak,
Bird of the golden wing !
Thy dower is thy carolling ;
Thou hast not far to seek
Thy bread, nor needest wine
To make thine utterance divine ;
Thou art canopied and clothed
And unto Song betrothed !
In thy lone aërial cage
Thou hast thine ancient heritage ;
There is no task-work on thee laid
But to rehearse the ditties thou hast made ;
Thou hast a lordly store,
And, though thou scatterest them free,
Art richer than before,
Holding in fee
The glad domain of minstrelsy.

III.

Brave songster, bold Canary !
Thou art not of thy listeners wary,
Art not timorous, nor chary
 Of quaver, trill, and tone,
 Each perfect and thine own ;
But renewest, shrill or soft,
Thy greeting to the upper skies,
Chanting thy latest song aloft
With no tremor nor disguise.
Thine is a music that defies
 The envious rival near ;
 Thou hast no fear
Of the day's vogue, the scornful critic's sneer.

Would, O wisest bard, that now
I could cheerly sing as thou !
Would I might chant the thoughts which on me throng,
For the very joy of song !
 Here, on the written page,
I falter, yearning to impart
The vague and wandering murmur of my heart,
Haply a little to assuage
This human restlessness and pain,
 And half forget my chain :
Thou, unconscious of thy cage,
Showerest music everywhere ;
 Thou hast no care
But to pour out the largesse thou hast won
From the south wind and the sun :

There are no prison-bars
Betwixt thy tricksy spirit and the stars.

When from its delicate clay
Thy little life shall pass away,
 Thou wilt not meanly die,
Nor voiceless yield to silence and decay ;
 But triumph still in art
 And act thy minstrel-part,
 Lifting a last, long pæan
To the unventured empyrean.
 — So bid the world go by,
 And they who list to thee aright,
Seeing thee fold thy wings and fall, shall say :
“ The Songster perished of his own delight ! ”

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

SONG.

COME with the birds in the spring,
 Thou whose voice rivalleth theirs ;
Come with the flowers, and bring
 Sweet shame to their bloom unawares :

Come,— but O, how can I wait !
 Come through the snows of to-day !
Come, and the gray Earth elate
 Shall leap for thy sake into May !

HARRIET MC EWEN KIMBALL



THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan !
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes ;
With thy red lip, redder still

Kissed by strawberries on the hill ;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace !
From my heart I give thee joy :
I was once a barefoot boy.
Prince thou art—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride !
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye :
Outward sunshine, inward joy.
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy !

O ! for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools :
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl, and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood ;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well ;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung ;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine ;

Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans !
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks ;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy.
Blessings on the barefoot boy !

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for !
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees ;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade ;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone ;
Laughed the brook for my delight,
Through the day and through the night :
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall ;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides !
Still, as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too .

All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy !

O, for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude !
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent :
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold ;
While, for music, came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra ;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch ; pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy !

Cheerily, then, my little man !
Live and laugh as boyhood can ;
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-spearèd the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew ;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat ;
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison-cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,

Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil :
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground ;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



THE RAILWAY RIDE.

In their yachts on ocean gliding,
On their steeds Arabian riding,
Whirled o'er snows on tinkling sledges,
Men forget their woe and pain ;
What the pleasure then should fill them —
What the ecstasy should thrill them —
Borne with ponderous speed, and thunderous.
O'er the narrow iron plain.

Restless as a dream of vengeance,
Mark you there the iron engines
Blowing steam from snorting nostrils,
Moving each upon its track ;
Sighing, panting, anxious, eager,
Not with purpose mean or meagre,
But intense intent for motion,
For the liberty they lack.

Now one screams in triumph, for the
Engine-driver, grimed and swarthy,
Lays his hand upon the lever,

And the steed is loose once more ;
Off it moves, and fast and faster,
With no urging from the master,
Till the awed earth shakes in terror
At the rumbling and the roar.



Crossing long and thread-like bridges,
Spanning streams, and cleaving ridges,
Sweeping over broad green meadows,

That in starless darkness lay —
How the engine rocks and clatters,
Showers of fire around it scatters.

While its blazing eye outpeering
Looks for perils in the way.

To yon tunnel-drift careering,
In its brown mouth disappearing,
Past from sight and passed from hearing,
 Silence follows like a spell ;
Then a sudden sound-burst surges,
As the train from earth emerges
With a scream of exultation,
 With a wild and joyous yell.

With the chariot swift of Ares
Which a god to battle carries ?
What the steeds the rash boy handled
 Harnessed to the sun-god's wain ?
Those are mythic ; this is real ;
Born not of the past ideal,
But of craft and strength and purpose,
 Love of speed and thirst of gain.

O ! what wildness ! O ! what gladness !
O ! what joy akin to madness !
O ! what reckless feeling raises
 Us to-day beyond the stars !
What to us all human ant-hills,
Fame fools sigh for, land that man tills,
In the swinging and the clattering
 And the rattling of the cars ?

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH

YE MEANER BEAUTIES.

YE meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes,
More by your numbers than your light:
Ye common people of the skies !
What are you when the moon shall rise ?

Ye violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the Spring were all your own !
What are you when the rose is blown ?

Ye curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents ! — what's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise ?

So when my mistress shall be seen
In sweetness of her looks and mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a queen :
Tell me, if she was not designed
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind ?

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a thrush that sings loud — it has sung for three years :
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'T is a note of enchantment ! what ails her ? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees ;
Bright volumes of vapor through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views, in the midst of the dale
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail ;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks — and her heart is in heaven ! But they fade :
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade.
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colors have all passed away from her eyes.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

SONGS OF LIFE.



BUGLE SONG.

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story ;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Blow, bugle, blow ! set the wild echoes flying :
 Blow, bugle ! answer, echoes — dying, dying, dying !

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going !
 O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !

Blow ! let us hear the purple glens replying :
 Blow, bugle ! answer, echoes — dying, dying, dying !

O love, they die in yon rich sky ;
 They faint on hill or field or river !
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow forever and forever.

Blow, bugle, blow ! set the wild echoes flying ;
 And answer, echoes, answer ! — dying, dying, dying !

ALFRED TENNYSON.

SONG.

O ROSES for the flush of youth,
 And laurel for the perfect prime ;
 But pluck an ivy branch for me
 Grown old before my time.

O violets for the grave of youth,
 And bay for those dead in their prime ;
 Give me the withered leaves I chose
 Before in the old time.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE PIPER.

PIPING down the valleys wild,
 Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
 And he, laughing, said to me :

“ Pipe a song about a lamb.”
 So I piped with merry cheer.
“ Piper, pipe that song again.”
 So I piped ; he wept to hear.

“ Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe ;
 Sing thy songs of happy cheer.”
So I sang the same again,
 While he wept with joy to hear.

“ Piper, sit thee down and write,
 In a book, that all may read.”
So he vanished from my sight,
 And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen ;
 And I stained the water clear ;
And I wrote my happy songs
 Every child may joy to hear.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE AWAKENING OF ENDYMION.

Lone upon a mountain, the pine-trees wailing round him,
Lone upon a mountain the Grecian youth is laid;
Sleep, mystic sleep, for many a year has bound him,
Yet his beauty, like a statue's, pale and fair, is undecayed
When will he awaken?

When will he awaken? a loud voice hath been crying
Night after night—and the cry has been in vain;
Winds, woods, and waves found echoes for replying,
But the tones of the beloved one were never heard again.
When will he awaken?
Asked the midnight's silver queen.

Never mortal eye has looked upon his sleeping;
Parents, kindred, comrades, have mourned for him as dead;
By day the gathered clouds have had him in their keeping,
And at night the solemn shadows round his rest are shed.
When will he awaken?

Long has been the cry of faithful Love's imploring;
Long has Hope been watching with soft eyes fixed above.
When will the Fates, the life of life restoring,
Own themselves vanquished by much-enduring Love?
When will he awaken?
Asks the midnight's weary queen.

Beautiful the sleep that she has watched untiring,
Lighted up with visions from yonder radiant sky,
Full of an immortal's glorious inspiring,
Softened by the woman's meek and loving sigh.
When will he awaken ?

He has been dreaming of old heroic stories,
The Poet's passionate world has entered in his soul ;
He has grown conscious of life's ancestral glories,
When sages and when kings first upheld the mind's control.
When will he awaken ?
Asks the midnight's stately queen.

Lo, the appointed midnight ! the present hour is fated !
It is Endymion's planet that rises on the air ;
How long, how tenderly his goddess love has waited,
Waited with a love too mighty for despair !
Soon he will awaken.

Soft amid the pines is a sound as if of singing,
Tones that seem the lute's from the breathing flowers depart ;
Not a wind that wanders o'er Mount Latmos but is bringing
Music that is murmured from Nature's inmost heart.
Soon he will awaken
To his and midnight's queen.

Lovely is the green earth—she knows the hour is holy ;
Starry are the heavens, lit with eternal joy ;
Light like their own is dawning sweet and slowly
O'er the fair and sculptured forehead of that yet dreaming boy.
Soon he will awaken.

Red as the red rose toward the morning turning,
Warms the youth's lip to the watcher's near his own ;
While the dark eyes open—bright, intense, and burning
With a life more glorious than, ere they closed, was known.
Yes, he has awakened
For the midnight's happy queen !

What is this old history, but a lesson given,
How true love still conquers by the deep strength of truth ;
How all the impulses, whose native home is heaven,
Sanctify the visions of hope, and faith, and youth ?
'Tis for such they waken.

When every worldly thought is utterly forsaken,
Comes the starry midnight, felt by life's gifted few ;
Then will the spirit from its earthly sleep awaken
To a being more intense, more spiritual, and true.
So doth the soul awaken,
Like that youth to night's fair queen !

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON

THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

THERE's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot:
To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot;
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs;
And hark to the dirge which the mad driver sings:

Rattle his bones over the stones!

He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

O, where are the mourners? Alas! there are none:
He has left not a gap in the world, now he's gone—
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man;
To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can.

Rattle his bones over the stones!

He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

What a jolting, and creaking, and splashing, and din!
The whip, how it cracks! and the wheels, how they spin!
How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurled!
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world.

Rattle his bones over the stones!

He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some approach
To gentility, now that he's stretched in a coach.
He's taking a drive in his carriage at last;
But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast.

Rattle his bones over the stones!

He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

You bumpkins, who stare at your brother conveyed,
 Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid !
 And be joyful to think, when by death you're laid low
 You've a chance to the grave like a gemman to go.

Rattle his bones over the stones !

He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns !

But a truce to this strain ; for my soul it is sad,
 To think that a heart in humanity clad
 Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate end,
 And depart from the light without leaving a friend !

Bear soft his bones over the stones !

Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet owns.

THOMAS NOE

WINIFREDA.

AWAY ! let naught to love displeasing,
 My Winifreda, move your care ;
 Let naught delay the heavenly blessing,
 Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What though no grants of royal donors
 With pompous titles grace our blood ;
 We'll shine in more substantial honors,
 And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke;
And all the great ones, they shall wonder
How they respect such little folk.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess;
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung,
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue!

And when with envy, Time, transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

ANONYMOUS.



INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

I.

YOU know we French stormed Ratisbon.
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day :

With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind:
As if to balance the prone brow,
Oppressive with its mind.

II.

Just as perhaps he mused “ My plans,
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader, Lannes,
Waver at yonder wall,”
Out ’twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

III.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse’s mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect,
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through,)
You looked twice, ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

IV.

“ Well,” cried he, “ Emperor, by God’s grace
We’ve got you Ratisbon !
The Marshal’s in the market-place,
And you’ll be there anon,

To see your flag-bird flap his vans
 Where I, to heart's desire,
 Perched him ! ” The chief's eye flashed : his plans
 Soared up again like fire.

v.

The chief's eye flashed ; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother-eagle's eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes :
 “ You're wounded ! ” “ Nay,” his soldier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said :
 “ I'm killed, sire ! ” And, his chief beside,
 Smiling, the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.



DEADNESS IN THE COUNTRY.

OH, no, 'twas lifeless here, he said,
 To him the place seemed almost dead,
 Stone-dead, he said, but why so dead,
 On lands with chirping birds on wing,
 And rooks on high, with blackbirds nigh,
 And swallows wheeling round in ring,
 And fish to swim, where waters roam,
 By bridge and rock to fall in foam.

WILLIAM BARNES.

TOM BOWLING.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew ;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For Death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty :
His heart was kind and soft ;
Faithful below, he did his duty ;
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare ;
His friends were many and true-hearted ;
His Poll was kind and fair.
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah, many's the time and oft !
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doffed ;
For, though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

CHARLES DIBBIN.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

I.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms :
Alone, and palely loitering ?
The sedge has withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

II.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms !
So haggard and so woe-begone ?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest done.

III.

I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever dew ;
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

IV.

I met a lady in the mead,
Full beautiful, a fairy's child ;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

V.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

VI.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long;
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A fairy song.

VII.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew;
And sure in language strange she said,
“I love thee true.”

VIII.

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sighed full sore;
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.

IX.

And there she lulled me asleep;
And there I dreamed—Ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dreamed
On the cold hill-side.

X.

I saw pale kings and princes too,
 Pale warriors—death-pale were they all,
 They cried, “ La Belle Dame sans Merci
 Hath thee in thrall ! ”

XI.

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
 With horrid warning gaped wide ;
 And I awoke and found me here,
 On the cold hill-side.

XII.

And this is why I sojourn here,
 Alone and palely loitering,
 Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
 And no birds sing.

JOHN KEATS

THE STRING TOKEN.

“ IF I am gone on, you will find a small string”—
 Were her words—“ on this twig of the oak by the spring.”
 Oh ! gay are the new-leaved trees in the spring,
 Down under the height, where the skylark may sing ;
 And welcome in summer are tree-leaves that meet
 On wide-spreading limbs, for a screen from the heat ;
 And fair in the fall-tide may flutter the few
 Yellow leaves of the trees that the sky may shine through.
 But welcomed far than the leaves, is the string
 On the twig of the oak by the spring.

WILLIAM BARNES.



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHIS.

ONE more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death !

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care !
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair !

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing ;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing !

Touch her not scornfully !
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly ;
Not of the stains of her :
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful ;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family,
Wipe those poor lips of **hers**,
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses,
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home ?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas, for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
O, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed;
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged!

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Nor the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,
Over the brink of it!
Picture it — think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care!
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs, frigidly,
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity
Burning insanity
Into her rest !
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast !

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour !

THOMAS HOOD.



THE LAST LEAF.

I SAW him once before,
As he passed by the door ;
And again
The pavement-stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
 Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
 Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
 So forlorn ;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
 “ They are gone.”

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
 In their bloom ;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
 On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said,
(Poor old lady ! she is dead
 Long ago,)
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
 In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
 Like a staff ;

And a crook is in his back,
 And a melancholy crack
 In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
 For me to sit and grin
 At him here,
 But the old three-cornered hat.
 And the breeches—and all that.
 Are so queer !

And if I should live to be
 The last leaf upon the tree
 In the spring,
 Let them smile, as I do now,
 At the old forsaken bough
 Where I cling.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

WHEN Love, with unconfined wings,
 Hovers within my gates,
 And my divine Althea brings
 To whisper at my grates ;
 When I lie tangled in her hair
 And fettered to her eye,

The birds, that wanton in the air,
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound.
Our hearts with loyal flames ;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes, that tipple in the deep,
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnet, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make.
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

RICHARD LOVELACE

IT NEVER COMES AGAIN.

THERE are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain ;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign ;
Still, we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain :
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

YOUTH AND AGE.

VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding like a bee !
Both were mine ; Life went a-Maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young.

When I was young ! Ah, woful *When* !
Ah, for the change 'twixt Now and Then !
This breathing house, not built with hands,
This body, that does me grievous wrong,
O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands
How lightly then it flashed along !
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide.
Naught cared this body for wind or weather,
When Youth and I lived int' together.

Flowers are lovely ; Love is flower-like ;
Friendship is a sheltering tree ;
O the joys that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old !

Ere I was old ! Ah, woful *Ere !*
Which tells me Youth's no longer here.
O Youth ! For years so many and sweet
'Tis known that thou and I were one ;
I'll think it but a fond conceit ;
It cannot be that thou art gone !
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled,
And thou wert aye a masker bold.
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone ?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size ;
But springtide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes !
Life is but thought ; so think I will
That Youth and I are house-mates still.
Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve.
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,

When we are old :

That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking leave ;
Like some poor nigh-related guest
That may not rudely be dismissed,
Yet hath outstayed his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLE RIDGE.

THE LORELEI.

I KNOW not what it presages,
This heart with sadness fraught :
'Tis a tale of the olden ages,
That will not from my thought.

The air grows cool, and darkles ;
The Rhine flows calmly on ;
The mountain summit sparkles
In the light of the setting sun.

There sits, in soft reclining,
A maiden wondrous fair,
With golden raiment shining,
And combing her golden hair.

With a comb of gold she combs it ;
And combing, low singeth she
A song of a strange, sweet sadness.
A wonderful melody.

The sailor shudders, as o'er him
The strain comes floating by ;
He sees not the cliffs before him,
He only looks on high.

Ah ! round him the dark waves, flinging
Their arms, draw him slowly down ;
And this, with her wild, sweet singing,
The Lorelei has done.

HEINRICH HEINE. (German.)

Translation of CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH



WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

My coachman, in the moonlight there,
Looks through the side-light of the door ;
I hear him with his brethren swear,
As I could do,—but only more.

Flattening his nose against the pane,
He envies me my brilliant lot,
Breathes on his aching fists in vain,
And dooms me to a place more hot.

He sees me to the supper go,
A silken wonder by my side,
Bare arms, bare shoulders, and a row
Of flounces, for the door too wide.

He thinks how happy is my arm,
'Neath its white-gloved and jewelled load,
And wishes me some dreadful harm,
Hearing the merry corks explode.

Meanwhile I only curse the bore
Of hunting still the same old coon,
And envy him, outside the door,
In golden quiet of the moon.

The winter wind is not so cold
As the bright smiles he sees me win,
Nor the host's oldest wine so old
As our poor gabble — watery, thin.

I envy him the ungyved prance
By which his freezing feet he warms,
And drag my lady's-chains and dance,
The galley-slave of dreary forms.

O, could he have my share of din,
And I his quiet! — past a doubt
'Twould still be one man bored within,
And just another bored without.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



SIR PATRICK SPENS.

THE king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blue-red wine:
“O where will I get a skeely skipper,
To sail this new ship o’ mine?”

O up and spak an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee :
“ Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea.”

Our king has written a braid letter,
And sealed it wi' his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the sand.

“ To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem !
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame.”

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud, loud laughed he ;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blindit his e'e.

“ O ! wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out at this time o' the year,
To sail upon the sea ?

“ Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship maun sail the faem ;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we maun fetch her hame.”

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,
 Wi' a' the speed they may,
 They hae landed in Noroway
 Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
 In Noroway but twae,
 When that the lords o' Noroway
 Began aloud to say :

“ Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's gowd,
 And a' our queenis fee.”
 “ Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud !
 Fu' loud I hear ye lie !

“ For I hae brought as mickle white monie
 As gane my men and me ;
 And I hae brought a half-fou o' gude red gowd
 Out owre the sea wi' me.

“ Mak ready, mak ready, my merry men a' !
 Our gude ship sails the morn.”
 “ Now, ever alake ! my master dear ;
 I fear a deadly storm !

“ I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
 Wi' the auld moon in her arm ;
 And if we gang to sea, master,
 I fear we'll come to harm.”

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league, but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak and the topmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves cam owre the broken ship
Till a' her sides were torn.

“O where will I get a gude sailor
To tak my helm in hand,
Till I gae up to the tall topmast,
To see if I can spy land?”

“O here am I, a sailor gude,
To tak the helm in hand,
Till you gae up to the tall topmast;
But I fear ye'll ne'er spy land.”

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step, but barely ane,
When a boult flew out of our goodly ship,
And the saut sea it cam in.

“Gae fetch a web o’ the silken clraith,
Anither o’ the twine,
And wap them into our ship’s side,
And letna the sea come in.”

They fetched a web o' the silken claiith,
Anither o' the twine,
And they wapped them into that gude ship's side ;
But still the sea cam in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords,
To weet their milk-white hands !
But lang or a' the play was played
They wat their gowden bands.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heeled shoon !
But lang or a' the play was played,
They wat their hats aboon

And mony was the feather-bed
That floated on the faem ;
And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair cam hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake of their true loves ;
For them they'll see nae mair.

O lang, lang may the ladyes sit,
Wi' their fans in their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand !

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' their gowd kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves;
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half-owre, half-owre to Aberdour
'Tis fifty fathom deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

ANONYMOUS.

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have never
Been dead indeed—as we shall know forever.
Alas ! we think not what we daily see
About our hearths—angels, that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air:
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

LEIGH HUNT



THE MERRY CHASSEUR.

O, a gallant sans-peur
Is the merry chasseur,
With his fanfaron horn, and his rifle, ping-pang !
And his grand haversack
Of gold on his back :

His pistol, cric-crac !
And his sword, cling-clang !

O, to see him blithe and gay
From some hot and bloody day,
Come to dance the night away till the bugle blows “au rang !”
With a wheel and a whirl,
And a wheeling waltzing girl,
And his bow, “place aux dames !” and his oath, “feu et sang !”
And his hop and his fling,
Till his gold and silver ring
To the clatter and the clash of his sword, cling-clang !

But hark !
Through the dark
Up goes the well-known shout !
The drums beat the turn-out !
Cut short your courting, Monsieur l’Amant !
Saddle ! mount ! march ! trot !
Down comes the storm of shot !
The foe is at the charge ! En avant !
His jolly haversack
Of gold is on his back ;
Hear his pistol, cric-crac ! hear his rifle, ping-pang !

Vive l’Empereur !
And where’s the chasseur ?

He’s in
Among the din,
Steel to steel—cling-clang !

SYDNEY DOBELL.

bust fingers weary & worn
free eyelids heavy & red
a woman sits in wondrous rags
= flying like needle & thread -

latch, stalk, stalk
she howls, hunger, & drink,
and still will a voice of dolorous pitch,
howls like its true com'd read the Rich!
she say this song of the their!

W. H. Ward



THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread :
 Stitch, stitch, stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt :

And still with a voice of dolorous' pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work, work, work!
While the cock is crowing aloof;
And work, work, work!
Till the stars shine through the roof.
It's O! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!"

"Work, work, work,
Till the brain begins to swim!
Work, work, work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam;
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!"

"O men, with sisters dear!
O men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch, stitch, stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt!"

"But why do I talk of Death,
That phantom of grisly bone?"

I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own ;
It seems so like my own
Because of the fasts I keep ;
O God ! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap !

“ Work, work, work !
My labor never flags ;
And what are its wages ? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.
That shattered roof—and this naked floor,
A table—a broken chair ;
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there !

“ Work, work, work,
From weary chime to chime !
Work, work, work,
As prisoners work for crime !
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band ;
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

“ Work, work, work,
In the dull December light !
And work, work, work,
When the weather is warm and bright !
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,

As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the Spring.

“ O ! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet !
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal

“ O ! but for one short hour,
A respite however brief !
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief !
A little weeping would ease my heart ;
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread ! ”

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt ;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that its tone could reach the rich !
She sang this “ Song of the Shirt ! ”

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE,

AT BALAKLAVA.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death,
Rode the Six Hundred.

Into the valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred ;
For up came an order which
Some one had blundered.
“ Forward, the Light Brigade !
Take the guns ! ” Nolan said ;
Into the valley of Death,
Rode the Six Hundred.

“ Forward, the Light Brigade ! ”
No man was there dismayed,
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered :
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die ;
Into the valley of Death,
Rode the Six Hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
 Volleyed and thundered.

Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well :
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
 Rode the Six Hundred.



Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed all at once in air,

Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered.
Plunged in the battery smoke,
With many a desperate stroke
The Russian line they broke
Then they rode back — but not,
 Not the Six Hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
 Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
Those that had fought so well
Came from the jaws of Death.
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
 Left of Six Hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O! the wild charge they made!
 All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
 Noble Six Hundred!

ALFRED TENNYSON

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND

INTO the Silent Land !

Ah ! who shall lead us thither ?

Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand ;
Who leads us with a gentle hand

Thither, O thither !

Into the Silent Land ?

Into the Silent Land !

To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection, tender morning-visions
Of beauteous souls, the Future's pledge and band !
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms

Into the Silent Land !

O Land ! O Land !

For all the broken-hearted,
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand,
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,

Into the Silent Land !

JOHANN GAUDENZ VON SALIS. (German.)

Translation of HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE ONE GRAY HAIR.

THE wisest of the wise
Listen to pretty lies,
 And love to hear them told;
Doubt not that Solomon
Listened to many a one:
Some in his youth, and more when he grew old.

I never sat among
The choir of Wisdom's song.
 But pretty lies loved I
As much as any king:
When youth was on the wing,
And (must it then be told?) when youth had quite gone by.

Alas! and I have not
The pleasant hour forgot,
 When one pert lady said
“O Landor! I am quite
Bewildered with affright:
I see (sit quiet now!) a white hair on your head!”

Another, more benign,
Drew out that hair of mine,
 And in her own dark hair

Pretended she had found
That one, and twirled it round :
Fair as she was, she never was so fair.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die, because a woman's fair ?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are ?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be ?

Shall my foolish heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind ?
Or a well-disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature ?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove or pelican, .
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love ?
Or her well-deservings known
Make me quite forget mine own ?

Be she with that goodness blest
Which may merit name of best,
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind
Where they want of riches find
Think what with them they would do
That without them dare to woo;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair.
If she love me, this believe:
I will die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn, and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

GEORGE WITHER.



THE OLD CONTINENTALS.

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
While the grenadiers were lunging,

And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon-shot;
When the files
Of the Isles,

From the smoky night-encampment, bore the banner of the rampant

Unicorn;

And grummer, grummer, grummer, rolled the roll of the drummer,
Through the morn !

Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires ;
While the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly,
Blazed the fires ;
As the roar
On the shore,

Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded acres
Of the plain ;

And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black gunpowder,
Cracking amain !

Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red St. George's
Cannoneers ;
And the "villainous saltpetre"
Rang a fierce, discordant metre
Round our ears.
As the swift
Storm-drift,

With hot sweeping anger, came the horse-guards' clangor
On our flanks ;
Then higher, higher, higher, burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks !



Then the bareheaded Colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder-cloud ;
And his broadsword was swinging,

And his brazen throat was ringing,
Trumpet-loud.
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets reddened at the touch of the leaden
Rifle-breath ;
And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the iron six-pounder,
Hurling death !

GUY HUMPHREY McMaster



NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SAILOR.

I LOVE contemplating, apart
From all his homicidal glory,
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's story.

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne
Armed in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him, I know not how,
Unprisoned on the shore to roam ;
And aye was bent his longing brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds, to Britain half-way over,
With envy — *they* could reach the white.
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning — dreaming — doting,
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating;

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The livelong day laborious; lurking,
Until he launched a tiny boat,
By mighty working.

Heaven help us! 'twas a thing beyond
Description wretched; such a wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt-sea field,
It would have made the boldest shudder:
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled;
No sail — no rudder.

From neighboring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows;
And, thus equipped, he would have passed
The foaming billows.

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,
His little Argo sorely jeering;
'Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace and danger;
And, in his wonted attitude,
Addressed the stranger:

“Rash man, that wouldst yon channel pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned!
Thy heart with some sweet British lass
Must be impassioned.”

“I have no sweetheart,” said the lad;
“But, absent long from one another,
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother.”

“And so thou shalt,” Napoleon said:
“Ye’ve both my favor fairly won;
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son.”

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And, with a flag of truce, commanded
He should be shipped to England Old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift
To find a dinner, plain and hearty;
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Bonaparté.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.



THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

COME, see the Dolphin's anchor forged ! 'tis at a white heat now :
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased ; though, on the forge's
brow,

The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound,
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round ;
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare,
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass thare.
The windlass strains the tackle-chains — the black mould heaves below ;
And, red and deep, a hundred veins burst out at every throe.
It rises, roars, rends all outright — O, Vulcan ! what a glow !
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright — the high sun shines not so !
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery, fearful show !
The roof-ribs swarth, the cendent hearth, the ruddy lurid row
Of smiths, that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe !
As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster slow
Sinks on the anvil — all about, the faces fiery grow.
“ Hurrah ! ” they shout, “ leap out, leap out ! ” bang, bang ! the
sledges go ;
Hurrah ! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low ;
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow ;
The leathern mail rebounds the hail ; the rattling cinders strow
The ground around ; at every bound the sweltering fountains flow :
And, thick and loud, the swinking crowd at every stroke pant
“ ho ! ”
Leap out, leap out, my masters ! leap out, and lay on load !
Let's forge a goodly anchor — a bower thick and broad ;
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode ;
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road :
The low reef roaring on her lee ; the roll of ocean poured
From stem to stern, sea after sea ; the mainmast by the board ;
The bulwarks down ; the rudder gone ; the boats stove at the chains ;
But courage still, brave mariners — the bower yet remains !
And not an inch to flinch he deigns — save when ye pitch sky high ;
Then moves his head, as though he said, “ Fear nothing — here
am I ! ”

Swing in your strokes in order! let foot and hand keep time;
Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime.
But while ye swing your sledges, sing; and let the burden be,
The anchor is the anvil-king, and royal craftsmen we!
Strike in, strike in!—the sparks begin to dull their rustling red;
Our hammers ring with sharper din—our work will soon be sped:
Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array
For a ha'nmock at the rearing bews, or an oozy couch of clay;
Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here
For the yeo-heave-o, and the heave-away, and the sighing seamen's
cheer,

When, weighing slow, at eve they go, far, far from love and home;
And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down at last;
A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was cast.
O trusted and trustworthy guard! if thou hadst life like me,
What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea!
O deep-sea diver, who might then behold such sights as thou?
The hoary monster's palaces!—Methinks what joy 'twere now
To go plumb-plunging down, amid the assembly of the whales,
And feel the churned sea round me boil beneath their scourging
tails!

Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn,
And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn;
To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade forlorn;
And for the ghastly-grinning shark, to laugh his jaws to scorn;
To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian isles
He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallowed miles,
Till, snorting like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls;
Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far astonished shoals

Of his back-browsing ocean-calves ; or, haply, in a cove
Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undine's love,
To find the long-haired mermaidens ; or, hard by icy lands,
To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

O broad-armed fisher of the deep ! whose sports can equal thine ?
The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons that tugs thy cable line ;
And night by night 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white the giant game to play.
But, shamer of our little sports, forgive the name I gave :
A fisher's joy is to destroy — thine office is to save.
O lodger in the sea-kings' halls ! couldst thou but understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side — or who that dripping band,
Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee bend,
With sounds like breakers in a dream blessing their ancient friend ?
O, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round
thee,
Thine iron side would swell with pride — thou 'dst leap within the
sea !

Give honor to their memories who left the pleasant strand
To shed their blood so freely for the love of fatherland,
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave !
O, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
Honor him for their memory whose bones he goes among !

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

Then I cast loose my buff coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jock boots, let go belt and all,
Swung up in the stirrup, leaped, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer,
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into his Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
Him I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
Had no wine but was pressing this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent

Robert Browning



SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris and he :
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all
three ;
“ Good speed ! ” cried the watch as the
gate-bolts undrew ;
“ Speed ! ” echoed the wall to us galloping
through.
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to
rest, .
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other ! we kept the great pace,
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place :
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacken the bit ;
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

’Twas a moonset at starting ; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear ;
At Boom a great yellow star came out to see :

At Düffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be ;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime :
So Joris broke silence with " Yet there is time ! "

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black, every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past ;
And I saw my stout galloper, Roland, at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray ;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track ;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, its own master, askance ;
And the thick heavy spume-flakes, which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris, " Stay spur !
Your Roos galloped bravely—the fault's not in her ;
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh ;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like chaff :
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And " Gallop ! " gasped Joris, " for Aix is in sight !

" How they'll greet us ! "—and all in a moment his roan,
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone ;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer,
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good :
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.



NO MORE.

To dwell in peace, with home-affections bound,
To know the sweetness of a mother's voice,
To feel the spirit of her love around,
And in the blessing of her eye rejoice,

A dirge-like sound! — to greet the early friend
Unto the hearth, his place of many days;
In the glad song with kindred lips to blend,
Or join the household laughter by the blaze,
No more!

Through woods that shadowed our first years to rove,
With all our native music in the air;
To watch the sunset with the eyes we love,
And turn and read our own heart's answer there,
No more!

Words of despair! yet Earth's, all Earth's, the woe
Their passion breathes, the desolately deep!
That sound in Heaven—O! image then the flow
Of gladness in its tones — to part, to weep,
No more!

To watch, in dying hope, affection's wane,
To see the beautiful from life depart,
To wear impatiently a secret chain,
To waste the untold riches of the heart,
No more!

Through long, long years to seek, to strive, to yearn
For human love, and never quench that thirst;
To pour the soul out, winning no return,
O'er fragile idols, by delusion nursed,
No more!

On things that fail us, reed by reed, to lean;
To mourn the changed, the far away, the dead;
To send our troubled spirits through the unseen,
Intensely questioning for treasures fled,
No more!

Words of triumphant music! Bear we on
The weight of life, the chain, the ungenial air:
Their deathless meaning, when our tasks are done,
To learn in joy — to struggle, to despair,
No more!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

KÖRNER'S SWORD SONG,

COMPLETED ONE HOUR BEFORE HE FELL ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

AUG. 26, 1813.



WORD at my left side gleaming !
Why is thy keen glance, beaming,
So fondly bent on mine ?
I love that smile of thine !

Hurrah !

“ Borne by a trooper daring,
My looks his fire-glance wearing,
I arm a freeman’s hand :
This well delights thy brand !

Hurrah ! ”

Ay, good sword, free I wear thee ;
And, true heart’s love, I bear thee,
Betrothed one, at my side,
As my dear, chosen bride !

Hurrah !

“ To thee till death united,
Thy steel’s bright life is plighted ;
Ah, were my love but tried !
When wilt thou wed thy bride ?

Hurrah ! ”

The trumpet's festal warning
Shall hail our bridal morning ;
When loud the cannon chide,
Then clasp I my loved bride !
 Hurrah !

“ O joy, when thine arms hold me !
I pine until they fold me.
Come to me ! bridegroom, come !
Thine is my maiden bloom.
 Hurrah ! ”

Why, in thy sheath upspringing,
Thou wild, dear steel, art ringing ?
Why clang with delight,
So eager for the fight ?
 Hurrah !

“ Well may thy scabbard rattle :
Trooper, I pant for battle ;
Right eager for the fight,
I clang with wild delight.
 Hurrah ! ”

Why thus, my love, forth creeping ?
Stay in thy chamber, sleeping ;
Wait still, in the narrow room :
Soon for my bride I come.
 Hurrah !

“Keep me not longer pining!
 O for Love’s garden, shining
 With roses bleeding red,
 And blooming with the dead !
 Hurrah !”

Come from thy sheath, then, treasure !
 Thou trooper’s true eye-pleasure !
 Come forth, my good sword, come !
 Enter thy father-home !
 Hurrah !

“Ha ! in the free air glancing,
 How brave this bridal dancing !
 How, in the sun’s glad beams,
 Bride-like, thy bright steel gleams !
 Hurrah !”

Come on, ye German horsemen !
 Come on, ye valiant Norsemen !
 Swells not your hearts’ warm tide ?
 Clasp each in hand his bride !
 Hurrah !

Once at your left side sleeping,
 Scarce her veiled glance forth peeping ;
 Now, wedded with your right,
 God plights your bride in the light.
 Hurrah !

Then press with warm caresses,
Close lips and bridal kisses,
Your steel ; — cursed be his head
Who fails the bride he wed !
 Hurrah !

Now, till your swords flash, flinging
Clear sparks forth, wave them singing.
Day dawns for bridal pride ;
Hurrah, thou iron bride !
 Hurrah !

KARL THEODOR KÖRNER. (German.)

Translation of WILLIAM B. CHORLEY.





E.B. Bensell Del.

LITTLE AND GREAT.

A TRAVELLER, through a dusty road,
Strewed acorns on the lea;

And one took root and sprouted up,
 And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
 To breathe his early vows;
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
 To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
 The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
 A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
 Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
 Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
 A ladle at the brink:
He thought not of the deed he did,
 But judged that Toil might drink.
He passed again—and lo! the well,
 By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
 And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
 'Twas old—and yet 'twas new:
A simple fancy of the brain,
 But strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind,
 And lo! its light became

A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small—its issue great,
A watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart.
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love.
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

CHARLES MACKAY.

THE RIVER TIME.

O! a wonderful stream is the River Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the ocean of Years.

How the winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,
And the summers, like buds between,
And the year in the sheaf—so they come and they go,
On the river's breast, with its ebb and its flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the River Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing ;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of the isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there ;
There are brows of beauty, and bosoms of snow ;
They are heaps of dust—but we loved them so !
There are trinkets, and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
 And a part of an infant's prayer ;
 There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings ;
 There are broken vows, and pieces of rings,
 And the garments that She used to wear.

There are hands that are waved, when the fairy shore
 By the mirage is lifted in air ;
 And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
 Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
 When the wind down the river is fair.

O ! remembered for aye be the blessed isle,
 All the day of our life till night ;
 When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
 And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
 May that " Greenwood " of Soul be in sight !

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TAYLOR.



GIVE ME THE OLD.

OLD WINE TO DRINK, OLD WOOD TO BURN, OLD BOOKS TO READ, AND OLD
 FRIENDS TO CONVERSE WITH.

I.

OLD wine to drink !
 Ay, give the slippery juice
 That drippeth from the grape thrown loose
 Within the tun :

Plucked from beneath the cliff
 Of sunny-sided Teneriffe,
 And ripened 'neath the blink
 Of India's sun !
 Peat whiskey hot,
 Tempered with well-boiled water !
 These make the long night shorter ;
 Forgetting not
 Good stout old English porter.

II.

Old wood to burn !
 Ay, bring the hill-side beech
 From where the owlets meet and screech,
 And ravens croak ;
 The crackling pine, and cedar sweet ;
 Bring too a clump of fragrant peat,
 Dug 'neath the fern ;
 The knotted oak,
 A fagot too, perhap,
 Whose bright flame, dancing, winking,
 Shall light us at our drinking ;
 While the oozing sap
 Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

III.

Old books to read !
 Ay, bring those nodes of wit,
 The brazen-clasped, the vellum-writ,
 Time-honored tomes !
 The same my sire scanned before,

The same my grandsire thumbed o'er,
 The same his sire from college bore :
 The well-earned meed
 Of Oxford's domes.
 Old HOMER blind,
 Old HORACE, rake ANACREON, by
 Old TULLY, PLAUTUS, TERENCE lie ;
 Mort ARTHUR's olden minstrelsie,
 Quaint BURTON, quainter SPENSER, ay !
 And GERVASE MARKHAM's veneerie ;
 Nor leave behind
 The Holye Book by which we live and die.

IV.

Old friends to talk !
 Ay, bring those chosen few,
 The wise, the courtly, and the true,
 So rarely found :
 Him for my wine, him for my stud,
 Him for my easel, distich, bud
 In mountain walk !
 Bring WALTER good,
 With soulful FRED, and learned WILL ;
 And thee, my *alter ego*, (dearer still
 For every mood.)

ROBERT HINCKLEY MESSINGER.

REST AND LABOR.

“ Two hands upon the breast,
And labor’s done;
Two pale feet crossed in rest,
The race is won;
Two eyes with coin weights shut,
And all tears cease;
Two lips where grief is mute,
Anger at peace ! ”
So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot;
God in his kindness answereth not.

“ Two hands to work addrest,
Aye for His praise;
Two feet that never rest,
Walking His ways;
Two eyes that look above,
Through all their tears;
Two lips still breathing love,
Not wrath, nor fears ! ”
So pray we afterwards, low on our knees,
Pardon those erring prayers ! Father, hear these !

DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

HE STANDETH AT THE DOOR AND KNOCKETH.

IN the silent midnight watches,
List—thy bosom door !
How it knocketh — knocketh — knocketh,
Knocketh evermore !
Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating :
'Tis thy heart of sin ;
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth
“ Rise, and let me in ! ”

Death comes on with reckless footsteps,
To the hall and hut :
Think you Death will tarry, knocking,
Where the door is shut ?
Jesus waiteth — waiteth — waiteth,
But the door is fast ;
Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth ;
Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis time to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in :
At the gate of Heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.
Nay ! — alas, thou guilty creature !
Hast thou, then, forgot ?
Jesus waited long to know thee ;
Now he knows thee not.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.



GULF-WEED.

A WEARY weed, tossed to and fro,
Drearly drenched in the ocean brine,
Soaring high and sinking low,
Lashed along without will of mine ;
Sport of the spoon of the surging sea,
Flung on the foam afar and anear,
Mark my manifold mystery :
Growth and grace in their place appear.

I bear round berries, gray and red,
 Rootless and rover though I be ;
 My spangled leaves, when nicely spread,
 Arboresce as a trunkless tree ;
 Corals curious coat me o'er,
 White and hard in apt array ;
 'Mid the wild waves' rude uproar,
 Gracefully grow I, night and day.

Hearts there are on the sounding shore,
 Something whispers soft to me,
 Restless and roaming for evermore,
 Like this weary weed of the sea ;
 Bear they yet on each beating breast
 The eternal type of the wondrous whole :
 Growth unfolding amidst unrest,
 Grace informing with silent soul.

CORNELIUS GEORGE FENNER.



EXHORTATION TO PRAYER.

Not on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless bed
 Compose thy weary limbs to rest ;
 For they alone are blest
 With balmy sleep
 Whom angels keep ;
 Nor, though by care oppressed,
 Or anxious sorrow,

Or thought in many a coil perplexed
For coming morrow,
Lay not thy head
On prayerless bed.

For who can tell, when sleep thine eye shall close,
That earthly cares and woes
To thee may e'er return ?
Arouse, my soul !
Slumber control,
And let thy lamp burn brightly ;
So shall thine eyes discern
Things pure and sightly ;
Taught by the Spirit, learn
Never on prayerless bed
To lay thine unblest head.

Hast thou no pining want, or wish, or care,
That calls for holy prayer ?
Has thy day been so bright
That in its flight
There is no trace of sorrow ?
And art thou sure to-morrow
Will be like this, and more
Abundant ? Dost thou yet lay up thy store,
And still make plans for more ?
Thou fool ! this very night
Thy soul may wing its flight.

Hast thou no being than thyself more dear,
That ploughs the ocean deep,

And when storms sweep
 The wintry, lowering sky,
 For whom thou wak'st and weepest?
 O, when thy pangs are deepest,
 Seek then the covenant ark of prayer!
 For He that slumbereth not is there:
 His ear is open to thy cry.
 O, then, on prayerless bed
 Lay not thy thoughtless head!

Arouse thee, weary soul, nor yield to slumber!
 Till in communion blest
 With the elect ye rest,
 Those souls of countless number:
 And with them raise
 The note of praise,
 Reaching from Earth to Heaven:
 Chosen, redeemed, forgiven!
 So lay thy happy head,
 Prayer-crowned, on blessed bed.

MARGARET MERCER



THE GOOD GREAT MAN.

How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
 Honor and wealth, with all his worth and pains!
 It seems a story from the world of spirits
 When any man obtains that which he merits,
 Or any merits that which he obtains.

For shame, my friend ! renounce this idle strain !
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain ?
Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain ?
Or heap of corses which his sword hath slain ?
Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends.
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man ? Three treasures — love, and light,
And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath ;
And three fast friends, more sure than day or night :
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

DIRGE OF JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

SUNG BY THE VIRGINS.

O THOU, the wonder of all dayes !
O paragon, and pearl of praise !
O virgin-martyr, ever blest
 Above the rest
Of all the maiden traine ! We come,
And bring fresh strewings to thy tombe.

Thus, thus, and thus, we compasse round
Thy harmlesse and unhaunted ground !
And as we sing thy dirge, we will
 The daffodill,
And other flowers, lay upon
The altar of our love, thy stone.

Thou wonder of all maids, rest here !
Of daughters all the dearest deare,
The eye of virgins ; nay, the queen
 Of this smooth green,
And all sweet meades from whence we get
The primrose and the violet !

Too soone, too deare, did Jephthah buy,
By thy sad losse, our liberty ;
His was the bond and covenant, yet
 Thou paid'st the debt.
Lamented maid ! he won the day,
But for the conquest thou didst pay.

Thy father brought with him along
The olive branch, and victor's song.
He slew the Ammonites, we know :
 But to thy woe ;
And in the purchase of cur peace
The cure was worse than the disease.

For which obedient zeale of thine
We offer here, before thy shrine,
Our sighs for storax, teares for wine ;
 And, to make fine
And fresh thy herse-cloth, we will here
Four times bestrew thee every yeare.

Receive, for this thy praise, our teares !
Receive this offering of our haires !
Receive these christall vials, filled

With teares distilled
From teeming eyes ! To these we bring,
Each maid, her silver filleting,

To guild thy tombe. Besides, these caules,
These laces, ribbands, and these faules ;
These veiles, wherewith we use to hide

The bashfull bride
When we conduct her to her groome
All, all we lay upon thy tombe !

No more, no more, since thou art dead,
Shall we e'er bring coy brides to bed ;
No more, at yearly festivalls,

We cowslip balls,
Or chaines of columbines, shall make
For this or that occasion's sake.

No, no ! our maiden pleasures be
Wrapt in the winding-sheet with thee :
'Tis we are dead, though not i' th' grave ;

Or if we have
One seed of life left, 'tis to keep
A Lent for thee — to fast and weep.

Sleep in thy peace, thy bed of spice,
And make this place all paradise !
May sweets grow here, and smoke from hence
Fat frankincense !
Let balme and cassia send their scent
From out thy maiden monument !

The shadows lay along Broadway,
Mad near the twilight-tile —
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
She walk'd slow; but, sweepingly,
Walk'd spirits at her side.

She claim'd the street beneath her feet,
And honor claimed the air;
And all astir look'd hind or front
And call'd her good and fair.
For all God over gave to her
The kept with clanging care.

S. J. B. 1865.

May no wolfe howle, nor screech-owle stir
 A wing about thy sepulchre !
 No boysterous winds or storms come hither,
 To starve or wither
 Thy soft sweet earth ; but, like a Spring,
 Love keep it ever flourishing !

May all shie maids, at wonted hours,
 Come forth to strew thy tombe with flowers !
 May virgins, when they come to mourn,
 Male incense burn
 Upon thine altar ; then return,
 And leave thee sleeping in thine urn !

ROBERT HERRICK.

UNSEEN SPIRITS.

THE shadows lay along Broadway :
 'Twas near the twilight-tide ;
 And slowly there a lady fair
 Was walking in her pride.
 Alone walked she ; but, viewlessly,
 Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
 And Honor charmed the air ;
 And all astir looked kind on her,
 And called her good as fair ;
 For all God ever gave to her
 She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true ;
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo.
But honored well are charms to sell,
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair,
A slight girl, lily-pale ;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail :
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray ;
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way.
But the sin forgiven by Christ in Heaven
By man is cursed alway !

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.



THE CROOKED FOOTPATH.

AH, here it is! the sliding rail
That marks the old remembered spot,

The gap that struck our schoolboy trail,
The crooked path across the lot.

It left the road by school and church :
A pencilled shadow, nothing more,
That parted from the silver birch
And ended at the farmhouse door.

No line or compass traced its plan ;
With frequent bends to left or right,
In aimless, wayward curves it ran,
But always kept the door in sight.

The gabled porch, with woodbine green,
The broken millstone at the sill,
Though many a rood might stretch between,
The truant child could see them still.

No rocks across the pathway lie,
No fallen trunk is o'er it thrown ;
And yet it winds, we know not why,
And turns as if for tree or stone.

Perhaps some lover trod the way,
With shaking knees and leaping heart ;
And so it often runs astray,
With sinuous sweep or sudden start.

Or one, perchance, with clouded brain,
From some unholy banquet reeled ;
And since, our devious steps maintain
His track across the trodden field.

Nay, deem not thus :— no earth-born will
Could ever trace a faultless line ;
Our truest steps are human still,
To walk unswerving were divine.

Truants from love, we dream of wrath ;
O, rather let us trust the more !
Through all the wanderings of the path,
We still can see our Father's door !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

INVOCATION OF SILENCE.

STILL-BORN Silence ! thou that art
Flood-gate of the deeper heart !
Offspring of a heavenly kind ;
Frost o' the mouth, and thaw o' the mind ;
Secrecy's confidant, and he
Who makes religion mystery ;
Admiration's speaking'st tongue !
Leave, thy desert shades among,
Reverend hermits' hallowed cells,
Where retired Devotion dwells :
With thy enthusiasms come,
Seize our tongues, and strike us dumb !

RICHARD FLECKNOE.

A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE

THIS ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Everie nighte and alle,
Fire, and selte, and candle-lighte ;
And Christe receive thy saule!

When thou from hence away art past,
Everie nighte and alle,
To Whinny-muir thou comest at last ;
And Christe receive thy saule !

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,
Everie nighte and alle,
Sit thee down and put them on ;
And Christe receive thy saule !

If hosen and shoon thou gavest nane,
Everie nighte and alle,
The whinnes shall pricke thee to the bare bane ;
And Christe receive thy saule !

From Whinny-muir when thou mayst passe,
Everie nighte and alle,
To Brigg o' Dread thou comest at last ;
And Christe receive thy saule !

From Brigg o' Dread when thou mayst passe,
Everie nighte and alle,

To Purgatory fire thou comest at last ;
And Christe receive thy saule !

If ever thou gavest meate or drinke,
Everie nighte and alle,
 The fire shall never make thee shrinke :
And Christe receive thy saule !

If meate or drinke thou gavest nane,
Everie nighte and alle,
 The fire will burne thee to the bare bane ;
And Christe receive thy saule !

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Everie nighte and alle,
 Fire, and selte, and candle-lighte ;
And Christe receive thy saule !

ANONYMOUS.

SONG.

SHE sat and sang alway
 By the green margin of a stream,
 Watching the fishes leap and play
 Beneath the glad sunbeam.

I sat and wept alway
 Beneath the moon's most shadowy beam,
 Watching the blossoms of the May
 Weep leaves into the stream.

I wept for memory ;
 She sang the hope that is so fair :
 My tears were swallowed by the sea ;
 Her songs died on the air.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE CROWDED STREET.

LET me move slowly through the street.
Filled with an ever-shifting train,
Amid the sound of steps that beat
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.

How fast the flitting figures come !
The mild, the fierce, the stony face :
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some
Where secret tears have left their trace !

They pass — to toil, to strife, to rest :
To halls in which the feast is spread,
To chambers where the funeral guest
In silence sits beside the dead.

And some to happy homes repair,
Where children, pressing cheek to cheek
With mute caresses, shall declare
The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some, who walk in calmness here,
Shall shudder as they reach the door
Where one who made their dwelling dear,
Its flower, its light, is seen no more.

Youth, with pale cheek and slender frame,
And dreams of greatness in thine eye,
Go'st thou to build an early name,
Or early in the task to die ?

Keen son of trade, with eager brow,
Who is now fluttering in thy snare ?
Thy golden fortunes, tower they now ?
Or melt the glittering spires in air ?

Who of this crowd to-night shall tread
The dance, till daylight gleams again ?
Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead ?
Who writhe in throes of mortal pain ?

Some, famine-struck, shall think how long
The cold, dark hours — how slow the light ;
And some, who flaunt amid the throng,
Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.

Each where his tasks or pleasures call,
They pass, and heed each other not ;
There is who heeds, who holds them all,
In His large love and boundless thought.

These struggling tides of life, that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE WAR-SONG OF DINAS VAWR.

THE mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter ;
We therefore deemed it meeter
To carry off the latter.
We made an expedition ;
We met a host, and quelled it ;
We forced a strong position,
And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
Where herds of kine were browsing,
We made a mighty sally,
To furnish our carousing.
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us ;
We met them, and o'erthrew them.
They struggled hard to beat us ;
But we conquered them, and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
The king marched forth to catch us ;
His rage surpassed all measure,
But his people could not match us.

He fled to his hall pillars ;
And, ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars,
While others cut his head off.

We there, in strife bewildering,
Spilt blood enough to swim in :
We orphaned many children,
And widowed many women.
The eagles and the ravens
We glutted with our foemen :
The heroes and the cravens,
The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle,
(And much their land bemoaned them),
Two thousand head of cattle,
And the head of him who owned them :
Ednyfed, king of Dyfed,
His head was borne before us ;
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
His overthrow our chorus.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

MOTHER MARGERY.

ON a bleak ridge, from whose granite edges
Sloped the rough land to the grisly north,
And whose hemlocks, clinging to the ledges,
Like a thin banditti staggered forth :
In a crouching, wormy-timbered hamlet
Mother Margery shivered in the cold,
With a tattered robe of faded camlet
On her shoulders — crooked, weak, and old !

Time on her had done his cruel pleasure ;
For her face was very dry and thin,
And the records of his growing measure
Lined and cross-lined all her shrivelled skin.
Scanty goods to her had been allotted,
Yet her thanks rose oftener than desire ;
While her bony fingers, bent and knotted,
Fed with withered twigs the dying fire.

Raw and weary were the northern winters ;
Winds howled piteously around her cot,
Or with rude sighs made the jarring splinters
Moan the misery she bemoaned not.
Drifting tempests rattled at her windows,
And hung snow-wreaths round her naked bed ;
While the wind-flaws muttered on the cinders,
Till the last spark fluttered and was dead.

Life had fresher hopes when she was younger,
But their dying wrung out no complaints ;
Chill, and penury, and neglect, and hunger,
These to Margery were guardian saints.
When she sat, her head was, prayer-like, bending ;
When she rose, it rose not any more.
Faster seemed her true heart graveward tending
Than her tired feet, weak and travel-sore.

She was mother of the dead and scattered,
Had been mother of the brave and fair ;
But her branches, bough by bough, were shattered,
Till her torn breast was left dry and bare.
Yet she knew, though sadly desolated,
When the children of the poor depart
Their earth-vestures are but sublimated,
So to gather closer in the heart.

With a courage that had never fitted
Words to speak it to the soul it blessed,
She endured, in silence and unpitied,
Woes enough to mar a stouter breast :
Thus was born such holy trust within her
That the graves of all who had been dear,
To a region clearer and serener
Raised her spirit from our chilly sphere.

They were footsteps on her Jacob's ladder ;
Angels to her were the loves and hopes
Which had left her purified, but sadder ;
And they lured her to the emerald slopes

Of that Heaven where Anguish never flashes
 Her red fire-whips — happy-land, where flowers
Blossom over the volcanic ashes
 Of this blighting, blighted world of ours !

All her power was a love of goodness ;
 All her wisdom was a mystic faith
That the rough world's jargoning and rudeness
 Turn to music at the gate of Death.
So she walked, while feeble limbs allowed her,
 Knowing well that any stubborn grief
She might meet with could no more than crowd her
 To that wall whose opening was relief.

So she lived, an anchoress of sorrow,
 Lone and peaceful, on the rocky slope ;
And, when burning trials came, would borrow
 New fire of them for the lamp of hope.
When at last her palsied hand, in groping,
 Rattled tremulous at the grated tomb,
Heaven flashed round her joys beyond her hoping,
 And her young soul gladdened into bloom.

GEORGE SHEPHERD BURLEIGH.

LOUIS XV.

THE king, with all the kingly train, had left his Pompadour behind,

And forth he rode in Senart's wood, the royal beasts of chase to find.

That day, by chance, the monarch mused; and turning suddenly away,

He struck alone into a path that far from crowds and courtiers lay.

He saw the pale green shadows play upon the brown untrodden earth;

He saw the birds around him flit, as if he were of peasant birth;

He saw the trees, that know no king but him who bears a woodland axe;

He thought not—but he looked about, like one who still in thinking lacks.

Then close to him a footstep fell, and glad of human sound was he:

For, truth to say, he found himself but melancholy companie.

But that which he would ne'er have guessed before him now most plainly came:

The man upon his weary back a coffin bore of rudest frame.

“Why, who art thou?” exclaimed the king; “and what is that I see thee bear?”

“I am a laborer in the wood, and ’tis a coffin for Pierre.

Close by the royal hunting-lodge you may have often seen him toil;
But he will never work again, and I for him must dig the soil."

The laborer ne'er had seen the king, and this he thought was but
a man;

Who made at first a moment's pause, and then anew his talk be-
gan :

"I think I do remember now—he had a dark and glancing eye;
And I have seen his sturdy arm with wondrous stroke the pickaxe
ply.

"Pray tell me, friend, what accident can thus have killed our good
Pierre?"

"O, nothing more than usual, sir: he died of living upon air.
'Twas hunger killed the poor good man, who long on empty hopes
relied;
He could not pay *gabelle* and tax, and feed his children—so he
died."

The man stopped short; and then went on—"It is, you know, a
common story:

Our children's food is eaten up by courtiers, mistresses, and glory."
The king looked hard upon the man, and afterwards the coffin eyed;
Then spurred to ask, of Pompadour, how came it that the peasants
died.

JOHN STERLING.

THE STORMING OF MAGDEBURGH.

WHEN the breach was open laid,
Bold we mounted to the attack :
Five times the assault was made ;
Four times were we driven back !
But the fifth time up we strode,
O'er the dying and the dead.
Red the western sunbeams glowed,
Sinking in a blaze of red ;
redder in the gory way
Our deep plashing footsteps sank,
As the cry of " Slay — Slay — Slay ! "
Echoed fierce from rank to rank.
And we slew, and slew, and slew :
Slew them with unpitying sword.
Negligently could we do
The commanding of the Lord ?
Fled the coward, fought the brave,
Wept the widow, wailed the child ;
But there did not 'scape the glaive
Man that frowned, nor babe that smiled.
There were thrice ten thousand men
When that morning's sun arose ;
Lived not thrice three hundred when
Sunk that sun at evening's close.

Then we spread the wasting flame,
Fed to fury by the wind :
Of the city — but the name,
Nothing else, remained behind.
But it burned not till it gave
All it had to yield of spoil :
Should not brave soldadoes have
Some rewarding for their toil ?
What the villain sons of trade
Earned by years of toil and care,
Prostrate at our bidding laid,
In one moment won — was there,
Hall and palace, dome and tower,
Lowly cot and soaring spire,
Sank in that victorious hour
Which consigned the town to fire.
Then throughout the burning town,
'Mid the steaming heaps of dead,
Cheered by sound of hostile moan,
We the gorgeous banquet spread :
Laughing loud and quaffing long,
At our glorious labor o'er,
To the skies our jocund song
Told Magdèburgh was no more !

WILLIAM MAGINN.



EBBENSCHLÉ

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

WORD was brought to the Danish king,
(Hurry !)

That the love of his heart lay suffering,

And pined for the comfort his voice would bring ;
(O ! ride as though you were flying !)
Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
Than his rich crown-jewels of ruby and pearl ;
And his Rose of the Isles is dying.

Thirty nobles saddled with speed ;
(Hurry !)
Each one mounted a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need ;
(O ! ride as though you were flying !)
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank ;
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank ;
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst :
But ride as they would, the king rode first ;
For his Rose of the Isles lay dying.

His nobles are beaten, one by one ;
(Hurry !)
They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward gone ;
His little fair page now follows alone,
For strength and for courage trying.
The king looked back at that faithful child :
Wan was the face that answering smiled.
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din :
Then he dropped ; and only the king rode in
Where his Rose of the Isles lay dying.

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn :
(Silence !)

No answer came, but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
 Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portal stood grimly wide ;
None welcomed the king from that weary ride ;
For, dead in the light of the dawning day,
The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,
 Who had yearned for his voice while dying.

The panting steed with a drooping crest
 Stood weary.
The king returned from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast ;
 And, that dumb companion eyeing,
The tears gushed forth, which he strove to check ;
He bowed his head on his charger's neck :
“ O, steed, that every nerve didst strain,
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain,
 To the halls where my love lay dying ! ”

CAROLINE ELIZABETH NORTON

I GIVE MY SOLDIER-BOY A BLADE.

I GIVE my soldier-boy a blade,
In fair Damascus fashioned well ;
Who first the glittering falchion swayed,
Who first beneath its fury fell,
I know not ; but I hope to know
That for no mean or hireling trade,
To guard no feeling base or low,
I give my soldier-boy a blade.

Cool, calm, and clear, the lucid flood
In which its tempering work was done ;
As calm, as clear, as cool of mood,
Be thou whene'er it sees the sun :
For country's claim, at Honor's call,
For outraged friend, insulted maid,
At Mercy's voice to bid it fall,
I give my soldier-boy a blade.

The eye which marked its peerless edge,
The hand that weighed its balanced poise,
Anvil and pincers, forge and wedge,
Are gone, with all their flame and noise ;
And still the gleaming sword remains :
So, when in dust I low am laid,
Remember, by these heart-felt strains,
I gave my soldier-boy a blade.

WILLIAM MAGINN.

EVENTIDE.

Go forth at eventide :
Commune with thine own bosom and be still ;
Check the wild impulses of wayward will,
And learn the nothingness of human pride.
Morn is to act, noon to endure ;
But O ! if thou would'st keep thy spirit pure,
Turn from the beaten path by worldlings trod,—
Go forth at eventide in heart to walk with God.

EMMA C. EMBURY.

THE GRACE OF SIMPLICITY.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest
As you were going to a feast,
Still to be powdered, still perfumed !
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace ;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free :
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art ;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

BEN JONSON.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce ; for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered :
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track :
'Twas Autumn — and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the winecup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us!—rest; thou art weary and worn!
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

IT IS NOT BEAUTY I DEMAND.

It is not beauty I demand:
A crystal brow, the moon's despair;
Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand;
Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair.

Tell me not of your starry eyes;
Your lips, that seem on roses fed;
Your breasts, where Cupid tumbling lies,
Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed;

A bloomy pair of vermeil cheeks,
Like Hebe's in her reddiest hours;
A breath that softer music speaks
Than summer winds a-wooing flowers.

These are but gauds; nay, what are lips?
Corals beneath the ocean-stream,
Whose brink when your adventurer slips,
Full oft he perisheth on them.

And what are cheeks, but ensigns oft,
That wave hot youth to fields of blood?
Did Helen's breast, though ne'er so soft,
Do Greece or Ilium any good?

Eyes can with baleful ardor burn,
Poison can breathe, that erst perfumed;
There's many a white hand holds an urn,
With lovers' hearts to dust consumed.

For crystal brows, there's naught within:
They are but empty cells for pride;
He who the Siren's hair would win
Is mostly strangled in the tide.

Give me, instead of beauty's bust,
A tender heart, a loyal mind,
Which with temptation I would trust,
Yet never linked with error find;

One in whose gentle bosom I
Could pour my secret heart of woes,
Like the care-burdened honey-fly,
That hides his murmurs in the rose;

My earthly comforter! whose love
So indefeasible might be,
That when my spirit won above,
Hers could not stay, for sympathy.

THOMAS CAREW.

THE BEGGAR'S COURAGE.

To heaven approached a Sufi saint,
From groping in the darkness late,
And, tapping timidly and faint,
Besought admission at God's gate.

Said God, "Who seeks to enter here?"
" 'T is I, dear Friend!" the saint replied,
And trembled much with hope and fear.
" If it be *thou*, without abide."

Sadly to earth the poor saint turned,
To bear the scourging of life's rods;
But aye his heart within him yearned
To mix and lose its love in God's.

He roamed alone through weary years,
By cruel men still scorned and mocked,
Until from faith's pure fires and tears
Again he rose, and modest knocked.

Asked God, "Who now is at the door?"
" It is Thyself, beloved Lord!"
Answered the saint—in doubt no more,
But clasped and rapt in his reward.

DSCHELLALEDDIN RUMI, (Persian.)

Translation of WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will,
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death —
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice ; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise ;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

Who hath his life from humors freed ;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make accusers great ;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend :

This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall —
Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

THE GIFTS OF GOD.

WHEN God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
“ Let us,” said He, “ pour on him all we can ;
Let the world’s riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.”

So strength first made a way ;
Then beauty flowed ; then wisdom, honor, pleasure.
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

“ For if I should,” said He,
“ Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature—not the God of Nature :
So both should losers be.

“ Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness ;
Let him be rich and weary—that, at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him, to my breast.”

GEORGE HERBERT.

THE HYMN OF DAMASCENUS.

FROM my lips in their defilement,
From my heart in its beguilement,
From my tongue which speaks not fair,
From my soul stained everywhere —
O my Jesus, take my prayer !

Spurn me not, for all it says :
Not for words, and not for ways,
Not for shamelessness induced !
Make me brave to speak my mood,
O my Jesus, as I would !
Or teach me, which I rather seek,
What to do and what to speak.

I have sinned more than she
Who, learning where to meet with Thee,
And bringing myrrh the highest priced,
Anointed bravely, from her knee,
Thy blessed feet accordingly —
My God, my Lord, my Christ !
As Thou saidest not “ Depart ! ”
To that suppliant from her heart,
Scorn me not, O Word, that art
The gentlest one of all words said !
But give Thy feet to me instead,

That tenderly I may them kiss,
And clasp them close ; and never miss,
With over-dropping tears, as free
And precious as that myrrh could be,
T' anoint them bravely from my knee !

Wash me with thy tears ! draw nigh me,
That their salt may purify me !
Thou remit my sins, who knowest
All the sinning, to the lowest —
Knowest all my wounds, and seest
All the stripes Thyself decreest.
Yea, but knowest all my faith,
Seest all my force to death,
Hearrest all my wailings low
That mine evil should be so !
Nothing hidden but appears
In Thy knowledge, O Divine,
O Creator, Saviour mine !—
Not a drop of falling tears,
Not a breath of inward moan,
Not a heart-beat—which is gone !

ST. JOANNES DAMASCENUS. (Greek.)

Translation of ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

A THANKSGIVING.

LORD, for the erring thought
Not unto evil wrought ;
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still ;
For the heart from itself kept :
Our Thanksgiving accept !

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer ;
For pain, death, sorrow — sent
Unto our chastisement ;
For all loss of seeming good :
Quicken our gratitude !

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device —
 Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath :

And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue —
Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright :
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan —
Excelsior !

“ Try not the pass ! ” the old man said :
“ Dark lowers the tempest overhead ;
The roaring torrent is deep and wide ! ”
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior !

“ O stay ! ” the maiden said, “ and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast ! ”
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior !

“ Beware the pine-tree’s withered branch !
Beware the awful avalanche ! ”
This was the peasant’s last good-night ;
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior !

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard

Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried, through the startled air,
 Excelsior !

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device—
 Excelsior !

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay ;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star—
 Excelsior !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THE EMIGRANTS IN BERMUDAS.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In th' ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat, that rowed along,
The listening winds received this song :

What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own ?
Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks
That lift the deep upon their backs,
He lands us on a grassy stage,

Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage.
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels every thing,
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet ;
. But apples—plants of such a price
No tree could ever bear them twice !
With cedars, chosen by His hand
From Lebanon, He stores the land ;
And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast ;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple, where to sound His name.
O ! let our voice His praise exalt
Till it arrive at heaven's vault ;
Which then, perhaps rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay.

Thus sang they, in the English boat,
A holy and a cheerful note ;
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

ANDREW MARVELL



To Charm, To Strengthen, And To Teach.

THE SINGERS.

GOD sent his singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,

God sent his Singer upon earth,

With songs of sadness and of mirth,

That they might touch the hearts of men,

And bring them back to heaven again.

He first a youth with song of fire,

Idle in his hand a golden lyre;

Through caves he wandered, under by streams

Playing the music of our dreams.

Jenny M. Longfellow.

That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

The first, a youth with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre;
Through groves he wandered, and by streams,
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market-place,
And stirred, with accents deep and loud,
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,
While the majestic organ rolled
Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the Singers three
Disputed which the best might be;
For still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, “I see
No best in kind, but in degree;
I gave a various gift to each:
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

“These are the three great chords of might;
And he whose ear is tuned aright
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony.”

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THE MARINER'S WIFE.

AND are ye sure the news is true?

And are ye sure he's weel?

Is this a time to talk o' wark?

Ye jades, fling by your wheel!

For there's nae luck about the house,

There's nae luck ava;

There's little pleasure in the house

When our gudeman's awa'.

Is this a time to think o' wark,

When Colin's at the door?

Rax down my cloak—I'll to the quay,

And see him come ashore.

Rise up and mak a clean fireside,

Put on the muckle pot,

Gie little Kate her cotton gown,

And Jock his Sunday coat;

And mak their shoon as black as slaes,

Their hose as white as snaw;

It's a' to please my ain gudeman,

He likes to see them braw.

There's twa fat hens into the crib,

Been fed this month and mair;

Mak haste and thra their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare.

And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw ;
It's a' for love of my gudeman,
For he's been lang awa'.

O gie me down my bigonet,
My bishop-satin gown,
And rin and tell the baillie's wife,
That Colin's come to town.

My Sunday shoon they maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue ;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Sae true his words, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air !
His very foot has music in't,
When he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again ?
And will I hear him speak ?
I'm downright dizzy with the thought :
In troth I'm like to greet.

The cauld blasts of the winter wind
That thrilled through my heart,

They're a' blawn by ; I hae him safe :
Till death we'll never part.

But what puts parting in my head ?
It may be far awa' :
The present moment is our ain ;
The neist we never saw.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content :
I hae nae mair to crave ;
Could I but live to mak him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave.

And will I see his face again ?
And will I hear him speak ?
I'm downright dizzy with the thought :
In troth I'm like to greet.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.



TIBBIE.

O TIBBIE, I hae seen the day
Ye wadna been sae shy!
For laik o' gear ye lightly me;
But, trowth, I carena by.

Yestreen I met you on the moor:
Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure.
Ye geck at me because I 'm poor;
But fient a hair care I.

I doubtna, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try ;

But sorrow tak him that 's sae mean,
Although his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy quean
That looks sae proud and high.

Although a lad were ne'er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt
Ye 'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu' dry ;

But if he hae the name o' gear
Ye 'll fasten to him like a brier,
Though hardly he, for sense or lear,
Be better than the kye.

But, Tibbie lass, tak my advice :
Your daddy's gear maks you sae nice ;
The deil a ane wad spier your price,
Were ye as poor as I.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
I wadna gie her in her sark
For thee, wi' a' thy thousan' mark —
Ye needna look sae high !

*O Tibbie, I hae seen the day
 Ye wadna been sae shy!
 For laik o' gear ye lightly me;
 But, trowth, I carena by.*

ROBERT BURNS

WHEN THE SULTAN GOES TO ISPAHAN.

WHEN the Sultan Shah-Zaman
 Goes to the city Ispahan,
 Even before he gets so far
 As the place where the clustered palm-trees are,
 At the last of the thirty palace gates,
 The pet of the harem, Rose-in-Bloom,
 Orders a feast in his favorite room :
 Glittering squares of colored ice,
 Sweetened with syrup, tinctured with spice ;
 Creams, and cordials, and sugared dates ;
 Syrian apples, Othmanee quinces,
 Limes, and citrons, and apricots ;
 And wines that are known to Eastern princes.
 And Nubian slaves, with smoking pots
 Of spiced meats and costliest fish,
 And all that the curious palate could wish,
 Pass in and out of the cedar doors.
 Scattered over mosaic floors
 Are anemones, myrtles, and violets ;
 And a musical fountain throws its jets
 Of a hundred colors into the air.
 The dusk Sultana loosens her hair,

And stains with the henna-plant the tips
Of her pearly nails, and bites her lips
Till they bloom again; but alas, *that* rose
Not for the Sultan buds and blows!
Not for the Sultan Shah-Zaman
When he goes to the city Ispahan.

Then, at a wave of her sunny hand,
The dancing-girls of Samarcand
Float in like mists from Fairy-land!
And to the low voluptuous swoons
Of music rise and fall the moons
Of their full, brown bosoms. Orient blood
Runs in their veins, shines in their eyes;
And there in this Eastern paradise,
Filled with the fumes of sandal-wood,
And Khoten musk, and aloes and myrrh,
Sits Rose-in-Bloom on a silk divan,
Sipping the wines of Astrakhan;
And her Arab lover sits with her.
That's when the Sultan Shah-Zaman
Goes to the city Ispahan.

Now, when I see an extra light
Flaming, flickering on the night,
From my neighbor's casement opposite,
I know as well as I know to pray,
I know as well as a tongue can say,
That the innocent Sultan Shah-Zaman
Has gone to the city Ispahan.

THE ANGEL.

I DREAMED a dream — what can it mean ?
And that I was a maiden queen,
Guarded by an Angel mild :
Witless woe, was ne'er beguiled !

And I wept both night and day,
And he wiped my tears away ;
And I wept both day and night,
And hid from him my heart's delight.

So he took his wings and fled.
Then the morn blushed rosy red ,
I dried my tears, and armed my tears
With ten thousand shields and spears.

Soon my Angel came again :
I was armed — he came in vain ;
For the time of youth was fled,
And gray hairs were on my head.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

Then the King exclaimed, "This is for me
(And he dashed out his sword on the hill,
While his fine eye shot fire, whirling
With the heat overburdened till it split.
A hot prayer," said, "Be rest as thou will,
But grant me this, this is for me."

8

A voice pronounced the King,
(He said) "Be you free, and be dead,
And smote off in the action, never sparing,
Bought for Mahabar and Amurath indeed
That, for us, a youth, Italy free,
With a hero's head as our King."

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

MY LADY SINGING.

SHE whom this heart must ever hold most dear
(This heart in happy bondage held so long)
Began to sing. At first a gentle fear
Rosied her countenance — for she is young,
And he who loves her most of all was near ;
But when at last her voice grew full and strong,
O, from their ambush sweet, how rich and clear
Bubbled the notes abroad — a rapturous throng !
Her little hands were sometimes flung apart,
And sometimes palm to palm together prest,
Whilst wave-like blushes, rising from her breast,
Kept time with that aerial melody,
As music to the sight ! — I, standing nigh,
Received the falling fountain in my heart.

AUBREY DE VERE.

THE SWORD OF CASTRUCCIO CASTRUCANI.

"Questa è per me."

WHEN Victor Emmanuel, the king,
Went down to his Lucca that day,
The people, each vaunting the thing
As he gave it, gave all things away
In a burst of fierce gratitude, say —
As they tore out their hearts for the king :

Gave the green forest-walk on the way,

With the Appenine blue through the trees—
Gave palaces, churches, and all

The great pictures which turn out of these,

But the eyes of the king seemed to freeze,
As he glanced up at ceiling and wall.

"Good!" said the king as he past.

Was he sold to the arts? — or else my
The possession? — or crossed at the last,

Whispered some, by the voice in Syro?

Should — Love him enough for his joy?

"Good!" said the king as he past.

He, travelling the whole day through flowers

And protesting amenities, found

At Pistoia, betwixt the two sources

Of red roses, "the Orphans" (renowned)

As the heirs of Puccini, who bound

With a sword through the crowd and the flowers.

"T is the sword of Castruccio, O King!

In old strife of intestinal hate

Very famous. Accept what we bring —

We, who cannot be sons by our fate,

Rendered citizens by time of late,

And endowed with a country and king.

"Read! — Puccini has willed that this sword

(Which once made, in an ignorant field,

Many orphans) remain in our ward

Till some patriot its pure civic blood
 Wipe away in the foe's and make good,
 In delivering the land by the sword."

Then the king exclaimed, "This is for me!"
 And he dashed out his sword on the hilt,
 While his blue eye shot fire openly,
 And his heart overboiled till it spilt
 A hot prayer: "God! the rest as Thou wilt!
 But grant me this — this is for *me!*"

O Victor Emmanuel the king!
 The sword be for thee, and the deed!
 And nought for the alien, next Spring,
 Nought for Hapsburg and Bourbon agreed;
 But for us, a great Italy freed,
 With a hero to head us — our King!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

SONG OF ARIEL.

FULL fathom five thy father lies:
 Of his bones are coral made;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes;
 Nothing of him that doth fade
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
 Hark! now I hear them — ding, dong, bell!

SHAKSPEARE

THE PARTING LOVERS.

SHE says, The cock crows — hark !
He says, No ! still 't is dark.

She says, The dawn grows bright ;
He says, O no, my Light !

She says, Stand up ! and say,
Gets not the heaven gray ?

He says, The morning star
Climbs the horizon's bar.

She says, Then quick depart :
Alas ! you now must start.

But give the cock a blow
Who did begin our woe !

ANONYMOUS. (Chinese.)

Translation of WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER.

THE RAVEN.

ONCE, upon a midnight dreary,
While I pondered, weak and weary.
Over many a quaint and curious
Volum^e of forgotten lore,

While I nodded, nearly napping,
Suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping,
 Rapping at my chamber door.
“’Tis some visitor,” I muttered,
 “Tapping at my chamber door,
Only this, and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember!
It was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember
 Wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;
Vainly I had tried to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow,
 Sorrow for the lost Lenore,
For the rare and radiant maiden
 Whom the angels name Lenore,
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain
Rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic
 Terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating
Of my heart, I stood repeating—
“’Tis some visitor entreating
 Entrance at my chamber door,
Some late visitor, entreating
 Entrance at my chamber door,
This it is, and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger :
Hesitating then no longer,
“ Sir,” said I, “ or Madam, truly
 Your forgiveness I implore ;
But the fact is I was napping,
And so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping,
 Tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you ; ”
 Here I opened wide the door :
 Darkness there, and nothing more !

Deep into that darkness peering,
Long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal
 Ever dared to dream before ;
But the silence was unbroken,
And the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken
 Was the whispered word “ Lenore ! ”
This I whispered, and an echo
 Murmured back the word “ Lenore ! ”
 Merely this, and nothing more.

Then into the chamber turning,
All my soul within me burning,
Soon I heard again a tapping,
 Somewhat louder than before :
“ Surely,” said I, “ surely that is
Something at my window lattice :
Let me see, then, what thereat is,

And this mystery explore ;
Let my heart be still a moment,
And this mystery explore :
'Tis the wind, and nothing more ! ”

Open here I flung the shutter,
When, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven
Of the saintly days of yore ;
Not the least obeisance made he,
Not an instant stopped or stayed he ;
But, with mien of lord or lady,
Perched above my chamber door,
Perched upon a bust of Pallas
Just above my chamber door :
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this eony bird beguiling
My sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum
Of the countenance it wore,
“ Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,
Thou,” I said, “ art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven,
Wandering from the Nightly shore ;
Tell me what thy lordly name is
On the Night’s Plutonian shore ! ”
Quoth the raven “ Nevermore.”

Much I marvelled this ungainly
Fowl to hear discourse so plainly,

Though its answer little meaning,
Little relevancy bore ;
For we cannot help agreeing
That no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing
 Bird above his chamber door,
Bird or beast upon the sculptured
 Bust above his chamber door,
With such name as “Nevermore.”

But the raven, sitting lonely
On the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in
 That one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered,
Not a feather then he fluttered ;
Till I scarcely more than muttered,
 “ Other friends have flown before ;
On the morrow he will leave me,
 As my hopes have flown before.”
Then the bird said “Nevermore.”

Startled at the stillness broken
By reply so aptly spoken,
“ Doubtless,” said I, “ what it utters
 Is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master,
Whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster,
 Till his songs one burden bore,
Till the dirges of his hope the

Melancholy burden bore
Of ‘Never — nevermore.’”

But the raven still beguiling
All my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in
Front of bird, and bust and door:
Then upon the velvet sinking,
I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking
What this ominous bird of yore,
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly,
Gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking “Nevermore.”

This I sat engaged in guessing,
But no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now
Burned into my bosom’s core;
This, and more, I sat divining,
With my head at ease reclining
On the cushion’s velvet lining
That the lamplight gloated o’er;
But whose velvet violet lining,
With the lamplight gloating o’er,
She shall press — ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser,
Perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by angels, whose faint footfalls
Tinkled on the tufted floor.

“ Wretch !” I cried, “ thy God hath lent thee,
By these angels he hath sent thee,
Respite — respite and nepenthe
From thy memories of Lenore !
Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe,
And forget this lost Lenore !”
Quoth the raven “ Nevermore.”

“ Prophet !” said I, “ thing of evil !
Prophet still, if bird or devil !
Whether tempter sent, or whether
Tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted,
On this desert land enchanted,
On this home by Horror haunted,
Tell me truly, I implore :
Is there, is there balm in Gilead ?
Tell me — tell me, I implore !”
Quoth the raven “ Nevermore.”

“ Prophet !” said I, “ thing of evil !
Prophet still, if bird or devil !
By that heaven that bends above us,
By that God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden
If, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden
Whom the angels name Lenore,
Clasp a rare and radiant maird
Whom the angels name Lenore.
Quoth the raven “ Nevermore.”

“ Be that word our sign of parting,
Bird or fiend ! ” I shrieked, upstarting ;
“ Get thee back into the tempest
And the Night’s Plutonian shore
Leave no black plume as a token
Of that lie thy soul hath spoken !
Leave my loneliness unbroken !
Quit the bust above my door !
Take thy beak from out my heart,
And take thy form from off my door ! ”
Quoth the raven “ Nevermore.”

And the raven, never flitting,
Still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas
Just above my chamber door ;
And his eyes have all the seeming
Of a demon’s that is dreaming,
And the lamplight, o’er him streaming,
Throws his shadow on the floor ;
And my soul from out that shadow
That lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted — nevermore !

EDGAR ALLAN POE



THE SABBATH MORNING.

WITH silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
That slowly wakes while all the fields are still.
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne;
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill,

And Echo answers softer from the hill,
 And softer sings the linnet from the thorn ;
 The sky-lark warbles in a tone less shrill.
 Hail, light serene ! hail, sacred Sabbath morn !
 The rooks float silent by, in airy drove ;
 The sky a placid yellow lustre throws ;
 The gales, that lately sighed along the grove,
 Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose ;
 The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move :
 So soft the day when the first morn arose.

JOHN LEYDEN.



SONNET: ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,
 Ere half my days in this dark world and wide ;
 And that one talent which is death to hide
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he, returning, chide —
 “ Doth God exact day-labor, light denied ? ”
 I fondly ask ; but Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies : “ God doth not need
 Either man’s work, or his own gift ; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best ; his state
 Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o’er land and ocean without rest ;
 They also serve who only stand and wait.”

JOHN MILTON.

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

Is this a fast : to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep ?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish ?

Is it to fast an hour ?
Or ragged to go :
Or show
A downcast look, and sour ?

No ! 't is a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate —
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent :
 To starve thy sin,
 Not bin —
 And that's to keep thy lent.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE EMIGRANTS.

I CANNOT take my eyes away
 From you, ye busy, bustling band !
 Your little all to see you lay,
 Each, in the waiting seaman's hand.

Ye men, who from your necks set down
 The heavy basket on the earth,
 Of bread from German corn, baked brown
 By German wives on German hearth !

And you, with braided queues so neat,
 Black-Forest maidens, slim and brown,
 How careful on the sloop's green seat
 You set your pails and pitchers down !

Ah ! oft have home's cool, shady tanks
 These pails and pitchers filled for you !
 On far Missouri's silent banks
 Shall these the scenes of home renew :

The stone-rimmed fount in village street,
 That, as ye stooped, betrayed your smiles ;

The hearth, and its familiar seat ;
The mantel and the pictured tiles.

Soon, in the far and wooded West,
Shall log-house walls therewith be graced ;
Soon many a tired, tawny guest
Shall sweet refreshment from them taste.



From them shall drink the Cherokee,
Faint with the hot and dusty chase ;

No more from German vintage ye
Shall bear them home, in leaf-crowned grace.

O say, why seek ye other lands?
The Neckar's vale hath wine and corn;
Full of dark firs the Schwarzwald stands;
In Spessart rings the Alp-herd's horn.

Ah! in strange forests low ye'l. yearn
For the green mountains of your home—
To Deutschland's yellow wheat-fields turn.
In spirit o'er her vine-hills roam!

How will the form of days grown pale
In golden dreams float softly by!
Like some unearthly, mystic tale,
'T will stand before fond memory's eye.

The boatman calls! — Go hence in peace!
God bless ye, man and wife and sire!
Bless all your fields with rich increase,
And crown each true heart's pure desire!

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH. (German.)

Translation of CHARLES T. BROOKS.

SONG OF FAIRIES.

WE the fairies, blithe and antic,
Of dimensions not gigantic,
Though the moonshine mostly keep us.
Oft in orchards brisk and peep us.

Stolen sweets are always sweeter ;
Stolen kisses much completer ;
Stolen looks are nice in chapels :
Stolen, stolen be your apples.

When to bed the world are bobbing,
Then 's the time for orchard-robbing ;
Yet the fruit were scarce worth peeling
Were it not for stealing, stealing.

THOMAS RANDOLPH. (*Latin.*)

Translation of LEIGH HUNT.

SIR PETER.

IN his last bin Sir Peter lies,
Who knew not what it was to frown ;
Death took him mellow, by surprise,
And in his cellar stopped him down.
Through all our land we could not boast
A knight more gay, more prompt than he
To rise and fill a bumper toast,
And pass it round with “Three times Three !”

None better knew the feast to sway,
 Or keep mirth's boat in better trim ;
 For Nature had but little clay
 Like that of which she moulded him.
 The meanest guest that graced his board
 Was there the freest of the free,
 His bumper toast when Peter poured
 And passed it round with "Three times Three ! "

He kept at true good humor's mark
 The social flow of pleasure's tide ;
 He never made a brow look dark,
 Nor caused a tear but when he died.
 No sorrow round his tomb should dwell :
 More pleased his gay old ghost would be,
 For funeral song and passing bell,
 To hear no sound but "Three times Three ! "

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK



ARMSTRONG'S GOOD-NIGHT.

THIS night is my departing night,
 For here nae langer must I stay ;
 There 's neither friend nor foe o' mine
 But wishes me away.

What I have done thro' lack o' wit
 I never, never can recall.
 I hope ye 're a' my friends as yet :
 Good-micht ! And joy be wi' you all !

ANONYMOUS.

THE SENTRY.

My heart, my heart is weary;
 Yet merrily beams the May,
And I lean against the linden,
 High up on the terrace gray.

The town-moat far below me
 Runs silent and sad and blue:
A boy in a boat floats o'er it,
 Still fishing and whistling too.

And a beautiful varied picture
 Spreads out beyond the flood:
Fair houses, and gardens, and people,
 And cattle, and meadow, and wood.

Young maidens are bleaching the linen:
 They laugh as they go and come;
And the mill-wheel is dripping with diamonds —
 I list to its far-away hum.

And high on yon old gray castle
 A sentry-box peeps o'er,
While a young red-coated soldier
 Is pacing beside the door.

He handles his shining musket,
Which gleams in the sunlight red;
He halts, he presents, he shoulders—
I wish that he 'd shoot me dead!

HEINRICH HEINE. (German.)

Translation of CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.



THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.

THE world is too much with us: late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away—a sordid boon !
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers—
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I 'd rather be
A Pagan, suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn—
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH



SONG.

PACK, clouds, away! and welcome, day!
With night we banish sorrow:

Sweet air, blow soft ! mount, lark, aloft !
To give my love good-morrow.
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I 'll borrow ;
Bird, prune thy wing ! nightingale, sing !
To give my love good-morrow :
To give my love good-morrow
Notes from them all I 'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast !
Sing, birds, in every furrow !
And from each hill let music shrill
Give my fair love good-morrow.
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow :
You pretty elves, among yourselves,
Sing my fair love good-morrow :
To give my love good-morrow
Sing, birds, in every furrow !

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes dreist !
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there !

WILLIAM COLLINS.

SONG.

THE lark now leaves his watery nest,
And, climbing, shakes his dewy wings.
He takes this window for the east,
And, to implore your light, he sings.
Awake ! awake ! — the Morn will never rise
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
 The ploughman from the sun his season takes ;
 But still the lover wonders what they are
 Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
 Awake, awake ! — break through your veils of lawn !
 Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT



JO IDEJE LEMENT A NAP.

ALL the earth is wrapped in shadows,
 And the dews have drenched the meadows,
 And the moon has ta'en her station,
 And the midnight rules creation.
 Where is my beloved staying ?
 In her chamber, kneeling, praying.
 Is she praying for her lover ?
 Then her heart is flowing over.
 My beloved ! is she keeping
 Watch, or is she sweetly sleeping ?
 If she dream, her dreams are surely
 Of the one she loves so purely.
 If she sleep not, if she pray not,
 If to listening ear she say naught —
 Thought with thought in silence linking,
 O, I know of whom she 's thinking !
 Think, O think of me, sweet angel,
 Rose of life, and love's evangel !

All the thoughts that melt or move thee
Are like stars that shine above thee ;
And while shining, to the centre
Of thy spirit's spirit enter,
And there light a flame supernal —
Like eternal love, eternal.

ALEXANDER PETÖFI. (Hungarian.)

Translation of SIR JOHN BOWRING.

ECHO AND SILENCE.

In eddying course when leaves began to fly,
And Autumn in her lap the store to strew,
As mid wild scenes I chanced the Muse to woo,
Through glens untrod and woods that frowned on high,
Two sleeping nymphs, with wonder mute, I spy :
 And lo ! she 's gone — in robe of dark green hue,
 'T was Echo from her sister Silence flew ;
For quick the hunter's horn resounded to the sky.
In shade affrighted Silence melts away.
 Not so her sister — hark ! for onward still,
With far-heard step, she takes her listening way,
 Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill :
Ah ! mark the merry maid, in mockful play,
 With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fills !

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

THE SABBATH.

FRESH glides the brook, and blows the gale,
Yet yonder halts the quiet mill !
The whirring wheel, the rushing sail,
How motionless and still !

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,
Thy strength the slave of want may be :
The seventh thy limbs escape the chain —
A God hath made thee free !

Ah ! tender was the law that gave
This holy respite to the breast —
To breathe the gale, to watch the wave,
And know the wheel may rest !

But where the waves the gentlest glide
What image charms, to lift thine eyes ?
The spire reflected on the tide
Invites thee to the skies.

To teach the soul its nobler worth
This rest from mortal toils is given :
Go, snatch the brief reprieve from earth,
And pass — a guest to heaven !

They tell thee, in their dreaming school,
 Of power from old dominion hurled,
When rich and poor, with juster rule,
 Shall share the altered world.

Alas ! since time itself began,
 That fable hath but fooled the hour ;
Each age that ripens power in man
 But subjects man to power.

Yet every day in seven, at least,
 One bright republic shall be known :
Man's world awhile hath surely ceased
 When God proclaims His own !

Six days may rank divide the poor,
 O Dives, from thy banquet-hall !
The seventh the Father opes the door,
 And holds His feast for all !

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

MUCH have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne ;

Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken ;



Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific ; and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

JOHN KEATS.

THE MAKING OF MAN.

BEFORE the beginning of years

There came to the making of man,

Time, with a gift of tears ;

Grief, with a glass that ran ;

Pleasure, with pain for leaven ;

Summer, with flowers that fell ;

Remembrance, fallen from heaven,

And madness, risen from hell ;

Strength, without hands to smite ;

Love, that endures for a breath ;

Night, the shadow of light,

And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand

Fire, and the falling of tears,

And a measure of sliding sand

From under the feet of the years ,

And froth and drift of the sea ;

And dust of the laboring earth ;

And bodies of things to be

In the houses of death and of birth ;

And wrought with weeping and laughter,

And fashioned with loathing and love,

With life before and after

And death beneath and above,

For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span,
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south
They gathered as unto strife ;
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life ;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the soul therein,
A time for labor and thought,
A time to serve and to sin ;
They gave him light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty, and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire ;
With his lips he travaleth ;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death ;
He weaves, and is clothed with derision ;
Sows, and he shall not reap ;
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE



CALM IS THE NIGHT.

CALM is the night, and the city is sleeping.
Once in this house dwelt a lady fair;
Long, long ago, she left it, weeping —
But still the old house is standing there.

Yonder a man at the heavens is staring,
Wringing his hands as in sorrowful case;

He turns to the moonlight, his countenance baring—
O Heaven! he shows me my own sad face!

Shadowy form, with my own agreeing!

Why modest thou thus, in the moonlight cold,
The sorrows which here once vexed my being,
Many a night in the days of old?

HEINRICH HEINE. (German.)

Translation of CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.



IF I DESIRE WITH PLEASANT SONGS.

IF I desire with pleasant songs
To throw a merry hour away,
Comes Love unto me, and my wrongs
In careful tale he doth display,
And asks me how I stand for singing
While I my helpless hands am wringing.

And then another time, if I
A noon in shady bower would pass,
Comes he with stealthy gesture sly,
And flinging down upon the grass,
Quoth he to me: My master dear,
Think of this noontide such a year!

And if elsewhile I lay my head
On pillow, with intent to sleep,

Lies Love beside me on the bed,
And gives me ancient words to keep;
Says he: These looks, these tokens, number —
May be, they'll help you to a slumber!

So every time when I would yield
An hour to quiet, comes he still,
And hunts up every sign concealed,
And every outward sign of ill;
And gives me his sad face's pleasures
For merriment's, or sleep's, or leisure's.

THOMAS BURBIDGE.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

COULD we but know
The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,
Where lie those happier hills, and meadows low —
Ah! if beyond the spirit's inmost cavil
Aught of that country could we surely know —
Who would not go?

Might we but hear
The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,
Or catch betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear,
One radiant vista of the realm before us,
With one rapt moment given to see and hear —
Ah! who would fear?

Were we quite sure
To find the peerless friend who left us lonely ;
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,
To gaze in eyes that here were lovelit only —
This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,
Who would endure ?

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

NEARER TO THEE.

NEARER, my God, to Thee !
Nearer to Thee !
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee !
Nearer to Thee !

Enough, like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I 'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven ;

All that Thou sendest me
 In mercy given.
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee !

Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I 'll raise :
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee !

Or if, on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly —
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee !
 Nearer to Thee !

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS



THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
 The ringers ran by two, by three :
 "Pull ! if ye never pulled before ;
 Good ringers, pull your best !" quoth hee.

“ Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells !
 Ply all your changes, all your swells !
 Play uppe ‘ The Brides of Enderby ! ’ ”

Men say it was a stolen tyde —
 The Lord that sent it, He knows all ;
 But in myne ears doth still abide
 The message that the bells let fall ;
 And there was nought of strange, beside
 The flights of mews and peewits pied,
 By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

I sat and span within the doore ;
 My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes :
 The level sun, like ruddy ore,
 Lay sinking in the barren skies ;
 And, dark against day’s golden death,
 She moved where Lindis wandereth —
 My sonne’s faire wife, Elizabeth.

“ Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha ! ” calling,
 Ere the early dews were falling,
 Farre away I heard her song.
 “ Cusha ! Cusha ! ” all along ;
 Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
 Floweth, floweth,
 From the meads where melick groweth,
 Faintly came her milking song.

“ Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha ! ” calling,
 “ For the dews will soone be falling :

Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow !
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow !
Come uppe, Whitefoot ! come uppe, Lightfoot !
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow !
Come uppe, Jetty ! rise and follow :
From the clovers lift your head !
Come uppe, Whitefoot ! come uppe, Lightfoot !
Come uppe, Jetty ! rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed !”

If it be long—ay, long ago—
When I beginne to think howe long
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong ;
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where, full fyve good miles away,
The steeple towered from out the greene,
And lo ! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side,
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds, where their sedges are,
Moved on in sunset’s golden breath ;
The shepherde-lads I heard afarre,

And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth ;
 Till, floating o'er the grassy sea,
 Came downe that kyndly message free,
 "The Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
 And all along where Lindis flows
 To where the goodly vessels lie,
 And where the lordly steeple shows :
 They sayde, " And why should this thing be ?
 What danger lowers by land or sea,
 They ring the tune of Enderby ?

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
 Of pyrate galleys warping down —
 For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
 They have not spared to wake the towne ;
 But while the west bin red to see,
 And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
 Why ring ' The Brides of Enderby ? ' "

I looked without, and lo ! my sonne
 Came riding downe with might and main ;
 He raised a shout as he drew on,
 Till all the welkin rang again :
 "Elizabeth ! Elizabeth ! "
 (A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea-wall (he cryed) is downe !

The rising tide comes on apace ;
And boats, adrift in yonder towne,
Go sailing uppe the market-place ! ”
He shook as one that looks on death :
“ God save you, mother ! ” straight he sayth ;
“ Where is my wife, Elizabeth ? ”

“ Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I marked her long ;
And ere yon bells beganne to play,
Afar I heard her milking song.”
He looked across the grassy sea,
To right, to left : “ Ho, Enderby ! ”
They rang “ The Brides of Enderby ! ”

With that he cried and beat his breast ;
For lo ! along the river’s bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud —
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis, backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine ;
Then madly at the eygre’s breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout —
Then beaten foam flew round about —
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast, the eyg're drave,
 The heart had hardly time to beat
 Before a shallow seething wave
 Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet :
 The feet had hardly time to flee
 Before it brake against the knee —
 And all the world was in the sea !

Upon the roofe we sate that night ;
 The noise of bells went sweeping by ;
 I marked the lofty beacon-light
 Stream from the church tower, red and high —
 A lurid mark, and dread to see ;
 And awsome bells they were to mee,
 That in the dark rang “ Enderby.”

They rang the sailor-lads to guide,
 From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed ,
 And I — my sonne was at my side,
 And yet the ruddy beacon glowed ;
 And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
 “ O come in life, or come in death !
 O lost ! my love, Elizabeth.”

And didst thou visit him no more ?
 Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare !
 The waters laid thee at his doore
 Ere yet the early dawn was clear :
 Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
 The lifted sun shone on thy face,
 Downe-drifted to thy dwelling-place !

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea —
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas !

To manye more than myne and mee ;
But each will mourn his own (she sayth),
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
“ Cusha ! Cusha ! ” calling,
Ere the early dews be falling ;
I shall never hear her song,
“ Cusha ! Cusha ! ” all along,
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth,
From the meads where melick growtheth,
When the water, winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more,
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver,
Stand beside the sobbing river —
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling,
To the sandy lonesome shore ;
I shall never hear her calling,
“ Leave your meadow grasses mellow.
Mellow, mellow !
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow !
Come uppe, Whitefoot ! come uppe, Lightfoot !

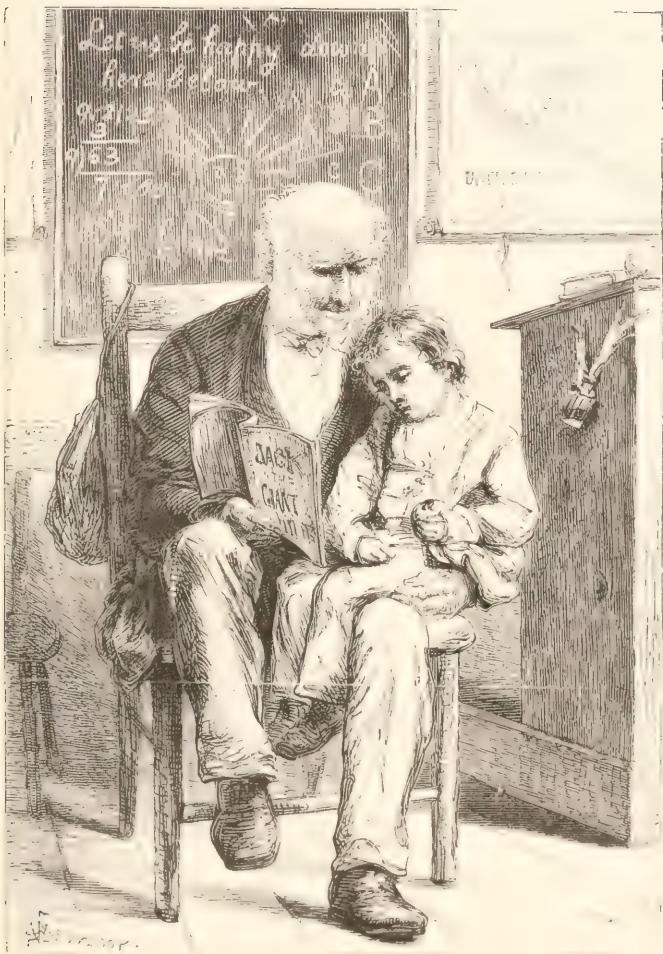
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow !
Come uppe, Lightfoot ! rise and follow,
Lightfoot, Whitefoot :
From your clovers lift the head !
Come uppe, Jetty ! follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed ! ”

JEAN INGELOW.

COME, SLEEP, O SLEEP!

COME, Sleep, O Sleep ! the certain knot of peace,
The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe ;
The poor man’s wealth, the prisoner’s release ;
The indifferent judge between the high and low !
With shield of proof, shield me from out the prease
Of those fierce darts despair doth at me throw.
O ! make in me those civil wars to cease :
I will good tribute pay if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth’ pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,
A rosy garland and a weary head ;
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella’s image see.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY



THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE.

"**I**WAS a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall and slender, and shallow and dry;

His form was bent, and his gait was slow,
His long, thin hair was as white as snow,
 But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye ;
And he sang every night as he went to bed,
 “ Let us be happy down here below ;
The living should live, though the dead be dead,”
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,
 Writing, and reading, and history, too ;
He took the little ones up on his knee,
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
 And the wants of the littlest child he knew :
“ Learn while you’re young,” he often said,
 “ There is much to enjoy, down here below ;
Life for the living, and rest for the dead ! ”
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With the stupidest boys he was kind and cool,
 Speaking only in gentlest tones ;
The rod was hardly known in his school . . .
Whipping, to him, was a barbarous rule,
 And too hard work for his poor old bones ;
Beside, it was painful, he sometimes said :
 “ We should make life pleasant, down here below,
The living need charity more than the dead,”
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,
 With roses and woodbine over the door ;

His rooms were quiet, and neat, and plain,
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
 And made him forget he was old and poor ;
“ I need so little,” he often said ;
 “And my friends and relatives here below
Won’t litigate over me when I am dead,”
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

But the pleasantest times that he had, of all,
 Were the sociable hours he used to pass,
With his chair tipped back to a neighbor’s wall,
Making an unceremonious call,
 Over a pipe and a friendly glass :
This was the finest pleasure, he said,
 Of the many he tasted, here below ;
“ Who has no cronies, had better be dead ! ”
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

Then the jolly old pedagogue’s wrinkled face
 Melted all over in sunshiny smiles ;
He stirred his glass with an old-school grace,
Chuckled, and sipped, and prattled apace,
 Till the house grew merry, from cellar to tiles :
“ I’m a pretty old man,” he gently said,
 “ I have lingered a long while, here below ;
But my heart is fresh, if my youth is fled ! ”
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air,
 Every night when the sun went down,

While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,
Leaving his tenderest kisses there,

On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown :
And, feeling the kisses, he smiled, and said,

'T was a glorious world, down here below ;
" Why wait for happiness till we are dead ? "

Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat at his door, one midsummer night,
After the sun had sunk in the west,
And the lingering beams of golden light
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,
While the odorous night-wind whispered, " Rest ! "
Gently, gently, he bowed his head . . .
There were angels waiting for him, I know ;
He was sure of happiness, living or dead,
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago !

GEORGE ARNOLD.

Birds are singing round my window,
Tunes the sweetest ever heard,
And I hang my cage there daily.
But I never catch a bird.

Do with thoughts my brain is peopled,
And they sing there all day long;
But they will not fold their pinions
In the little cage of song!

R. H. Stoddard,

CAUGHT!

BIRDS are singing round my window,
 Tunes the sweetest ever heard,
And I hang my cage there daily,
 But I never catch a bird.

So with thoughts my brain is peopled,
 And they sing there all day long ;
But they will not fold their pinions
 In the little cage of song !

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

A DEDICATION.

THE sea gives her shells to the shingle,
 The earth gives her streams to the sea ;
They are many, but my gift is single —
 My verses, the first-fruits of me.
Let the wind take the green and the gray leaf,
 Cast forth without fruit upon air —
Take rose-leaf and vine-leaf and bay-leaf,
 Blown loose from the hair.

The night shakes them round me in legions,
 Dawn drives them before her like dreams ;
Time sheds them like snows on strange regions,
 Swept shoreward on infinite streams :

Leaves pallid and sombre and ruddy,
Dead fruits of the fugitive years—
Some stained as with wine and made bloody,
And some as with tears ;

Some scattered in seven years' traces,
As they fell from the boy that was then—
Long left among idle green places,
Or gathered but now among men :
On seas full of wonder and peril,
Blown white round the capes of the north ;
Or in islands where myrtles are sterile,
And loves bring not forth.

O daughters of dreams, and of stories
That life is not wearied of yet,
Faustine, Fragoletta, Dolores,
Félide and Yolande and Juliette !
Shall I find you not still, shall I miss you,
When sleep, that is true or that seems,
Comes back to me, hopeless to kiss you,
O daughters of dreams ?

They are past as a slumber that passes,
As the dew of a dawn of old time—
More frail than the shadows on glasses,
More fleet than a wave or a rhyme.
As the waves after ebb drawing seaward,
When their hollows are full of the night,
So the birds that flew singing to me-ward
Recede out of sight :

The songs of dead seasons, that wander
 On wings of articulate words —
Lost leaves, that the shore-wind may squander —
 Light flocks of untamable birds ;
Some sang to me — dreaming in class-time,
 And truant in hand as in tongue ;
For the youngest were born of boy's pastime,
 The eldest are young.

Is there shelter while life in them lingers,
 Is there hearing for songs that recede ? —
Tunes touched from a harp with man's fingers,
 Or blown with boy's mouth in a reed ?
Is there place in the land of your labor ?
 Is there room in your world of delight,
Where change has not sorrow for neighbor,
 And day has not night ?

In their wings though the sea-wind yet quivers,
 Will you spare not a space for them there,
Made green with the running of rivers
 And gracious with temperate air ? —
In the fields and the turreted cities,
 That cover from sunshine and rain
Fair passions and bountiful pities
 And loves without stain ?

In a land of clear colors and stories,
 In a region of shadowless hours,
Where earth has a garment of glories
 And a murmur of musical flowers —

In woods where the spring half uncovers
The flush of her amorous face,
By the waters that listen for lovers —
For these is there place ?

For the song-birds of sorrow, that muffle
Their music as clouds do their fire ?
For the storm-birds of passion, that ruffle
Wild wings in a wind of desire ?
In the stream of the storm as it settles
Blown seaward, borne far from the sun —
Shaken loose on the darkness, like petals
Dropt one after one ?

Though the world of your hands be more gracious
And lovelier, in lordship of things
Clothed round by sweet Art with the spacious
Warm heaven of her imminent wings,
Let them enter, unfledged and nigh fainting,
For the love of old loves and lost times ;
And receive in your palace of painting
This revel of rhymes.

Though the seasons of man, full of losses,
Make empty the years full of youth,
If but one thing be constant in crosses,
Change lays not her hand upon truth ;
Hopes die, and their tombs are for token
That the grief, as the joy of them, ends
Ere Time, that breaks all men, has broken
The faith between friends.

Though the many lights dwindle to one light,
 There is help if the heaven has one ;
 Though the skies be discrowned of the sunlight,
 And the earth dispossessed of the sun,
 They have moonlight and sleep for repayment,
 When, refreshed as a bride and set free,
 With stars and sea-winds in her raiment,
 Night sinks on the sea.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

THE LAST POET.

“ WHEN will your bards be weary
 Of rhyming on ? How long
 Ere it is sung and ended,
 The old, eternal song ? ”

“ Is it not long since empty,
 The horn of full supply ?
 And all the posies gathered,
 And all the fountains dry ? ”

As long as the sun’s chariot
 Yet keeps its azure track,
 And but one human visage
 Gives answering glances back ;

As long as skies shall nourish
The thunderbolt and gale,
And, frightened at their fury,
One throbbing heart shall quail ;

As long as after tempests
Shall spring one showery bower,
One breast with peaceful promise
And reconciliation glow ;

As long as night the concave
Sows with its starry seed,
And but one man those letters
Of golden writ can read ;

Long as a moonbeam glimmers,
Or bosom sighs a vow ;
Long as the wood-leaves rustle
To cool a weary brow ;

As long as roses blossom,
And earth is green in May :
As long as eyes shall sparkle
And smile in pleasure's ray .

As long as cypress shadows
The graves more mournful make.
Or one cheek's wet with weeping,
Or one poor heart can break :

So long on earth shall wander
The goddess Poesy;
And, with her, one exulting
Her votarist to be.

And singing on, triumphing,
The old earth-mansion through,
Out marches the last minstrel!
He is the last man too.

The Lord holds the creation
Forth in his hand meanwhile,
Like a fresh flower just opened,
And views it with a smile.

When once this Flower Giant
Begins to show decay,
And earths and suns are flying
Like blossom-dust away,

Then ask — if of the question
Not weary yet — “ How long
Ere it is sung and ended,
The old, eternal song ? ”

ANTON ALEXANDER VON AUERSPERG. (German.)

Translation of NATHANIEL LANGDON FROTHINGHAM.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

A.

	PAGE
ABOU BEN ADHEM (MAY HIS TRIBE INCREASE!).....	Hunt.... 317
AE FOND KISS — AND THEN WE SEVER!.....	Burns.... 234
A FEARLESS SHAPE OF BRAVE DEVICE.....	Roed.... 475
AGAIN I SIT WITHIN THE MANSION.....	Talbot.... 42
AH, CHLORIS! THAT I NOW COULD SIT.....	Sedley.... 355
AH, HERE IT IS! THE SLIDING RAIL.....	Holmes.... 613
AH, MY HEART IS WEARY WAITING.....	McCarthy.... 433
AH, MY PERILLA! DOST THOU GRIEVE TO SEE.....	Herrick.... 342
ALL DAY LONG TILL THE WEST WAS RED.....	McKay.... 218
"ALL'S WELL" — HOW THE MUSICAL SOUND	Preston.... 282
ALL THE EARTH IS WRAP'T IN SHADOWS.....	Bowring.... 682
ALL THOUGHTS, ALL PASSIONS, ALL DELIGHTS.....	S. T. Coleridge.... 239
ALTHOUGH I ENTER NOT... .	Thackeray.... 270
AND ARE YE SURE THE NEWS IS TRUE.....	Middleton.... 649
AN ORPHAN BOY, WITH WEARY FEET.....	Rueckert.... 441
AROUND ME LIFE'S HELL OF FIERCE ARDORS BURNS.....	Massey.... 198
AS I LAY ASLEEP, AS I LAY ASLEEP.....	Buchanan.... 192
AS I LAY A-THINKING, A-THINKING, A-THINKING.....	Barham.... 472
AS I SAW FAIR CHLORIS WALK ALONE.....	Anonymous.... 237
A SOLDIER OF THE LEGION LAY DYING IN ALGIERS.....	Norton.... 187
ASK ME NO MORE: THE MOON MAY DRAW THE SEA.....	Tennyson.... 63
AS SHIPS BECALMED AT EVE, THAT LAY.....	Clough.... 470
AS SOME POOR PITEOUS LAPP, WHO UNDER FIRS.....	H. H.... 322
AS THROUGH THE LAND AT EVE WE WENT.....	Tennyson.... 113
A TRAVELLER THROUGH A DUSTY ROAD.....	Mackay.... 64
AT THE CORNER OF WOOD STREET WHEN DAYLIGHT APPEARS.....	Wordsworth.... 519
AWAKE THEE, MY LADY-LOVE.....	Darley.... 460
AWAY! LET NAUGHT TO LOVE DISPLEASING.....	Anon.... 530
A WEARY WEED TOSSED TO AND FRO.....	Fenner.... 603
A YOUTH, LIGHT HEARTED AND CONTENT.....	Preston.... 8

B.

BALOW, MY BABE, LY SEE, AND SLEPI.....	Hunt.... 24
BARK, THAT BEARS ME THROUGH LOAM AND SQUALI.....	H. H.... 3
BEAUTY STILL WALKITH ON THE EARTH AND AIR.....	Herrick.... 8
BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING.....	Herrick.... 27

	PAGE	
BEFORE THE BEGINNING OF YEARS.....	<i>Swinburne</i>	687
BIRDS ARE SINGING ROUND MY WINDOW.....	<i>Stoddard</i>	706
BLESSINGS ON THEE, LITTLE MAN.....	<i>Whittier</i>	511
BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND!.....	<i>Shakespeare</i>	450
BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.....	<i>Tennyson</i>	358
BURLY, DOZING, HUMBLEBEE!.....	<i>Emerson</i>	425
BY SCATTERED ROCKS AND TURBID WATERS SHIFTING.....	<i>Harte</i>	419
BY THE WAYSIDE, ON A MOSSY STONE	<i>Hoyt</i>	147
C.		
CALL FOR THE ROBIN-REDBREAST AND THE WREN.....	<i>Webster</i>	439
CALM IS THE NIGHT AND THE CITY IS SLEEPING.....	<i>Leland</i>	689
CHEEKS AS SOFT AS JULY PEACHES.....	<i>Bennett</i>	114
COME, BEAUTEOUS DAY!.....	<i>Hurlbut</i>	301
COME FROM YOUR LONG, LONG ROVING.....	<i>Anonymous</i>	179
COME ALL YE JOLLY SHEPHERDS.....	<i>Hogg</i>	175
COME IN THE EVENING, OR COME IN THE MORNING.....	<i>Davis</i>	277
COME LIVE WITH ME, AND BE MY LOVE.....	<i>Marlowe</i>	163
COME, SLEEP, O SLEEP! THE CERTAIN KNOT OF PEACE.....	<i>Sidney</i>	700
COME SEE THE DOLPHIN'S ANCHOR FORGED.....	<i>Ferguson</i>	580
COME WITH THE BIRDS IN THE SPRING.....	<i>Kimball</i>	510
COULD WE BUT KNOW THE LAND THAT ENDS OUR DARK.....	<i>Stedman</i>	691
COULD YE COME BACK TO ME, DOUGLAS, DOUGLAS.....	<i>Muloch</i>	254
COLD CHRISTMAS EVE! THE MUFFLED WAITS.....	<i>Macfarlane</i>	104
D.		
DAY, IN MELTING PURPLE DYING!.....	<i>Brooks</i>	318
DAY-STARS! THAT OPE YOUR EYES WITH MORN TO TWINKLE.....	<i>Horace Smith</i>	397
DEEPER THAN THE HAIL CAN SMITE.....	<i>C. G. Rossetti</i>	118
DOES THE ROAD WIND UP-HILL ALL THE WAY?.....	<i>C. G. Rossetti</i>	492
DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.....	<i>Bén Jonson</i>	273
DRINK YE TO HER THAT EACH LOVES BEST.....	<i>Campbell</i>	296
E.		
EVERY SAIL IS FULL SET, AND THE SKY.....	<i>H. H.</i>	133
F.		
FAIR DAFFODILS, WE WEEP TO SEE.....	<i>Herrick</i>	423
FAIR PLEDGES OF A FRUITFUL TREE.....	<i>Herrick</i>	422
FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.....	<i>Moore</i>	252
FEAR NO MORE THE HEAT O' THE SUN.....	<i>Shakespeare</i>	268
FRESH GLIDES THE BROOK AND BLOWS THE GALE.....	<i>Bulwer Lytton</i>	684
FROM MY LIPS IN THEIR DEFILEMENT.....	<i>Browning</i>	640
FULL FATHOM FIVE THY FATHER LIES.....	<i>Shakespeare</i>	660
G.		
GENTEEL IN PERSONAGE.....	<i>Fielding</i>	304
"GIVE US A SONG!" THE SOLDIERS CRIED.....	<i>Taylor</i>	165
GOD DOES NOT SEND US STRANGE FLOWERS EVERY YEAR.....	<i>Whitney</i>	506
GOD SENT HIS SINGERS UPON EARTH.....	<i>Longfellow</i>	346

INDEX.

715

	PAGE
GO FORTH AT EVENTIDE	<i>Embry</i> 663
GO, LOVELY ROSE!	<i>Waller</i> 451
GO WHERE THE WATER GLIDETH GENTLY EVER.....	<i>Reynolds</i> 248
GREEN BE THE TURF ABOVE THEF.....	<i>Halleck</i> 343
GREEN LITTLE VAULTER IN THE SUNNY GRASS.....	<i>Hunt</i> 475

H.

HALF A LEAGUE, HALF A LEAGUE.....	<i>Tennyson</i> 567
HARK! AH, THE NIGHTINGALE.....	<i>Arnold</i> 372
HER EYES THE GLOW-WORME LEND THEE.....	<i>Herrick</i> 393
HER SUFFERING ENDED WITH THE DAY.....	<i>Abdrich</i> 251
HERE A SHEER-HULK LIES POOR TOM BOWLING.....	<i>Dibdin</i> 535
HE STOOD BESIDE A COTTAGE LONE.....	<i>Hervey</i> 221
HE UPON HIELANDS.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 57
HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD.....	<i>Tennyson</i> 305
HO, SAILOR OF THE SEA!.....	<i>Dobell</i> 346
HOW DEAR TO THIS HEART ARE THE SCENES OF MY CHILDHOOD.....	<i>Woodworth</i> 32
HOW SELDOM, FRIEND, A GOOD GREAT MAN INHERITS.....	<i>Coleridge</i> 606
HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE, WHO SINK TO REST.....	<i>Collins</i> 681
HOW STRANGE IT SEEMS WITH SO MUCH GONE.....	<i>Whittier</i> 182
HOW SWEET IT WERE, IF WITHOUT FEEBLE FRIGHT.....	<i>Hunt</i> 559
HOW THICK THE WILD FLOWERS BLOW ABOUT OUR FEET.....	<i>Trench</i> 436
HOW WISE HE IS! HE CAN TALK IN GREEK!.....	<i>M. E. Dodge</i> 324

I.

I AM THIS FOUNTAIN'S GOD. BELOW.....	<i>Fletcher</i> 431
I ARISE FROM DREAMS OF THEE.....	<i>Sherley</i> 435
I CANNOT MAKE HIM DEAD!.....	<i>Pierpont</i> 245
I CANNOT OPE MINE EYES.....	<i>Herbert</i> 134
I CANNOT TAKE MY EYES AWAY.....	<i>Brooks</i> 672
I COME FROM HAUNTS OF COOT AND HERN.....	<i>Tennyson</i> 457
I DREAMED A DREAM — WHAT CAN IT MEAN?.....	<i>Webb</i> 656
IF ALL WERE RAIN AND NEVER SUN.....	<i>C. G. Rossetti</i> 493
IF I AM GONE ON, YOU WILL FIND A SMALL STRING.....	<i>Brown</i> 538
IF I DESIRE WITH PLEASANT SONGS.....	<i>Burbridge</i> 690
IF I HAD THOUGHT THOU COULDST HAVE DIED.....	<i>Wolfe</i> 172
IF I SHALL EVER WIN THE HOME IN HEAVEN.....	<i>Holland</i> 328
IF I FILL THIS CUP TO ONE MADE UP.....	<i>Pinkney</i> 257
IF THAT THE WORLD AND LOVE WERE YOUNG.....	<i>Randall</i> 164
IF THIS FAIR ROSE OFTEND THY SIGHT.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 269
IF THOU WILT LASE THINE HEART.....	<i>Bodleian</i> 461
I GIVE MY SOLDIER BOY A BLADE.....	<i>Moore</i> 632
I HAVE A SON, A LITTLE SON, A BOY JUST FIVE YEARS OLD.....	<i>M. E. Dodge</i> 136
I HAVE HAD PLAYMATES, I HAVE HAD COMPANIONS.....	<i>Lamb</i> 154
I HAVE NO NAME	<i>Brown</i> 254
I HAVE SUN A NIGHTINGALE.....	<i>Longfellow</i> 424
I IN THESE FLOWERY MEADS WOULD BE	<i>Whittier</i> 179
I KNOW A MAIDEN FAIR TO SEE	<i>Tennyson</i> 288
I KNOW HER, THE THING OF LACES AND SILKS.....	<i>Sherley</i> 302

	PAGE
I KNOW NOT WHAT IT PRESAGES.....	<i>Cranch</i> 551
I LOVE CONTEMPLATING APART.....	<i>Campbell</i> 577
I LOVED THEE LONG AND DEARLY	<i>Cooke</i> 215
I'M SITTING ON THE STILE, MARY.....	<i>Blackwood</i> 100
I'M WEARIN' AWA', JEAN.....	<i>Nairn</i> 135
IN CLEMENTINA'S ARTLESS MIEN.....	<i>Landon</i> 356
IN EDDYING COURSE WHEN LEAVES BEGAN TO FLY.....	<i>Brydges</i> 683
IN HIS LAST BIN SIR PETER LIES.....	<i>Peacock</i> 675
IN MAY, WHEN SEA-WINDS PIERCED OUR SOLITUDES.....	<i>Emerson</i> 402
IN SUMMER, WHEN THE DAYS WERE LONG.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 406
IN THE SILENT MIDNIGHT WATCHES.....	<i>Coxe</i> 602
IN THEIR RAGGED REGIMENTALS.....	<i>McMaster</i> 573
IN THEIR YACHTS ON OCEAN GLIDING.....	<i>English</i> 515
INTO THE SILENT LAND.....	<i>Longfellow</i> 570
IN VAIN YOU TELL YOUR PARTING LOVER.....	<i>Prior</i> 357
I PASSED BEFORE HER GARDEN GATE.....	<i>Bradley</i> 368
I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.....	<i>Hood</i> 94
I SAW HIM ONCE BEFORE.....	<i>Holmes</i> 544
I SAW TWO CLOUDS AT MORNING.....	<i>Brainard</i> 47
I SPRANG TO THE STIRRUP AND JORIS AND HE.....	<i>Browning</i> 585
IS THIS A FAST: TO KEEP THE LARDER LEAN.....	<i>Herrick</i> 671
IS THY NAME MARY, MAIDEN FAIR.....	<i>Holmes</i> 341
IT IS MAY, AND THE MOON LEANS DOWN ALL NIGHT.....	<i>MacDonald</i> 330
IT IS NOT BEAUTY I DEMAND.....	<i>Carew</i> 635
IT IS THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.....	<i>Tennyson</i> 87
IT WAS MANY AND MANY A YEAR AGO.....	<i>Poe</i> 210
IT WAS THE AUTUMN OF THE YEAR.....	<i>Florence Percy</i> 290
IT WAS THE CALM AND SILENT NIGHT.....	<i>Dommett</i> 102
IT WAS THE SCHOONER HESPERUS.....	<i>Longfellow</i> 496
I'VE WANDERED EAST, I'VE WANDERED WEST.....	<i>Motherwell</i> 68
I WANDERED BY THE BROOKSIDE.....	<i>Milnes</i> 412

J.

JENNY KISSED ME WHEN WE MET.....	<i>Hunt</i> 253
JOHN ANDERSON, MY JOE, JOHN	<i>Burns</i> 34

K.

KULNASATZ, MY REINDEER.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 485
-----------------------------	---------------------------

L.

LET ME MOVE SLOWLY THROUGH THE STREET.....	<i>Bryant</i> 618
LET TIME AND CHANCE COMBINE, COMBINE.....	<i>Carlyle</i> 263
LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, YE GATES! SWING WIDE.....	<i>Coles</i> 226
LIKE A POET IN THE SPLENDOR.....	<i>Cary</i> 274
LONE UPON A MOUNTAIN, THE PINE-TREES WAILING ROUND HIM.....	<i>Landon</i> 526
LOOK AT ME WITH THY LARGE BROWN EYES.....	<i>Muloch</i> 180
LOOK NOT THOU ON BEAUTY'S CHARMING.....	<i>Scott</i> 373
LORD, FOR THE ERRING THOUGHT.....	<i>Howells</i> 642
LOVE IN MY BOSOM, LIKE A BEE.....	<i>Lodge</i> 409
LOVE NOT ME FOR COMELY GRACE.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 323

INDEX.

717

M.

	PAGE
MANY A YEAR IS IN ITS GRAVE.....	<i>Uhland</i> ... 359
MATRON, THE CHILDREN OF WHOSE LOVE.....	<i>Bryant</i> ... 91
MAUD MULLER ON A SUMMER'S DAY.....	<i>Whittier</i> ... 123
MAY! QUEEN OF BLOSSOMS.....	<i>Thurlow</i> ... 401
MELLOW THE MOONLIGHT TO SHINE IS BEGINNING.....	<i>J. F. Waller</i> ... 336
'MID PLEASURES AND PALACES THOUGH WE MAY ROAM.....	<i>Payne</i> ... 83
MINE BE A COT BESIDE THE HILL!.....	<i>Rogers</i> ... 170
MINE EYES MAKE PICTURES WHEN THEY'RE SHUT.....	<i>Coleridge</i> ... 171
MUCH HAVE I TRAVELED IN THE REALMS OF GOLD.....	<i>Keats</i> ... 684
MY COACHMAN IN THE MOONLIGHT THERE.....	<i>Lowell</i> ... 552
MY DAYS PASS PLEASANTLY AWAY.....	<i>Saxe</i> ... 202
MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE, I PRAY.....	<i>Grahame</i> ... 230
MY FAINT SPIRIT WAS SITTING IN THE LIGHT.....	<i>Shelley</i> ... 345
MY HEART, MY HEART IS WEARY.....	<i>Leland</i> ... 677
MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.....	<i>Motherwell</i> ... 160
MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.....	<i>Wilde</i> ... 440
MY LITTLE LOVE, DO YOU REMEMBER.....	<i>Robert Bulwer Lytton</i> ... 280
MY LITTLE MAIDEN OF FOUR YEARS OLD.....	<i>Whitney</i> ... 183
MY LOVE HE BUILT ME A BONNY BOWER.....	<i>Anonymous</i> ... 314
MY LOVED, MY HONORED, MUCH RESPECTED FRIEND.....	<i>Burns</i> ... 21
MY SOUL TO-DAY.....	<i>Read</i> ... 464

N.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.....	<i>Adams</i> ... 692
NO MORE! A HARP-STRING'S DEEP AND BREAKING TONE.....	<i>Hemans</i> ... 588
NOT AS ALL OTHER WOMEN ARE.....	<i>J. R. Lowell</i> ... 338
NOT ON A PRAYERLESS BLD.....	<i>Moore</i> ... 604

O.

O! A WEDDING RING'S PRETTY TO WEAR.....	<i>Douglas</i> ... 260
O! A WONDERFUL STREAM IS THE RIVER TIME.....	<i>Taylor</i> ... 597
O! GALLANT SANS-PEUR.....	<i>Dobell</i> ... 560
O! DIG A GRAVE, AND DIG IT DEEP.....	<i>Roscoe</i> ... 320
O! DINNA ASK ME GIN I LO'E YE.....	<i>Dunlop</i> ... 335
O'er the gray old German city.....	<i>Greenough</i> ... 484
Of A' the airts the wind can blaw.....	<i>Burns</i> ... 429
O FAINT, DELICIOUS SPRING-TIME VIOLET.....	<i>Story</i> ... 408
OH, NO, 'TWAS LITTLELESS HERE, HE SAID.....	<i>Brown</i> ... 534
O, IT WAS HERE THAT LOVE, HIS GIFTS BESTOWED.....	<i>Beranger</i> ... 121
OLD TIMES, OLD TIMES, THE GAY OLD TIMES.....	<i>Longfellow</i> ... 144
OLD WINE TO DRUNK.....	<i>Wycliffe</i> ... 568
O MARY, GO AND CALL THE CATTLE HOME.....	<i>Kingsley</i> ... 111
O, MY LOVE'S LIKE THE STEADFAST SUN.....	<i>Longfellow</i> ... 232
ON A BLEAK RIDGE, FROM WHOSE GRANITE EDGES.....	<i>Longfellow</i> ... 622
ONCE UPON A MIDNIGHT DREAMY.....	<i>Pope</i> ... 664
ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.....	<i>Longfellow</i> ... 120
ONE TIME MY SOUL WAS PIERCED AS WITH A SWORD.....	<i>Longfellow</i> ... 350
O NIGHTINGALE, THAT ON YON BLOOMY SPRAY.....	<i>Moore</i> ... 480

INDEX.

	PAGE
ON THE CROSS-BEAM UNDER THE OLD SOUTH BELL.....	<i>Willis</i> 377
O PATIENT SHORE, THAT CANST NOT GO TO MEET.....	<i>H. H.</i> 420
O READER! HAST THOU EVER STOOD TO SEE.....	<i>Southey</i> 385
O ROSES FOR THE FLUSH OF YOUTH.....	<i>Rossetti</i> 524
O ROSE! WHO DARES TO NAME THEE.....	<i>Mrs. Browning</i> 452
O, SING UNTO MY ROUNDELAY.....	<i>Chatterton</i> 468
O! SNATCHED AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM.....	<i>Byron</i> 223
O THE WEE GREEN NEUK, THE SLY GREEN NEUK.....	<i>Bailey</i> 503
O, THE YEARS I LOST BEFORE I KNEW YOU.....	<i>H. H.</i> 333
O! THERE BE ANGELS EVERMORE.....	<i>Barnes</i> 178
O THOSE LITTLE, THOSE LITTLE BLUE SHOES.....	<i>Bennett</i> 34
O, THOU, THE WONDER OF ALL DATES.....	<i>Herrick</i> 607
O, TIBBIE, I HAVE SEEN THE DAY.....	<i>Burns</i> 652
O! 'TWAS THE WORLD TO ME.....	<i>Swain</i> 56
OUR BUGLES SANG TRUCE; FOR THE NIGHT CLOUD HAD LOWERED.....	<i>Campbell</i> 634
OUR WEAN'S THE MOST WONDERFU' WEAN E'ER I SAW.....	<i>Miller</i> 185
OVER THE RIVER THEY BECKON TO ME.....	<i>Priest</i> 326
OVER THE RIVER, ON THE HILL.....	<i>Rose Terry</i> 224
O, WEEL BEEF'A' THE MAIDEN GAY.....	<i>Hagg</i> 131
O! WHAT CAN AIL THEE, KNIGHT AT ARMS.....	<i>Keats</i> 536

P.

PACK, CLOUDS, AWAY! AND WELCOME, DAY.....	<i>Heywood</i> 679
PIPED THE BLACKBIRD ON THE BEECHWOOD SPRAY.....	<i>Westwood</i> 414
PIPING DOWN THE VALLEYS WILD.....	<i>Blake</i> 525
POOR LONE HANNAH.....	<i>Larcom</i> 88

Q.

QUEEN AND HUNTRESS, CHASTE AND FAIR.....	<i>Jonson</i> 474
QUHY DOIS ZOUR BRAND SAE DRAP WI' BLUID.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 48

R.

RATTLE THE WINDOW, WINDS.....	<i>Stoddard</i> 376
RIVER! MY RIVER, IN THE YOUNG SUNSHINE!.....	<i>Moerike</i> 454

S.

SEEK ME THE CAVE OF SILVER.....	<i>O'Brien</i> 437
SEE, SEE! SHE WAKES—SABINA WAKES!.....	<i>Congreve</i> 375
SHALL I WASTING IN DESPAIR.....	<i>Wither</i> 572
SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 60
SHE IS A MAID OF ARTLESS GRACE.....	<i>Longfellow</i> 287
SHE IS NOT FAIR TO OUTWARD VIEW.....	<i>Hartley Coleridge</i> 295
SHE SAT AND SANG ALWAY.....	<i>Rossetti</i> 617
SHE SAYS, THE COCK CROWS—HARK!.....	<i>Alger</i> 661
SHE SITS BESIDE THE CRADLE.....	<i>Chilton</i> 119
SHE'S GANE TO DWELL IN HEAVEN, MY LASSIE!.....	<i>Cunningham</i> 348
SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 307
SHE WHOM THIS HEART MUST EVER HOLD MOST DEAR.....	<i>De Vere</i> 658
SINCE THERE'S NO HELPE—COME, LET US KISS AND PARTE!.....	<i>Drayton</i> 249

INDEX.

719

SIR MARMADUKE WAS A HEARTY KNIGHT.....	<i>Colson</i>	16
SLEEP ON, MY LOVE, IN thy cold bed.....	<i>F</i>	272
SLEEP! THE GHOSTLY WINDS ARE BLOWING.....	<i>F</i>	25
SOMEBODY SENT ME A DEAL LITTLE NOTE.....	<i>T</i>	27
STILL-BORN SILENCE! THOU THAT ART.....	<i>Flecknoe</i>	13
STILL TO BE NEAT, STILL TO BE DREST.....	<i>Jonson</i>	600
STONY-BROWED DIVINA, THY FACE IS AS FLINT.....	<i>Collier</i>	341
SWEET AFTER SHOWERS, AMBROSIAL AIR.....	<i>Tennyson</i>	490
SWEET AND LOW, SWEET AND LOW.....	<i>Tennyson</i>	200
SWEET DAY! SO COOL, SO CALM, SO BRIGHT.....	<i>Herbert</i>	310
SWEET IN HER GREEN DELL THE FLOWER OF BEAUTY SLUMBERS.....	<i>Darley</i>	270
SWORD AT MY LEFT SIDE GLEAMING.....	<i>Chorley</i>	300

T.

TAKE, O TAKE, THOSE LIPS AWAY.....	<i>Shakespeare and Fletcher</i>	22
TEARS, IDLE TEARS! I KNOW NOT WHAT THEY MEAN.....	<i>I</i>	39
TELL ME NOT, SWEET, I AM UNKINDE.....	<i>I</i>	78
THAT WHICH HER SLENDER WAIST CONFINED.....	<i>E. Waller</i>	284
THE CONFERENCE-MEETING THROUGH AT LAST.....	<i>Stedman</i>	207
THE DULL'S T THIS BONNET OF MINE.....	<i>A</i>	2
THE EGG OF A LITTLE BIRD.....	<i>D</i>	270
THE GOWAN GLITTERS ON THE SWARD.....	<i>Baillie</i>	379
THE GRASS THAT IS UNDER ME NOW.....	<i>Stoddard</i>	371
THE GRAY SEA, AND THE LONG BLACK LAND.....	<i>R. Browning</i>	306
THE GROVE WHERE CHIEF'S FIRST TEMPLES THE MAN REIGNED.....	<i>Li</i>	1
THE KING SITS IN DUNFERMLINE TOWN.....	<i>Anon</i>	554
THE KING WITH ALL THE KING Y TRAIN.....	<i>St</i>	2
THE LARK NOW LEAVES HIS WATERY NEST.....	<i>Davenant</i>	681
THE LORDS OF THULE IT DID NOT PLEASE.....	<i>Anonymous</i>	39
THE LOVE THAT I HA'E CHOSEN.....	<i>Anonymous</i>	275
THE MERRY, MERRY LARK WAS UP AND SINGING.....	<i>C. Kingsley</i>	495
THE MIGHT OF ONE FAIR FACE SUBLIMES MY LOVE.....	<i>Hartley Coleridge</i>	341
THE MOON IS ROUND, AND BIG, AND FULL.....	<i>Palmer</i>	74
THE MOUNTAIN SHEEP ARE SWEETER.....	<i>Peacock</i>	620
THE NIGHT IS LATE, THE HOUSE IS STILL.....	<i>Palmer</i>	115
THE OLD MAYOR CLIMBED THE BELFRY TOWER.....	<i>Ingelow</i>	693
THE SEA GIVES HER SHELLS TO THE SHINGLE.....	<i>Swinburne</i>	706
THE SHADES OF NIGHT WERE FALLING FAST.....	<i>Longfellow</i>	642
THE SHADOWS LAY ALONG BROADWAY.....	<i>Willis</i>	611
THE SNOW HAD BEGUN IN THE GLOAMING.....	<i>J. R. Lowell</i>	97
THE SNOW LIES FRESH ON CHESTER HILL.....	<i>G. H. Barnes</i>	500
THE STONE-DUSTS ON COTTAGE WALLS.....	<i>T</i>	2
THE SUMMER FLIGTS ON EVEN WIND.....	<i>Bush</i>	32
THE TWENTIETH YEAR IS WELL-NIGH PAST.....	<i>Cooper</i>	85
THE WANTON TROOPERS, RIDING BY.....	<i>Marvel</i>	387
THE WISE OF THE WISE.....	<i>T</i>	10
THE WORLD GOES UP, AND THE WORLD GOES DOWN.....	<i>Kingsley</i>	411
THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.....	<i>Wordsworth</i>	678
THESE ARE GAUNS FOR ALL OUR LESSONS.....	<i>T</i>	10

INDEX.

	PAGE
THERE'S A GRIM ONE-HORSE HEARSE IN A JOLLY ROUND TROT.....	<i>Noel</i> 529
THERE'S A WEDDING IN THE ORCHARD, DEAR.....	<i>M. E. Dodge</i> 168
THERE'S NO DEW LEFT ON THE DAISIES AND CLOVER.....	<i>Ingelow</i> 196
THEY SAY THAT LONELY SORROWS DO NOT CHANCE.....	<i>Macdonald</i> 31
THEY TELL ME I AM SHREWD WITH OTHER MEN.....	<i>Howe</i> 281
THEY WALKED BESIDE THE SUMMER SEA.....	<i>Winter</i> 446
THIS AE NIGHTE, THIS AE NIGHTE.....	<i>Anon</i> 616
THIS NIGHT IS MY DEPARTING NIGHT.....	<i>Anon</i> 676
THOSE EVENING BELLS! THOSE EVENING BELLS!.....	<i>Moore</i> 139
THOU HAST SWORN BY THY GOD, MY JEANIE.....	<i>Cunningham</i> 299
THOU LINGERING STAR, WITH LESSENING RAY.....	<i>Burns</i> 353
THOU THAT HAST A DAUGHTER.....	<i>Allingham</i> 58
THREE FISHERS WENT SAILING OUT INTO THE WEST.....	<i>Kingsley</i> 107
THREE STUDENT-COMRADES CROSSED OVER THE RHINE.....	<i>Leland and Palmer</i> 213
THROUGH THE NIGHT, THROUGH THE NIGHT.....	<i>Stoddard</i> 461
TIGER, TIGER, BURNING BRIGHT.....	<i>Blake</i> 453
'TIS A FEARFUL NIGHT IN THE WINTER TIME.....	<i>Eastman</i> 155
TO FAIR FIDELE'S GRASSY TOMB.....	<i>Collins</i> 267
TO HEAVEN APPROACHED A SUFI SAINT.....	<i>Alger</i> 637
TO MAKE MY LADY'S OBSEQUIES.....	<i>H. F. Cary</i> 250
TOO LATE I STAYED — FORGIVE THE CRIME.....	<i>Spencer</i> 229
TOUCH US GENTLY, TIME!.....	<i>Procter</i> 51
TRICKLES FAST THE APRIL SHOWER.....	<i>Author of "The Afterglow"</i> 489
'TWAS A JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE LONG AGO.....	<i>Arnold</i> 701
TWO HANDS UPON THE BREAST.....	<i>Muloch</i> 601

U.

UP! QUIT THY BOWER! LATE WEARS THE HOUR.....	<i>Baillie</i> 494
UP THE AIRY MOUNTAIN.....	<i>Allingham</i> 403

V.

VERSE, A BREEZE 'MID BLOSSOMS STRAYING.....	<i>Coleridge</i> 549
---	----------------------------

W.

WAKING IN MAY, THE PEACH-TREE THOUGHT.....	<i>M. E. Dodge</i> 449
WE COUNT THE BROKEN LYRES THAT REST.....	<i>Holmes</i> 53
WEE WILLIE WINKIE RINS THROUGH THE TOWN.....	<i>Miller</i> 191
WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.....	<i>Norton</i> 309
WE PARTED IN SILENCE, WE PARTED BY NIGHT.....	<i>Crawford</i> 109
WE SAT BY THE FISHER'S COTTAGE.....	<i>Heine</i> 145
WE SAT WITHIN THE FARM-HOUSE OLD	<i>Longfellow</i> 61
WE THE FAIRIES BLITHE AND ANTIC.....	<i>Randolph</i> 675
WE WATCHED HER BREATHING THROUGH THE NIGHT.....	<i>Hood</i> 140
WE WREATHED ABOUT OUR DARLING'S HEAD.....	<i>Maria White Lowell</i> 44
WHAT IS THE LITTLE ONE THINKING ABOUT.....	<i>Holland</i> 65
WHAT SHALL I DO WITH ALL THE DAYS AND HOURS.....	<i>Butler</i> 253
WHAT THOUGHT IS FOLDED IN THY LEAVES!.....	<i>Aldrich</i> 417
WHAT WOULD YOU SEE, IF I TOOK YOU UP.....	<i>Macdonald</i> 396

INDEX.

721

	PAGE
WHEN DAISIES PIED, AND VIOLETS BLUE.....	<i>Shakspeare</i> ... 374
WHEN GOD AT FIRST MADE MAN.....	<i>Herbert</i> ... 639
WHEN I CONSIDER HOW MY LIGHT IS SPENT.....	<i>Milton</i> ... 670
WHEN LIADE O' NIGHTS, ABOVE THE GREEN.....	<i>Barnes</i> ... 211
WHEN LOVE, WITH UNCONFINED WINGS	<i>Lovelace</i> ... 546
WHEN MAIDENS SUCH AS HESTER DIE.....	<i>Lamb</i> ... 72
WHEN NATURE TRIES HER FINEST TOUCH.....	<i>Kibble</i> ... 486
WHEN SPRING TO WOODS AND WASTES AROUND.....	<i>Bryant</i> ... 235
WHEN SPARROWS BUILD, AND THE LEAVES BREAK FORTH.....	<i>Ingelow</i> ... 447
WHEN STARS ARE IN THE QUIET SKIES.....	<i>Edward Bulwer Lytton</i> ... 332
WHEN THE BABY DIED, WE SAID.....	<i>Perry</i> ... 83
WHEN THE BREACH WAS OPEN LAID.....	<i>Maginn</i> ... 627
WHEN THE SHEEP ARE IN THE FAULD, AND THE KYE AT HAME.....	<i>Lidderdale</i> ... 141
WHEN THE SULTAN SHAH-ZAMAN.....	<i>Aldrich</i> ... 654
WHEN VICTOR EMMANUEL, THE KING.....	<i>Browning</i> ... 658
WHEN WILL YOUR BARDS BE WEARY.....	<i>Frothingham</i> ... 710
WHEN YOUR BEAUTY APPEARS.....	<i>Parnell</i> ... 264
WHERE IS THE GRAVE OF SIR ARTHUR O'KELLYN?.....	<i>Coleridge</i> ... 484
WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST.....	<i>Scott</i> ... 300
WHERE THE REMOTE BERMUDAS RIDE.....	<i>Marvell</i> ... 644
WHOM FIRST WE LOVE, YOU KNOW, WE SELDOM WED.....	<i>Robert Bulwer Lytton</i> ... 255
WHO RIDES SO LATE THROUGH THE GRISLY NIGHT?.....	<i>Goethe</i> ... 40
WHY DO YE WEEP, SWEET BABES? CAN TEARS.....	<i>Herriek</i> ... 421
WHY SITS SHE THUS IN SOLITUDE? HER HEART.....	<i>Welby</i> ... 293.
WHY SO PALE AND WAN, FOND LOVER?.....	<i>Suckling</i> ... 289
WHY THUS LONGING, THUS FOREVER SIGHING.....	<i>Winslow</i> ... 265
WINTER'S WILD BIRTHNIGHT! IN THE FRETFUL EAST.....	<i>Holland</i> ... 395
WITH DEEP AFFECTION.....	<i>Mahony</i> ... 79
WITH FINGERS WEARY AND WORN.....	<i>Hood</i> ... 563
WITHIN OUR SUMMER HERMITAGE.....	<i>Stedman</i> ... 506
WITH SILENT AWE I HAILED THE SACRED MORN.....	<i>Leyden</i> ... 669
WORD WAS BROUGHT TO THE DANISH KING.....	<i>Norton</i> ... 629
WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!	<i>Morris</i> ... 174

Y.

YE GENTLE SOULS! YE LOVE-DEVOTED FAIR.....	<i>Redi</i> ... 201
YE LIVING LAMPS, BY WHOSE DEAR LIGHT.....	<i>Marvell</i> ... 503
YE MEANER BEAUTIES OF THE NIGHT.....	<i>Witton</i> ... 518
"YES!" I ANSWERED YOU LAST NIGHT.....	<i>E. B. Browning</i> ... 297
YOU KNOW WE FRENCH STORMED RATISBON.....	<i>Browning</i> ... 532
YOU MAY GIVE OVER PLOUGH, BOYS.....	<i>Dobell</i> ... 310

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